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DECEMBER 1983 • $2.95*

AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

DAVID HOOKES:
PLAYBOY INTERVIEWS SA'S DASHING SKIPPER

BEER
GIBBO AND CHAPPELLI TURN ON THE LITES

SEX SURVEY
THE CLIMAX

PRISONER
CANDY RAYMOND'S REAL–LIFE STRETCH

"I'm for Peter Jackson."

Peter
Jackson
KING SIZE
25
FILTER
WARNING - SMOKING IS A HEALTH HAZARD
Alfredo Costanzo
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PLAYBILL

DECEMBER celebrates our Christmas issue with a tantalising array of PLAYBOY features and fabulous pictorials. With cricket-mad Australia immersed in another season of international play, we've obviously chosen the right time to corner David Hookes for the PLAYBOY Interview. Hookesy, of course, skippers South Australia, that state renowned for cricket legends and strong-willed captains. **Phil Jarratt** flew to Adelaide to interview Hookes on his dashing stop-start career, the art and politics of captaincy and the state of international cricket. We've made a special of interviewing cricket's heavyweights and include Ian Chappell, Dennis Lillee and Rod Marsh on that list. The candid conversation with SA's exciting left-hand batsman rates right up there with the best.

Two more famous sporting types came to the party when PLAYBOY quenched its summer beer thirst by taste-testing the lites. Ian Chappell and Mike Gibson from the Nine Network's *Wide World of Sports* team were on board to run their taste buds over Australia's leading lites, with associate editor **Neil Jameson** on hand to record their comments. **Ward O'Neill** supplied the artwork.

Skilful analysis rather than random opinion went into finalising the results of the PLAYBOY Sex Survey. In this edition we publish the third and final summation of our survey results. As the latest and most exhaustive research on this exciting form of human contact, it makes for compelling reading.

Aussie film-maker David Bradbury is in the business of making contacts, but he's been finding it a bit of struggle since travelling to Nicaragua to capture the essence of the Sandinista revolution. Photo-journalist **Joe Murphy** discovered Bradbury, the maker of the multi-award winning documentary *Front Line,* in steamy Managua pondering the problems of a government living in fear of war and US-backed aggression.

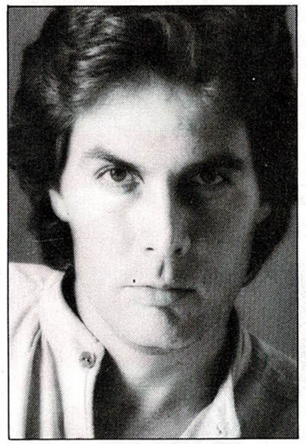
And it was to the US that PLAYBOY's finance writer **Seth Gregory** travelled to research his story on California's Silicon Valley. It is the world headquarters for the computer industry — a place where microchips mean megabucks and the quest for smaller, faster, cheaper, governs the way we will work and play. The imaginative artwork came from the studio of **Ray Condon.**

We've chipped in as usual with the finest currency of all: beautiful girls. Take a look at former Playmate Lynn Eason — — that's her making merry with Santa Claus in **Rico Mettbach's** cover shot. Flip inside for a seven-page **Bob Watson** pictorial of Lynn demonstrating the most appealing way of all to unwrap a Christmas gift. The December Playmate is beautiful Tracy Vaccaro, a dancer turned actress who showed off her many talents for the cameras of **Arny Freytag.** Celebrity look-alikes are in big demand and it can be a real bonus if a girl is an identi-fit for someone as attractive as Princess Caroline of Monaco. Our alluring nude pictorial of Sonia Viviani shows just why this beautiful model has been so readily mistaken for the Princess and why her looks are so sought after. Jeannie Goodyer is an inveterate traveller but her nomadic ways were suspended long enough for PLAYBOY to capture a glorious nude pictorial of this sun-lovin' girl.

Travel was the key when the Playmate tour hit the skies for a round-Australia journey. Photo-journalist **Rennie Ellis** went along with Playmate of the Year Amanda Dole and Promotions Director Karol Lopez to record the finest moments.

Meanwhile, motoring editor **Rob Luck** was winging back from Hong Kong where he had tested the world's safest car. We're talking about the sort of safety precautions a car buyer takes when he wants to survive an assassin's bullet, a terrorist's bomb or other terminal threats.

As a seasonal service feature, there's also a Christmas gift guide along with our regular reviews, **Bettina Arndt's** sex advice and a fabulous piece of rock'n'roll writing. As a personal Christmas edition, we just know yule love it!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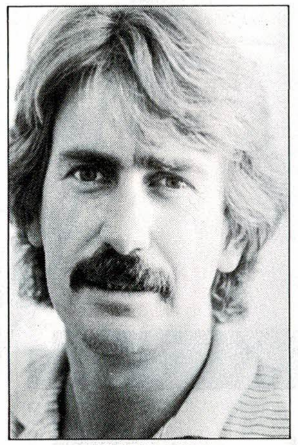
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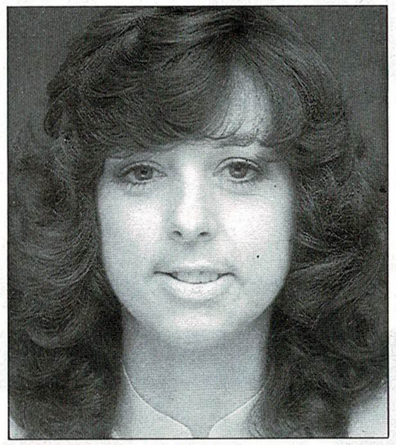
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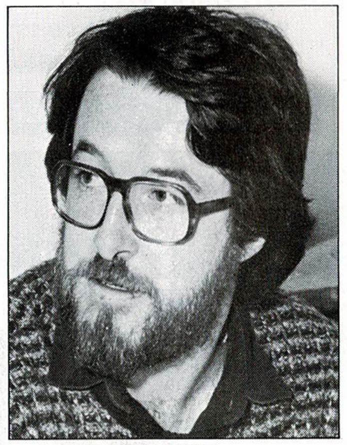
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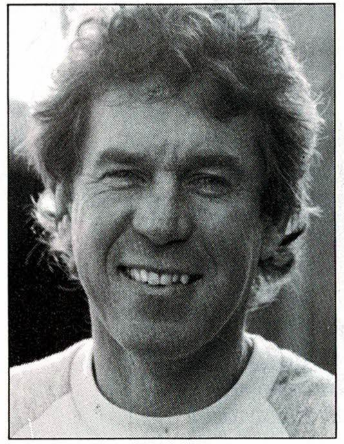
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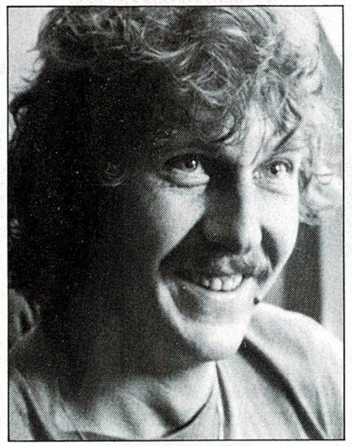
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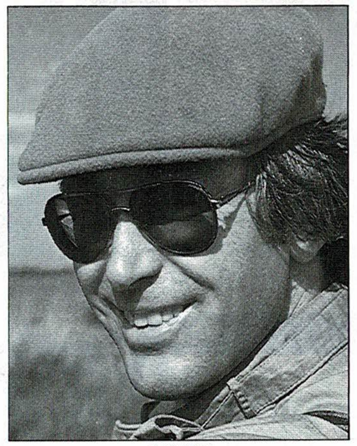
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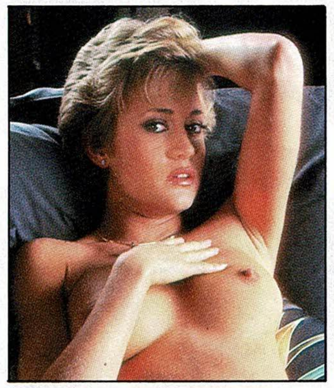

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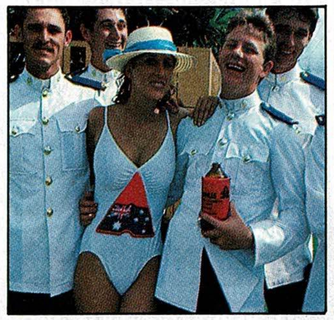

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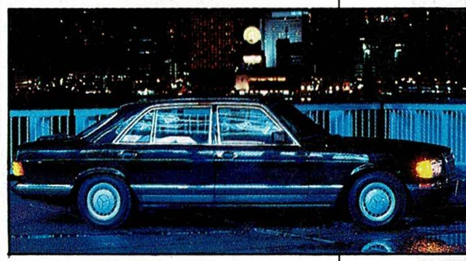

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AUSTRALIAN
PLAYBOY

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DEAR PLAYBOY

address your letters to dear playboy, po box 746, darlinghurst 2010

FILLE MIGNON

I've always been turned on by svelte women with athletic bodies so it was a real treat to turn to the September centrefold and find Mignon Carrington gracing your pages. I think she's really cute and has a great little body.

She has my vote so far for the 1984 Playmate of the Year!

G.L. Proud,
Wollongong, NSW.

KING PIN

I must congratulate your magazine and also writer Eric Nordern for bringing readers the amazing interview with Stephen King in the September issue of PLAYBOY.

This is a great read and one of the most absorbing interviews you've yet featured. It's prompted me to race off and buy up all the Stephen King books I can find.

If it's at all possible, I think it would be a great idea to follow up with an interview with Peter Straub who wrote the wonderfully scary tale, *Ghost Story*.

There are a lot of people who enjoy having their socks scared off! More features of this type, please.

Arthur Flanagan,
Townsville, Qld.

OUT OF UNIFORM

One of the loveliest wenches to appear in Australian PLAYBOY in recent issues has been Yael Yela, who slipped so provocatively out of her uniform in your September issue. She's a very sexy piece and deserved to be more prominently featured in your magazine instead of tucked away down the back.

Like a lot of other guys, I have a bit of a uniform fetish. Why don't you plan more pictorials around a uniform theme — nurses, armed forces, even schoolgirls if you could get away with it.

I recall that you did something on a policewoman in a past issue, but this must have been an isolated thing as I can't remember seeing anything else along those lines since.

P.K.E.,
Windsor, NSW.

MIND-BOGGLING

Just when one thinks you've reached the ultimate in lovely ladies, you go one better. Miss May, Kelly Ryland, is an absolute knock-out.

Your ability to find such a beautiful body and stunning face is mind-boggling. I didn't think there were any ladies like Kelly in existence up here in Queensland!

P.M. McBride,
Brisbane, Qld.

TWICE AS NICE

I was knocked out by Denise Robinson when she was featured as Miss February at the beginning of the year but what an amazing bonus to see her and her equally beautiful sister Janette in your September issue.

They are amazingly alike and both have the sexiest expressions in the photos you used in the magazine. How about another look in the Dear Playboy page? I'm sure you must have lots more photos you could use.

"Tassie Forever",
Launceston, Tas.

They used to make all those rotten remarks about people in Tasmania having two heads and living in the last century. Well, if our island state can produce two such beautiful young women as Denise and Janette Robinson, we can't be all that backward.

I can imagine the "double header" jokes that were flying around when people saw your September cover! They can say what they like. We've got the most beautiful state *and* the best-looking birds!

Jim Kennedy,
Hobart, Tas.

And here's another glimpse of the species. — Ed.

LEAD STORIES

Congratulations are certainly in order for the fascinating Stephen King interview in the September 1983 issue of Australian PLAYBOY. This is a man with a truly remarkable imagination who still retains an hiliarious but totally understandable fear of what may be lurking under the bed.

But the prize in a most outstanding issue must go to Christopher Morris for his article titled Holy Joh. His degree of perceptiveness is heavily underlined by the latest escapades of Queensland's fuhrer.

"Horror Fan",
Northam, WA.

THE 51ST STATE?

It is alarming to read in PLAYBOY a political article with such a total lack of balance as Chris Pritchard's Hawke Eyed (September). If only he could bring to his remarks on the United States the same objectivity he applies to other countries.

Apparently we are meant to give credence to some anonymous American businessman's concern about Hawke's ability to control the unions — as though Malcolm Fraser's confrontationism provided some magical formula. Has Mr Pritchard ever studied the United States' own strike statistics?

The same trite ideas about "going back to Russia", which we thought died with Menzies, are trotted out in connection with the BLF, as though the unions had no place in capitalist society, while we are meant to welcome "altruistic" US merchant banks with open arms.

Any criticism of the US "reds under the beds" mentality, even by *The Bulletin*, is classified as sneering! While any CIA activity is always "alleged". Ever seen *On Company Business*, Mr Pritchard? Or perhaps you'd prefer we became the 51st state and be done with it!

"Pinko",
Paddington, NSW.

NIMBLE NIMBIN TALE

Clyde Strange's wondrous tales of How I Brought The Brown Rice To Nimbin (September) brought back fond memories of youth. Not that Gough and Jim Cairns ever turned to me for tea and sympathy, nor did any Laura that I can recall attack me in the back of my Kombi — but the spirit of nothing but fun and music was as much a part of my more mundane young manhood as it was of Clyde's in the '70s.

Don't think for a moment, though, that I *believed* all that bull. Any man who wrote lyrics for Pete Townshend, organised Woodstock, and was the inspiration for Rock and Roll I Gave You All The Best Years of My Life, couldn't possibly have suggested that Skyhooks name themselves Men At Work. What an insult to the proud '70s tradition of dole bludgery!

Angus Maxwell,
Darwin, N.T.

"For rescue work in the snow we rely on Toyota Blizzard four wheel drive." Dennis de Thomas, Captain, Perisher-Smiggins Professional Ski Patrol.

"Seconds count when a skier lies injured on the snow," says Dennis de Thomas. "Location and treatment in freezing temperatures must be fast to beat the onset of hypothermia."

As Captain of the Ski Patrol at Australia's largest snow resort, de Thomas heads a team of twelve expert skiers who rescue people and administer first aid in the toughest conditions imaginable.

"Deep snow, icy roads and trails, white-outs in snow storms...the going isn't easy. That's why we rely on the four-wheel-drive traction of our Toyota Blizzard to move personnel and lifesaving equipment around."

Toyota Blizzard is tough and functional, yet has creature comforts that make it a practical highway vehicle, too.

Features include bucket seats, swing out rear doors, wide steel belt radials, front disc brakes, halogen headlights, tachometer, push-button AM radio, plus more in the Deluxe model.

Genuine Toyota accessories* like bull bar, fog lamps, and roof rack chosen by the Ski Patrol can also be fitted.

And new Toyota Blizzard has drop down rear seats to take four wherever you want to go.

Toyota's famous OHC 2.2 litre diesel engine provides the power plus economy you want.

See your Toyota dealer soon, and get the feeling of the 4WD that's tough enough for the Ski Patrol.

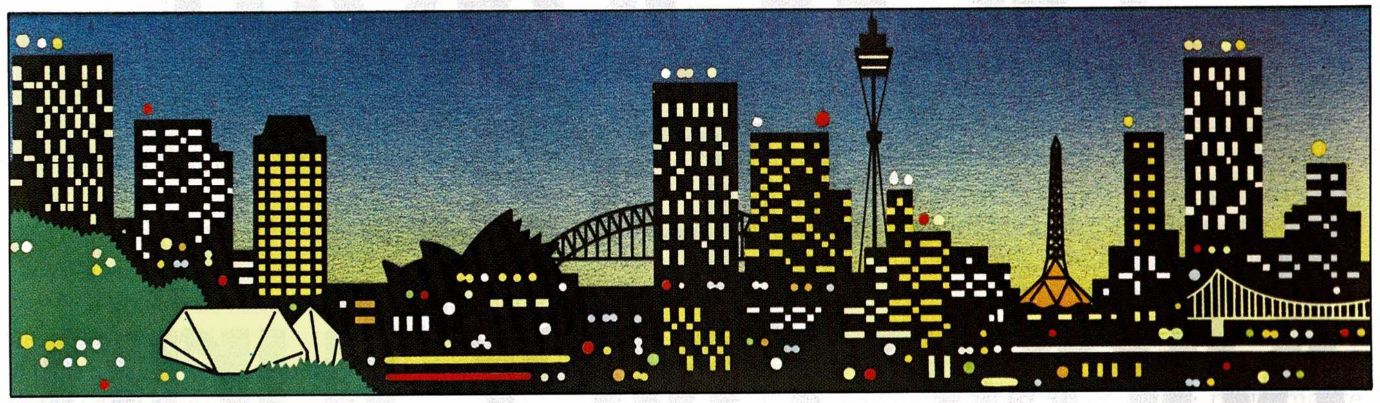
*Accessories fitted are optional extras.

TOYOTA

Oh what a feeling!

Dancer/TT/O67

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



UP YOUR NOSE

It could be another communist plot to infiltrate the sinuses of the West but more likely it shows Russian researchers are just as crazy as their Western counterparts. Believe it or not, Russian scientists claim to have developed a cure for the common cold. It requires the sufferer to prod a tampon, soaked in a silver solution, up his nose. The tampon is then connected to a low current power source, such as a portable battery, with the result that silver ions are pumped through the skin, thereby repelling the virus. If you're the sort of person who catches a head cold every 28 days, maybe you should take the cure.

JAPLISH

They do try, our polite neighbors the Japanese. Hotels in Tokyo and other major cities do their very best to cater to the needs of visiting businessmen. Sometimes, however, the complexities of the English language can prove a bit too much for the residents of the Land of the Rising Sun.

Cases in point, these signs recently spotted at two Tokyo hotels: YOU ARE RESPECTFULLY REQUESTED TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE CHAMBERMAIDS and ALL VEGETABLES USED IN THIS ESTABLISHMENT ARE WASHED IN WATER PASSED BY THE HEAD CHEF.

FLOGGING A THEME

Australian travel agents with an eye for the alternative buck might consider packaging S & M tours to Pakistan. In President Mohammad Zia ul Haq, Pakistan is setting new standards in corporal punishment, with particular emphasis being placed on the ancient art of flogging. As Zia explained recently, there is a style of flogging that requires strict rules — like the length of whip, where the person should be struck and the position of the body. Sounds excruciating! Now, if we could add a few leather masks, a bit of bondage, a few domination stunts, and market it in the right way. . .

It was a history-making day at The National Hotel in North Queensland's Normanton. The locals holding up the bar could hardly believe their eyes when in walked our Playmate of the Year, Amanda Dole, and PLAYBOY pictorial star Karol Lopez. But here's proof: Amanda and Karol, captured for the pub's Hall of Fame with publican Dennis Fields and Slim Judge, a local ringer and rodeo rider. PLAYBOY's Rennie Ellis snapped the scene; for the full low-down on the PLAYBOY around-Australia tour, turn to page 82.

DRESSED TO DIE

Reports reaching the West from Poland tend to be contradictory. Mostly the news is bad, but the latest report to reach us contained good tidings. A store in the Polish city of Lublin is offering a wide selection of clothing despite critical shortages of consumer goods in that country. Only one catch: the shop sells only to bereaved relatives who want to make their departed loved ones look smart for burial.

SEX SELLS

It pays to advertise, they say, and the secret of it all is designing the message to catch the attention. Perhaps the people at *Advertising News*, the marketing, advertising and media bi-weekly, were taking the sex sells message seriously when they ran a short article detailing the absorption of a Western Australian agency by the Interpublic advertising network.

It might have sounded like pretty dry stuff if it weren't for a typographical slip that managed to brighten up the heading. It read: INTERPUBIC MERGER. Now, that is what advertising is really about!

NITERIDER

Playmates Lynn Eason and Linda Lewis launched the Australian PLAYBOY "Niteride" Alfa Romeo GTV6 at the Diamond Jubilee Sydney International Motor Show in a stunning press and industry ceremony hosted by Champagne Pommery. The Playmates were togged-out in special Brian Rochford-designed black-and-green costumes to match the metallic black-apple green paint scheme of the show car, which was "built" by our Motoring Editor Rob Luck. The public response to the black-is-beautiful street machine was so good that Alfa is now studying a Limited Edition.

It is not the first time the PLAYBOY logo has appeared on a show car. Regular readers might recall our trick Suzuki 4WD and the Ford Bronco Muscle Machine.

New Toyota Supra. Move over Turin, here comes Tokyo.

TOYOTA
SUPRA

The areas of Turin and Milan, in Northern Italy, have long been leading centres in the world of high performance automotive innovation. The home of such legendary names as Ferrari, Maserati, Lancia, Alfa Romeo, Bertone and Pininfarina.

New Toyota Supra is about to challenge such European exclusivity.

It has been described as the most exciting Toyota ever, the flagship of Toyota technology, and with very good reason.

Supra will be as impressive on our highways as it is on an autostrada.

A welcome development from the Spartan style of road warriors, to a luxury sports car that still has the iron will of a Samurai without denying the driver or passengers their creature comforts.

SUPERLATIVE STYLING.

You simply have to look at Supra to see that it is a super car.

The wedge-shaped styling literally slips through the air. With wind resistance cut to a mere 0.35 drag coefficient (the same as a Porsche 944).

The retractable headlights, built-in driving lights, bumper and air-scoop combine to present a picture of aerodynamic efficiency and elegant design.

A LUXURY INTERIOR THAT IS ANYTHING BUT SUPERFICIAL.

Sit inside and you enter a world like that of Luke Skywalker, ready to win the 'car wars'.

The instruments are completely digital. Concise and easy to read. They feature a speed sensor, zone display tachometer and fuel gauge, and a segmented water temperature gauge.

Another impressive element is something the driver will rarely look at, but always use. The sports driver's seat is adjustable 16 separate ways, including something no other car has in Australia, a pneumatic lumbar support.

And there are so many standard luxury features on this anything but standard car, like a stereo system better than those in many homes, the only major options to consider are electric sun roof, genuine Toyota air conditioning and cruise control.

A TRUE SUPER POWER.

If the engine is the heart of a true performance sports car, Supra is indeed in excellent shape.

SUPER RESPONSIVE

It is powered by Toyota's remarkable new, low inertia Super Responsive engine.

A 2.8 litre, OHC 6 cylinder, electronically fuel injected power plant that turns the accelerator into an exhilarator. With engineering that refines this raw ability into sheer driving enjoyment.

YOU DON'T NEED TO BE SUPERMAN.

Unlike some sports cars you don't have to work like Fangio to handle the excellent performance.

Supra's road manners are impeccable.

The flared guards house low profile 60 series tyres on 7" alloy wheels that hug the road.

The rack and pinion power steering, combined with all-independant Toyota Suspension Tuning, and a limited slip differential let you hug corners and straighten out sharp curves.

You also have a choice of a snappy 5-speed manual transmission, or responsive 4-speed overdrive automatic.

Not only does Supra go quickly, it also stops quickly and surely with 4-wheel disc brakes.

The other thing that sets Supra apart from other high performance sports cars is that you don't have to be a Howard Hughes to buy it.

SUPRA. THE SUPER TOYOTA.

It is a car designed for people who take their driving seriously, and place demands on their machinery.

So you get true European performance with the solid, reliable character that distinguishes Toyota.

The new Supra proves that Toyota is well on the way to becoming the new super power in affordable performance.

TOYOTA

Oh what a feeling!

DPS/TYP 081

There was a time — before Porsches, Krugerrands and designer chocolates — when being wealthy meant owning land.

The very words, real estate, ("true wealth") reflect the special value placed on property ownership. Unlike many real estate agents, I will not try to convince you that real estate prices always increase with inflation or that property cannot lose value. Real estate, like all other commodities, is subject to the law of supply and demand. When demand is strong or supply short, property values increase; when demand is weak, prices fall.

Sometimes the falls can be dramatic. Beachfront units along Queensland's Gold Coast sell, in 1983, for half their 1981 price. The sad truth is that no investment offers guaranteed protection against loss. What makes land so desirable is its inherent scarcity (they aren't making any more of it) and its obvious necessity (everyone must have a place to live). Although it's unlikely that Australia will run out of space any time soon, good property will always be scarce.

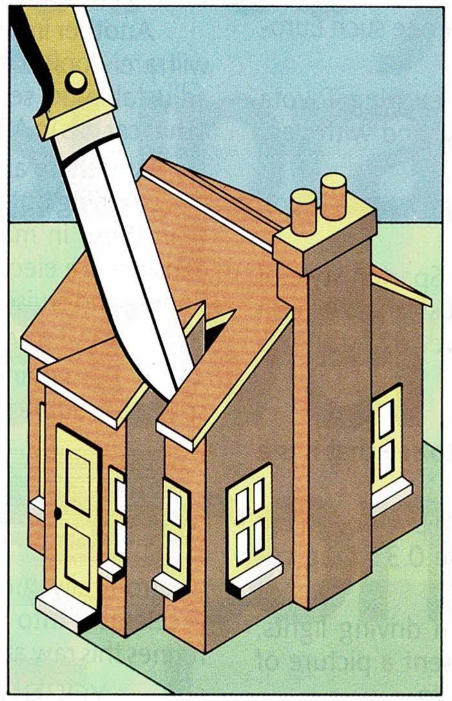
For most Australians, a real estate investment means buying a place to live. Owning one's own home is as much a part of the culture as meat pies, and with good reason. Over the years, home ownership has provided us with pride, security and status — not to mention tax-free capital gains.

Few other investments have done as well. But times are changing: house prices are high, mortgage funds are expensive and salaries have not kept up with inflation.

Every time the interest rate moves up half a percent, thousands of would-be property owners find themselves priced out of the market. Some of these individuals invest in dubious time-share schemes as a way to get into the "real estate" market cheaply, while others are turning toward property trusts.

Property trusts offer investors a way to own property without putting up much money. The trusts purchase real estate (usually commercial or retail properties such as office blocks and shopping centres). Each investor is a part owner of the total holdings. The large buying power of the trusts permits them to diversify their purchases so that if one property proves a bad investment, it will be balanced out by others.

By participating in a trust, small investors become part owners of real estate they could not otherwise afford.



property trusts represent a way to be an owner without much outlay

There are two types of property trusts available. Firstly, there are the so-called "listed" trusts which are actually public companies whose shares can be bought and sold on the various stock exchanges. Investing in such companies is no different from buying shares in BHP or any other company. One merely contacts a broker and orders the number of shares desired. The share price is quoted in the daily press; details of the property owned by listed trusts and their current valuations are also readily available.

Investments in listed trusts can be withdrawn at any time simply by selling the shares. The price received is the price current on the day the shares are sold. Meanwhile, until the shares are sold, the trust pays the shareholder dividends based on rental incomes as well as part of the profits whenever a property is sold. These profits are usually considered tax-free capital gains.

Of course, neither income nor capital distributions are guaranteed. Listed property trusts have had their ups and downs. Nevertheless, they have been paying high dividends to their shareholders throughout the current recession. For example, the largest listed trust is General Property Trust which owns shopping centres and office blocks valued at $350,000,000. It has paid out the equivalent of over 14 percent yearly compounded interest to investors over the past few years.

The Schroder, Darling Property Fund with $150,000,000 in assets has returned close to 16 percent.

Because of their diverse holdings, property trust share prices tend to be more stable than, say, mining shares but they can still be affected by market forces. Bad economic news — increased inflation, for instance — will drive share prices down across the board even though property values are unaffected. In other words, a listed trust's share price is not a direct reflection of real estate values.

Since the value of the listed property trust varies with the overall economic climate, it is wise to limit investments to the larger trusts. General Property Trust, for example, is so large and diversified its share price is largely unaffected by short-term share market trends. It is also a good idea to buy shares a little at a time over several months rather than make a large investment all at once. This way, small price changes will be averaged out.

Another type of property trust operating in Australia, the unlisted trust, is actually a real estate, rather than a stock market, investment. Unlisted trusts pool money from many investors to buy property. Each investor is part owner of the property. Most unlisted trusts charge a fee (from 5 to 8 percent) to all new investors. This means that a $1000 investment contributes only $950 or less to the pool.

Moreover, since unlisted trusts do not have to make public their holdings, investors are forced to put their money in the trust without knowing what real estate they will eventually own. (Perhaps that's why they are called trusts.)

While most unlisted trusts permit investors to redeem their investment at any time, money should be left in the trust until it disbands (usually for 10 to 15 years) in order to receive capital gains when the properties are sold. Unlike listed trusts, the share market plays no role in the value of unlisted property trusts.

It is easy to see advantages and disadvantages in each type of trust. The unlisted trusts are smaller and devoted to capital gains rather than income. The listed trusts are bigger and provide greater current income. Listed trusts charge no fee and their value can be followed in the daily papers. Unlisted trusts, on the other hand, are not subject to share market sentiment.

In both cases, the wary investor should investigate before parting with his money. Investment advisers often receive a commission ("spotter's fee") for steering clients toward certain unlisted trusts, so such biased advice is clearly untrustworthy. It's far more sensible to do a little private investigation — note the trust's dividend history, the location of its properties, its tenants and the fee (if any) for investing.

A trust investment is as simple as putting money into a savings account but, as in so many things to do with money, a little preparatory work can save a lot of grief later on.

— SETH GREGORY

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orpheus island: italian transplant at the reef

"I'm relaxing as fast as I can!" he squawked, furiously applying the cocoa butter oil and glaring at a gaggle of grey clouds advancing in our direction.

I knew what he meant. My head was still spinning after the whirligig helicopter flight from Townsville. We may have been only some 24km away from the Queensland coast but I felt as if we'd been somehow uplifted and gently plonked on a Mediterranean beach, in southern Italy perhaps. I tried not to look behind me at the white stuccoed bungalows, the tiled piazza, the archways and tumbling vines.

"Pinch me, I think I'm dreaming," I whispered into his lubricated lug.

"Mmn, not now, dear, I'm going to sleep," he replied, burrowing his toes into the sand.

Orpheus Island tends to have this unsettling effect. This recently-opened Great Barrier Reef resort fairly sizzles with cosmopolitan *savoir-faire.* It's ritzy and it's relaxing and you can make believe you're just about anywhere else in the world except within cooee of the big banana state.

The resort has been designed for a select and, considering the daily tariff, reasonably rich clientele. There are only 25 accommodation units (choice of studio rooms or larger bungalows) catering for a maximum of 50 guests at any one time. The emphasis is on hibernation: no telephones in the rooms, no daily newspapers, no television or, horrors, video games.

There's a tennis court and a piano, plenty of books and magazines lying around, well-selected wines and lots of good food. For the die-hards, there's a choice of snorkelling, windsurfing, coral viewing, fishing and reef excursions. But manager Bob Lyall and his Danish-born wife, Arnes, are happiest when guests are found to be doing nothing at all. "Occasionally a corpse may get up and say a few words," laughs Lyall, "but essentially people come here to be completely inactive and to totally unwind."

Orpheus is 11km in length with an average width of about one kilometre. The actual resort occupies a little parcel of land around a sheltered beach and the rest of the island is designated National Parks property. There are walking tracks (some of them pretty rugged, thick socks are a must) over the island and several good lookout points.

Back on the main beach, there are lovely crops of coral a few metres offshore and generous expanses of sand for lolling about. Adjacent to the cluster of main buildings are a small freshwater pool and adjoining spa tub. Everything is on a diminutive scale, which successfully quells any notions of guests ever being mustered for a swimathon in the pool or volley ball on the beach.

Meals are served in a spacious, open-sided eating area overlooking the beach. Flagstoned floor, chunky wooden tables and chairs, bulging baskets of hanging plants and trails of neon-bright bougainvillaea all combine to reinforce the European taverna atmosphere.

The menu is less make-believe Mediterranean with a logical leaning toward local seafood. Barramundi, coral trout and sweetlip are in bountiful supply around the reefs and, if you catch your own, chef Ivan will happily prepare the fish for lunch or dinner. The blackboard menu for the midday meal is fairly simple: avocado with seafood, a terrine, grilled sweetlip, chicken salad or perhaps some raw fish marinated Tahitian style in lime juice and coconut milk.

For dinner, crisp tablecloths and candles adorn the tables, a good wine list is flourished and there's a choice of several entrees, main courses and desserts. Ivan's cooking style is basically plain with slight *nouvelle* overtones. With such emphasis on self-indulgence on Orpheus, the food is very important, so here's a sample dinner menu to really set the scene: entrees of minestrone soup or bugs in pastry; main courses of roast lamb with orange and mint seasoning, coral trout with fennel sauce or rib fillet glazed with peppercorn butter, and desserts of banana ice cream with kiwifruit sauce or whole pear poached in red wine and ginger.

All meals are included in the daily tariff and your drinks are recorded on a running tab. Orpheus Island seems to have successfully filled a market slot for those seeking a domestic holiday with all the tropical trappings but without the camaraderie, tally-ho organisation or predatory singles atmosphere of many other Barrier Reef resort islands.

You go there with someone special to do nothing very special except eat a bit too much, top up a tan, read some of those books you've been putting aside and indulge in a bit of whatever takes your fancy under all those swaying palms. Oh yes, you tend to drink too much on Orpheus as well, but that's okay. "You don't have to drive this island home," laughs Lyall.

And, while on the subject of drinks, I have to mention the Orpheus Island house cocktail, if only for my own hangover file. It's the Dusty Rose, concocted with cherry brandy, garden variety brandy, creme de cacao and cream. My notes seem to have become a bit illegible on this point so I can't exactly tell you the quantities of each. I do know you put it all in a cocktail shaker and when it's poured into a champagne glass (round, bosomy variety) it looks like runny pink yoghurt. You'll have to work the ratio out for yourselves: I went to Orpheus Island for a rest.

I haven't mentioned that a couple of the bungalows have sunken baths. I can't imagine why. The studio rooms are sensibly-sized and very airy. The walls are white-washed, the floors are paved with terracotta tiles, there's rosewood panelling and lots of cushioned cane furniture. Brass-trimmed ceiling fans are a welcome change from air-conditioning, and they help to keep the kami-kaze mosquitoes at bay.

Manager Lyall seemed a bit concerned that I'd be spilling the beans about Orpheus Island. Since its opening a year or so ago, the island appears almost to have been a well-kept secret. Celebs of such status as Barry Humphries, Colleen McCullough and Maggie Tabberer have been zapping in for a bit of palm-fringed seclusion. But I bet they've been spreading the word — it's the sort of place you just have to boast about.

● Daily tariff per person: $160 for bungalow accommodation, $140 for studio room. Helicopter transfer from Townsville (25 minutes), $170 round trip, but no charge for this service for holidays of seven days duration or more. Car/launch transfer is also available for $55 one way, involving travel from Townsville to Dungeness near Ingham for connection with the island's cruiser; total travelling time is three hours and 45 minutes. For bookings contact Orpheus Island direct on (077) 77 7377 or Sydney Sales Office (02) 327 3489.

— SUSAN KUROSAWA

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MOVIES

The bed looks as if it has been occupied by opposing Rugby League packs. The lady is looking decidedly second-hand and James Bond, well, pre-owned, at least. Behind Bond's back, the tousled one checks her empty champagne flute and observes, "It's time to fill me up again." Bond shudders. . . but he can still get his eyebrow up.

Age, alone, cannot weary 007, nor the years condemn, I suspect. Twenty years and 12 pictures after *Dr No*, his latest exploit, *Octopussy*, is as outrageous and inventive as ever. And there has even been a concession in the identification of evil. Russia is still behind the foul play, but this time, it's just one bad apple in the KGB barrel; the others are happy to proceed with the disarmament talks. The combined talents of actor Steven Berkoff and the scripting department, however, leave us in no doubt as to General Orlov's villain status. Eyes glinting with malice, jaw clenched with disgust, he cackles the classic line: "The West is decadent. . . and it's divided."

Orlov has been smuggling Tsarist treasure across the East Berlin border in a deal involving corrupt Afghan prince Kamal Khan (Louis Jourdan) and the fabulously wealthy and beautiful circus owner Octopussy (Maud Adams). The only thing Octopussy hasn't got going for her is that she lives an awfully long way from her work. . . in one of India's exotic floating palaces. The palace is populated by a battalion of scantily-clad female bodyguards who make it seem like a sort of kinky nurses' home.

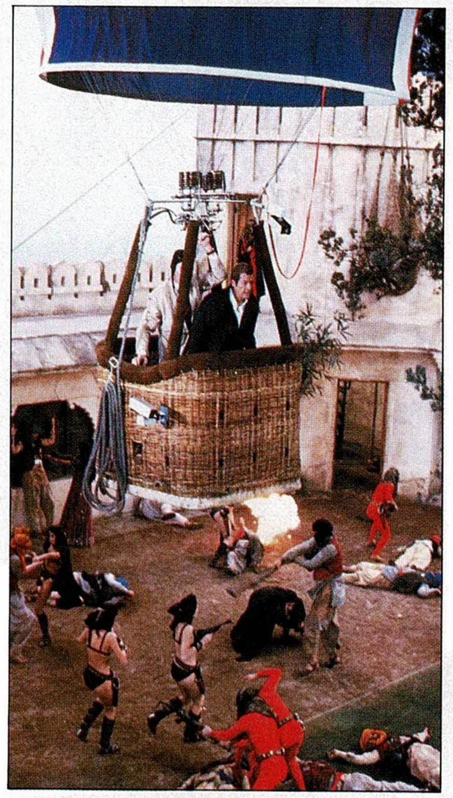
The Octopussies are played by three ex-Miss Worlds, one George Best girlfriend and seven gymnasts. As lethal as they are beautiful, they're bad news for all but Bond.

Attempting a plot synopsis would do nothing at all for box office returns, but producer Cubby Broccoli and director John Glen have settled on a mixture of wild new action and the old familiar formula. Innocent men, women and children are again threatened by a nuclear device in the hands of a mad man. There's even an all-girl flying circus of Octopussies to rival Pussy Galore's aerial army in *Goldfinger*.

Roger Moore again plays it for laughs which makes an interesting contrast to the Sean Connery style also enjoying a revival in the *Thunderball* variation, *Never Say Never Again.* Familiar as all these devices may be, Octopussy is never stale, never hackneyed.

Bond's hardware has never been more ingenious and, in the software department, Maud Adams is someone most of us would live dangerously for.

•



Roger Moore gets up to some aerial antics in the new 007 epic, Octopussy.

Well, after all those years of wondering, the 21st century turns out to be amazingly similar to the sixth century, according to Lamont Johnson's *Spacehunter*. Dive-bombing bat battalions and turbocharged combat trikes apart, life on Terra Eleven is pretty Arthurian with damsels in distress, hideous new-wave dragons and a chivalrous white knight.

There to deliver damsels from evil — and to claim the reward money — is the intrepid, intergalactic spacehunter Wolfe (Peter Strauss). Terra Eleven is a planet sadly lacking in the environmental protection provided by Tasmanian greenies. It's a cesspool of stench-filled jungle, plague-induced mutants and the bog-dwelling barracuda women.

Wolfe gallantly responds to the SOS of three beautiful young vacationers from a distant galaxy who have been forced to make an emergency landing on Terra Eleven with a spot of spacecraft trouble. There being a dedicated little woman behind every successful spacehunter, Wolfe is assisted in his quest by the beautiful Chalmers (Andrea Marcovicci), ace engineering wizard of his intergalactic salvage craft. Wolfe is laid-back and laconic, and Chalmers, a pragmatic practitioner of techno-babble, is his perfect foil.

Spacehunter's redeeming feature is its 3-D format, the most impressive application of 3-D technique in recent releases. The film's art director is Mike Minor of *Star Trek II* fame, and the special effects are co-ordinated by Dale Martin who injected much of the magic into *E.T.*

•

Appreciation of Japanese cinema depends pretty much on one's ability to crack the code of symbolism, but there's no mistaking the degree of significance of Nagisa Oshima's *Merry Christmas Mr Lawrence*, a prisoner of war camp drama and, for that matter, both a prisoner of war drama and a camp drama.

Oshima previously created plenty of controversy with the genital mutilation scenes of his *In The Realm Of The Senses,* and this latest offering also ruffled the complacency at Cannes this year. In Tokyo though, it took just four weeks to blitz *E.T.*'s box office records.

The first surprise is the casting: rock stars David Bowie, Ryuichi Sakamoto and Yuya Uchida sharing a prisoner of war camp in the jungles of Java with British actor Tom Conti and our very own Jack Thompson. Oshima claims that singers have a quicker sense of representation than actors, and in this intricately-structured drama of identity, a sense of representation isn't a bad thing to have.

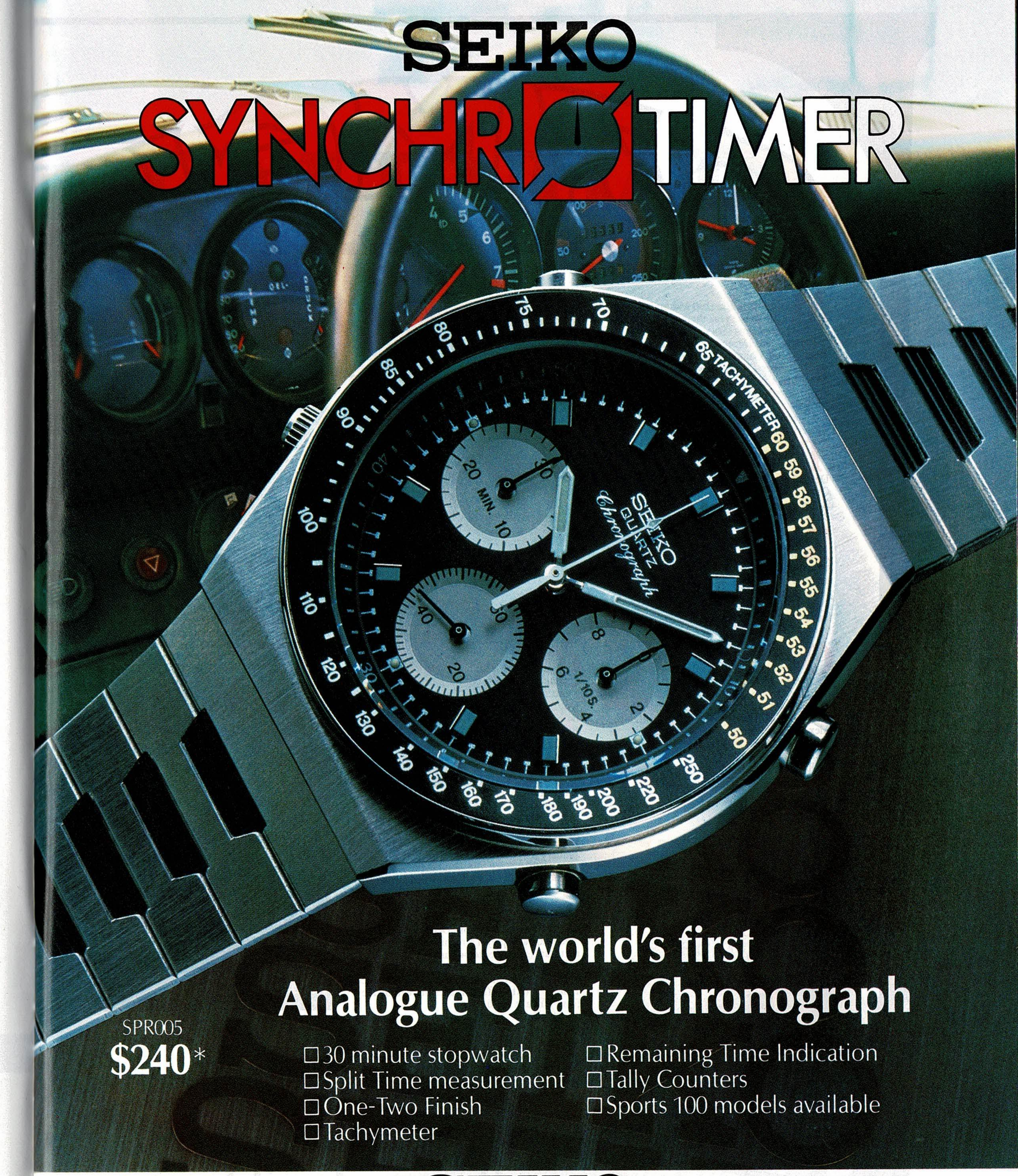
Oshima's aspect of war is in many ways similar to that of Coppola in *Apocalypse Now* — the focus is not on fighting but on the destruction of human values. In *Merry Christmas Mr Lawrence*, Oshima, with Sir Laurens Van Der Post's novel *The Seed And The Sower* as a recognisable guide, breaks down the human character in the brutality of the prison camp, then reassembles what basic components are left into almost mutant human affinities that transcend the boundary between captive and captor.

Oshima introduces a homosexual rapport as an example of an emotion that rises above the blind hatred of wartime hostility. But the film's major fascination is in the manipulation of opposing wills and philosophies which he plays almost like a chess match. Human contradiction is expressed in terms of honor and dishonor right down to a gruesome hara-kiri attempt.

Tom Conti as the sensitive British colonel with a grudging respect for the oriental culture, rises above the rest of this bizarre cast. The central character — and central, Oshima has said, to the entire casting structure — is David Bowie's indomitably-spirited officer Jack Celliers. Celliers is a complex blend of resilience and remorse, but Bowie the Enigma somehow overrides Celliers the Enigma.

Merry Christmas Mr Lawrence is a powerful, thoughtful film — both giving and demanding — and its impact lasts very much longer than the 125 minutes of its duration.

— ROBIN INGRAM



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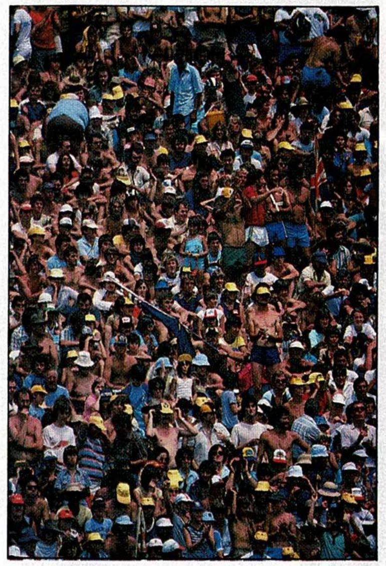
CAMEL CALENDAR

Motorcycle Racing: Motorcyclists will attempt to break their necks and various records in a series of road races in November and December. The Australian Road Racing Championship Finals will be held on November 27 at Sandown in Melbourne along with the first round of the Swann Series International Road Races. The second round in the Swann is on December 4 at Oran Park in NSW and the third round on December 11 at Surfers Paradise International Raceway.

Tennis: The NSW Men's Open will be held at White City in Sydney from December 12 to 18. The South Australian Open takes place on December 19 to 26 in Adelaide and the Victorian Open on December 26 to January 2 in Melbourne.

Racing Car Show: Some of the top touring cars competing at Bathurst will be on display along with both historic and modern racing cars from Go Karts to G.T.'s. It's on at the Seaforth Shopping Village in Sydney on December 10. The show starts at 9 am; at 2.30 there will be a procession followed by an auction of classic cars.

On Our Selection and **The Marginal Farm:** On Our Selection is a truly Australian comedy about the Rudd Family from the Queensland Darling Downs. It's on at Melbourne's Athenaeum Theatre starting December 13. The Marginal Farm written by Alex Buzo and starring Helen Morse as a governness in Fiji who shocks just about everyone, is on at the Russell Street Theatre, Melbourne, until December 10.

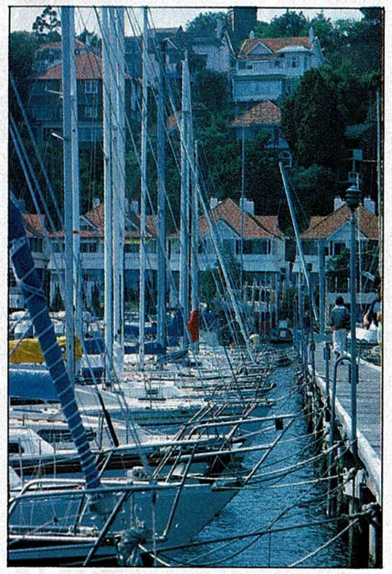


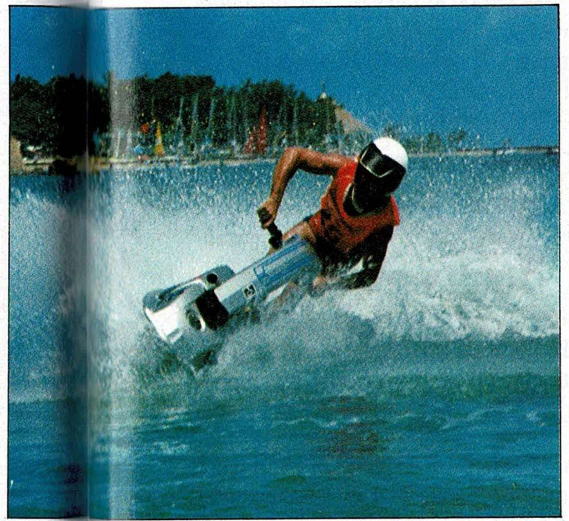
Sheffield Shield: Interstate cricket matches are rife at this time of year. Victoria plays WA in Melbourne and Queensland plays South Australia in Brisbane on November 18 to 21. WA plays Tasmania in Perth and South Australia plays Victoria in Adelaide on November 25 to 28. NSW plays Queensland in Sydney and South Australia plays WA in Adelaide on December 2 to 5. Tasmania plays South Australia in Devonport and Queensland plays Victoria in Brisbane on December 9 to 12. NSW plays South Australia in Newcastle and WA plays Queensland in Perth on December 16 to 19. Tasmania plays Victoria in Hobart from December 30 to January 2.

Pakistan Cricket Tour: The test series continues throughout December and January. The Pakistanis play Victoria in Melbourne from December 2 to 5 and the third test is on in Adelaide from December 9 to 13. The Pakistanis play Tasmania somewhere in that state (at venues to be announced) from December 16 to 19 and on December 21. The fourth test is on in Melbourne from December 26 to 30 and the fifth test takes place in Sydney from January 2 to 6.

Jet Ski Ocean Classic: The Manly to Seabreeze Jet Ski Ocean Classic is on December 4 and begins at Manly Cove in Sydney. From 70 to 80 jet skiers will battle the waves to Tom Ugly's Point and the fastest will probably get there in less time than it will take you to drive by car. The fast skis are able to get up to 75 km per hour. The race starts at 9am and the distance is 38 km. The record time, set last year, was 45 minutes.

Yacht Races: Two international yachting events, the Southern Cross Cup and the World South Pacific Maxi Championships, will combine with the Sydney to Hobart Yacht Race to make this one of the biggest years ever. About 180 boats are expected to take part. Rounds of the Southern Cross Cup and the Maxi Championships will begin on December 16. A special round of the Maxis (boats 70 feet or more in length) will be held in Sydney Harbour on December 18 starting at 11am. The Sydney to Hobart Race will be the last leg of both these championships. The race begins at 1pm in Sydney Harbour on December 26. The record time, set in 1975 by the US boat Kialoa, is two days, fourteen hours, 36 minutes and 56 seconds.





Archibald, Sulman and Wynne: No it's not a new comedy act; it's the name of three big art prizes in Sydney. The Archibald is for portraiture, the Sulman this year is for paintings depicting everyday life and for murals and the Wynne is for landscape. Now that we think of it, this show has often deteriorated into a comedy act (See Dobell, Bloomfield, etc.). It's on at the NSW Art Gallery from December 17 to January 30.

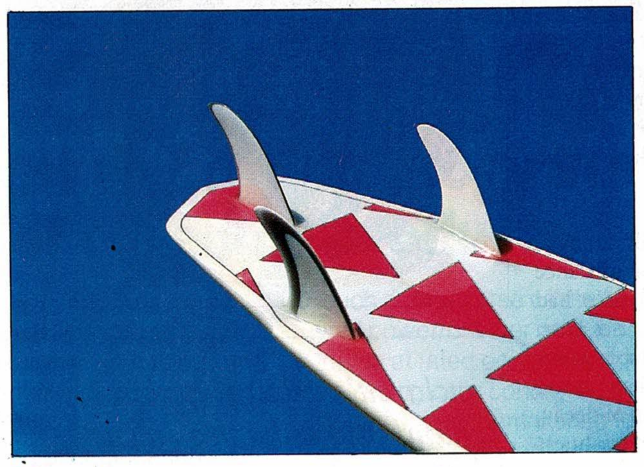
Horror Films: At the Victorian State Film Centre this month there will be a programme of Horror Films including a documentary on the history of these films called "The Horror of It All." The feature films will include both vintage and modern flicks with thrills and chills for the most jaded fan. Ring for the dates on (03) 651 1301. The centre is at 1 Macarthur Street, East Melbourne.

Tasmanian Fiesta: The Fiesta with rock and jazz concerts, street theatre and more is on from December 26 to January 9. A highlight is the New Year's Eve Concert on the Wharf when the boats from the Sydney to Hobart Race arrive. The King of the Derwent yacht race will be held on January 2. For full details see the local papers.

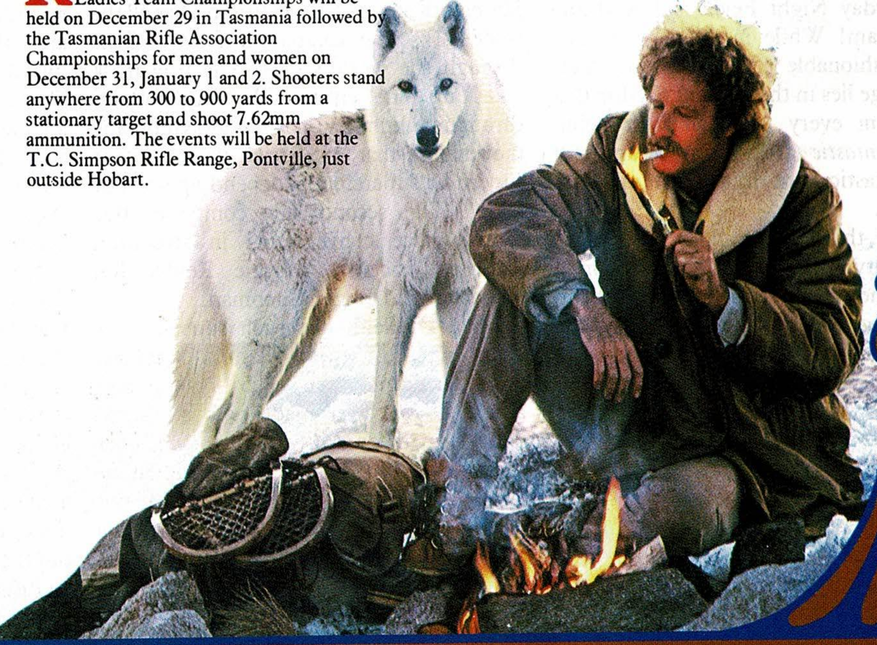
Bushwalking and Backpacking Show: Ready to get away from it all? Go along to the Bushwalking and Backpacking Show at Union House, Royal Melbourne Institute of Technology in Swanston Street on December 3 and 4. You'll find just about everything to make your stay in the bush tolerable.

Surfing Expo: Surfboards, wetsuits, surfing movies, fashion parades — it's all part of the Surfing Expo at the Royal Melbourne Institute of Technology, Union House, Swanston Street, from December 9 to 11. There are also boards to be won.

Australian Surfboards: Ever thought of a surfboard as an aesthetic object? There's an exhibition called "Australian Surfboards" on at the Meat Market Craft Centre from December 13 to 24 and January 6 to 15. You'll see vintage surfboards and modern designs as well as highly decorated boards. The centre is at 42 Courtney Street, North Melbourne.



Rifle Championships: The Australian Ladies Team Championships will be held on December 29 in Tasmania followed by the Tasmanian Rifle Association Championships for men and women on December 31, January 1 and 2. Shooters stand anywhere from 300 to 900 yards from a stationary target and shoot 7.62mm ammunition. The events will be held at the T.C. Simpson Rifle Range, Pontville, just outside Hobart.



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MUSIC

As inspiration and mentor of the Sex Pistols, Adam and the Ants and Bow Wow Wow, Malcolm McLaren has already carved a considerable niche for himself in rock's Hall of Fame. Now with the release of his first album, *Duck Rock* (Charisma), Malcolm — the self-proclaimed Peter Pan of Punk — is trying to introduce a whole new category of manager as superstar and claim it all for himself.

After creating some of the most captivating personalities in the last decade of rock music, Malcolm has decided to negate the star system and instead promote the dance (and by-the-by himself). *Duck Rock* is a half-hour dilettante's tour of the world's rhythmic bodily movements, reinterpreted through Malcolm's jaundiced tunnel vision.

Dance and music from such disparate cultures as the Caribbean, Africa, New York and the Appalachians are cast forth in a hotchpotch medley, linked by the manic rap of New York black DJs, the World's Famous Supreme Team Show. But unfortunately this record is just like the United Nations: there is very little harmony in all this diversity. It only goes to show that one good idea — the brilliant Buffalo Gals track — does not make an album. Back to the drawing board, Malcolm.

●

Any keen fan of pop music will not need to be told that 1983 is the year of dance music. Just when you thought disco had finally been buried for good, it rises from the crypt in a much more acceptable guise. More to the point, rather than being enveloped with a lingering stench of decay, dance music has returned with a freshness that was unimaginable in 1979.

One of the most able purveyors of the new Saturday Night Fever is UK studio outfit Wham! While in their lyrics they push a fashionable anti-work ethic, their real message lies in the strident rhythm that surges from every track on their debut album, *Fantastic* (Epic). The album isn't really fantastic, but it is good mindless enjoyment.

To some, this record could be proof of the superficiality of the new '80s generation of kids. But they would miss the point. Wham! and others of their ilk were never meant to be more than great muzak. Leave Bob Dylan to those who cannot dance.

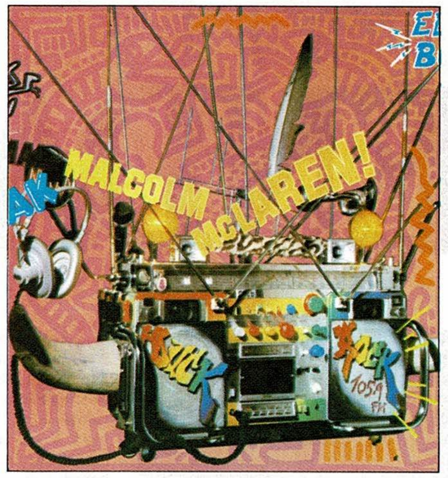
●

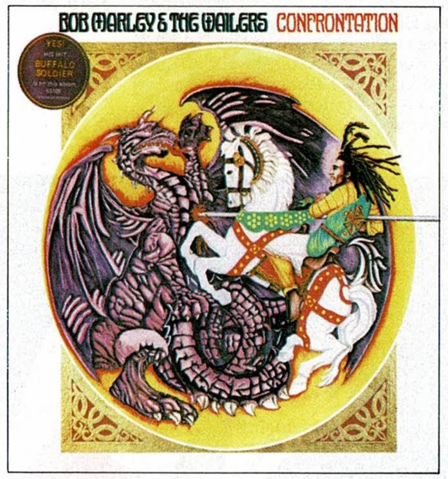
Ten years have now elapsed since Mike Oldfield unleashed his first album on the world. *Tubular Bells* was a phenomenal success and has now sold over 12,000,000 copies worldwide. Not only did it establish Oldfield's career, but it also ensured the survival of his record company Virgin, now long established as the most influential independent in the UK.

Time moves on, but not Mike Oldfield. His eighth album, *Crises* (Virgin), has all the trademarks that catapulted *Tubular Bells* through the world's ears. The title track takes up one entire side and mutates through a number of pseudo-symphonic movements that will strike you as either superb or supercilious, depending on your tastes. The second side comprises five songs, more conventional in structure, featuring vocalists Maggie Reilly, Jon Anderson and Roger Chapman.

Mike Oldfield, like such superstars as Elton John, Bowie, Jagger and McCartney, defies criticism. This could be the best album he has ever made or the worst. Either you are a fan or you are not, and once that personal allegiance is defined, differences of opinion about the quality of this work are totally inconsequential. All that need be said is that *Crises* offers no surprises.

— KENT GODDARD


MALCOLM McLAREN!


BOB MARLEY & THE WAILERS CONFRONTATION
BUFFALO SOLDIER

mclaren's debut flops but wham! and anka are on cue

●

You are almost compelled to admire an artist who prepares a run at fortune and acclaim, again, in defiance of fashion. Two seasoned hands currently having a go are B.J. Thomas and Paul Anka.

On *Walk A Fine Line* (CBS), Anka, the man whose songwriting once embodied the sound of the '60s, makes a credible assault on the '80s. All the songs are Anka's but he's musically supported by a team that includes Kenny Loggins, Michael McDonald, Karla Di Vito, Pauline Da Cost and Toto's in-demand session players, Jeff Porcaro and Steve Lukather.

The star of the '60s always had the vocal mechanics and writing guile to maintain a viable image. With *Walk A Fine Line*, he has proved they're still of value.

B.J. Thomas adopts a different approach but equally restrained stance with *New Looks* (CBS). The songs have been plucked from a multiplicity of sources, whipped into condition by a legion of backing musos and rounded off by Thomas's smooth vocals.

Thomas has been branded with a tag that often took him too near the middle of the road. This new effort jettisons that image and sets him up for a magically revamped career.

●

Twisted Sister are a five-man band who have plumped for terrain somewhere between AC/DC and Kiss but have succeeded more in imitating the worst drag act of *Rugby League's New Faces.* Their forte is crash-tacklin' rock 'n' roll as presented on *You Can't Stop Rock 'N' Roll* (Atlantic). Hardly a track gets by without a dose of smash, slash, crash and burn but it's all delivered with due reverence to the rock 'n' roll tradition.

●

It is easy to get sentimental about "posthumous" albums. In most cases, recordings released after an artist's demise are culled from reject material and barely live up to the desired standard. It is true that *Confrontation* (Tuff Gong/Island) is largely a collection of out-takes from Bob Marley and the Wailers' last two albums — *Survival* and *Uprising* — but the selection shows Bob had some fair material on hold before the onset of cancer proved terminal.

If anything, the songs are less commercial than those released in 1979-80, suggesting that Marley was even more committed to the Rastafarian way than suspected by all those who said he'd sold out to Babylon.

With the Barrett brothers providing the chops to that delightfully undisciplined rhythm section, there is no hint that this is anything but vintage Wailers. Sure, the set does cry out for a climax or show-stopper but there is no way any true Marley fans will be disappointed at hearing this unexpected bonus more than two years after his death.

— NEIL JAMESON

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PLAYBOY NEWS

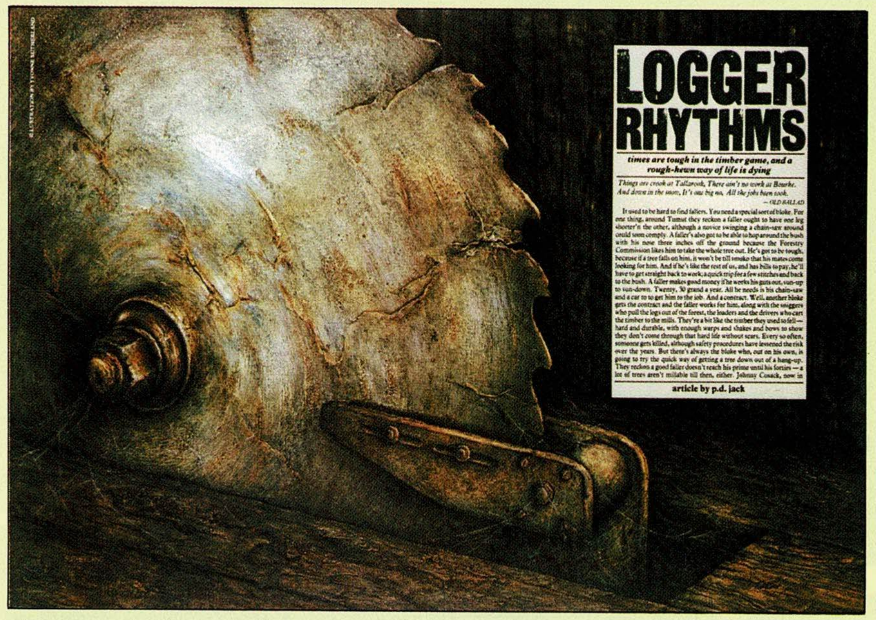
MISS MARCH
Lynn Eason

Cast your mind back to March 1982. Remember our stunning Playmate of the Month, Lynn Eason? We're delighted to report that since then this fun-loving Gosford girl has moved into the spotlight of Sydney's highly competitive fashion modelling scene.

Lynn has been engaged in photographic work for fashion and lifestyle products and recently she was featured in a Willesee TV documentary on the modelling game.

Anyone who thinks being a Playmate or a model requires no effort at all should take a look at Lynn's schedule. Eye-catching looks and the ability to handle public appearances put Lynn in big demand for promotional work. That could mean anything from motor show launches to fashion parades or any of the numerous promotions involving the PLAYBOY staff. Happily enough, Lynn takes it all in her stride.

We're also pleased to report that Lynn is still equally at home modelling her unclothed form. And what good form she displays! Turn to page 47 for our revealing Lynn Eason pictorial titled (what else?) Undressed to Kill.



LOGGER RHYTHMS

times are tough in the timber game, and a rough-hewn way of life is dying

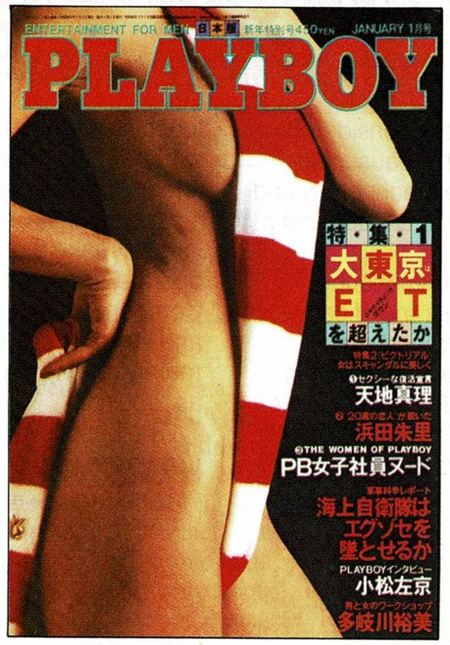
Things are crook at Tallarook, There ain't no work at Bourke.
And down in the snow, It's one big no, All the jobs been took.
— OLD BALLAD

It used to be hard to find fallers. You need a special sort of bloke. For one thing, around Tumut they reckon a faller ought to have one leg shorter'n the other, although a novice swinging a chain-saw around could soon comply. A faller's also got to be able to hop around the bush with his nose three inches off the ground because the Forestry Commission likes him to take the whole tree out. He's got to be tough, because if a tree falls on him, it won't be till smoko that his mates come looking for him. And if he's like the rest of us, and has bills to pay, he'll have to get straight back to work; a quick trip for a few stitches and back to the bush. A faller makes good money if he works his guts out, sun-up to sun-down. Twenty, 30 grand a year. All he needs is his chain-saw and a car to to get him to the job. And a contract. Well, another bloke gets the contract and the faller works for him, along with the sniggers who pull the logs out of the forest, the loaders and the drivers who cart the timber to the mills. They're a bit like the timber they used to fell — hard and durable, with enough warps and shakes and bows to show they don't come through that hard life without scars. Every so often, someone gets killed, although safety procedures have lessened the risk over the years. But there's always the bloke who, out on his own, is going to try the quick way of getting a tree down out of a hang-up. They reckon a good faller doesn't reach his prime until his forties — a lot of trees aren't millable till then, either. Johnny Cusack, now in

article by p.d. jack

Do you recall this illustration that appeared in our February 1983 issue? It earned Australian PLAYBOY artist Yvonne Sutherland the Gold Award at the 1983 AWARD (Australian Writers and Art Directors) presentations.

The art accompanied a story by contributing editor P.D. Jack and was one of Yvonne's earlier PLAYBOY works. With more of her material just recently published, don't be surprised if Yvonne's name appears again next year.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Australian-Japanese trade relations entered new realms when a recent issue of the Japanese edition of PLAYBOY appeared with the eye-catching Aussie cover shot. Readers of Australian PLAYBOY who remember it from September 1982 won't be surprised to learn that the Japanese found Rico Mettbach's photography so appealing they snapped up the usage rights through PLAYBOY's Foreign Editions department. It makes a nice change from all those iron ore exports — and a sight more attractive, too.

"I will keep it always," vowed Bucket (Queensland Labor MLA Kev Hooper) gazing fondly at the original artwork that accompanied Frank Robson's profile of himself in Australian PLAYBOY (June 1983).

So named for his disconcerting habit of dumping great globs of invective on political foes *and* allies, Bucket felt that illustrators Frants Kantor and Phil Barlow had proved themselves worthy of their subject.

"And they call *me* Bucket!" Hooper grinned, tucking the memento under one arm and heading uptown in search of tauntees at Parliament House. ALP headquarters in Brisbane is still receiving letters supporting Hooper from PLAYBOY readers across the country.

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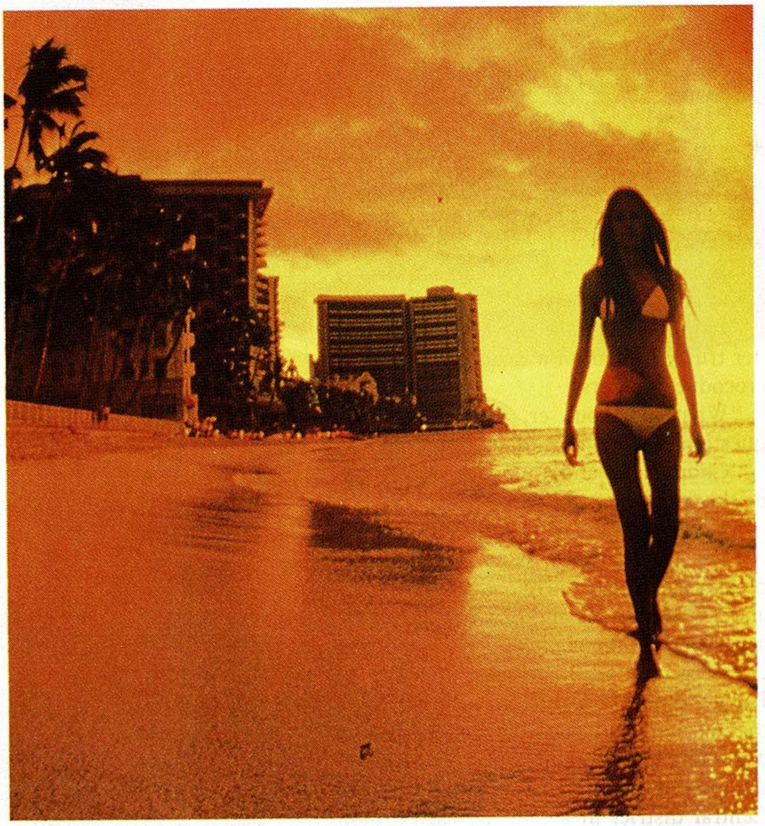

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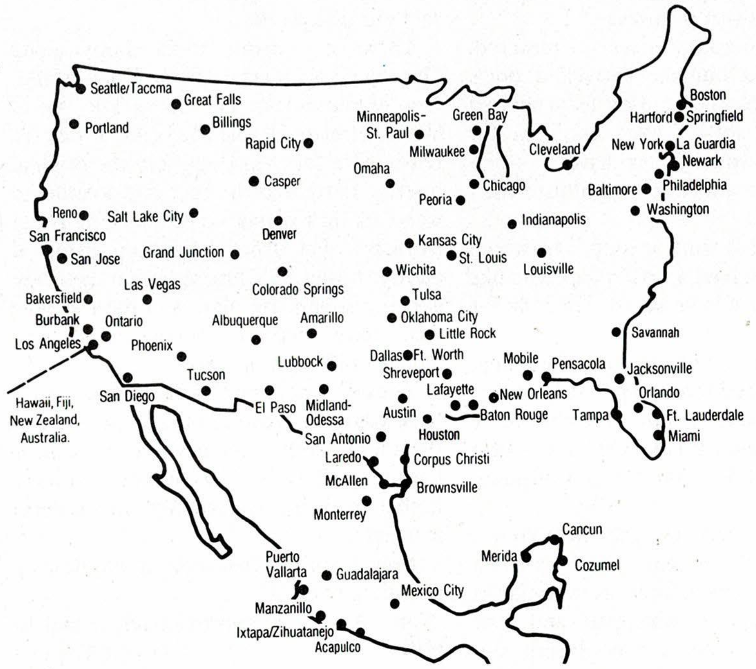
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HEALTH

We stood looking at the dried dog's penis. It had been carefully arranged in a display case, trussed with red ribbon and neatly pinned with a price-tag: HK$700.

"What sort of dog do you think it was?" I asked friend Wendely.

"Large, male," she muttered, adjusting her trusty Canon for a close-up of a trio of crocodile bladders.

"What do you, er, do with it?" I questioned Amy, our guide.

"Chop it up and put it in soup," she briskly replied.

"Yes, of course," I murmured.

"We should have skipped the buffet breakfast," whispered Wendely as reindeer antlers, deer's tails and dried cicadas were assembled on the counter.

It was around 10am on a Monday in Hong Kong. *The South China Morning Post* that morning had insisted it was 1983. I was beginning to have doubts. Here we were in the bowels of Hong Kong Island's old Central district in a dim herbalist's shop surrounded by roots, herbs, animal protuberances and dried creepy crawlies. If Shakespeare's witches had suddenly appeared, we could have staged Act IV of *Macbeth* without an ounce of toil or trouble.

But, although some of the actual ingredients may seem sinister to the casual observer, Chinese herbal medicine is concerned only with healing. There are no charms or magic spells; in fact, herbs and animal by-products are proving a viable alternative to many patented forms of Western medicine.

The basis of Chinese herbal medicine lies in treating each bodily disorder as part of an overall imbalance in the body. So, if you have a stomach ache, the herbalist will look beyond the specific region of pain to the principles of yin and yang to restore your equilibrium. The yin (female, negative, inactive, cold and dark) and yang (male, positive, active, hot and light) characteristics should always be in harmony. Disease indicates a disturbance of that balance and not an outside virus.

Herbs are characterised by four "airs" (cold, hot, warm or cool) and five discernible tastes (hot, sour, sweet, bitter or salty) and they react in a definite pattern with body organs. If your yin is out of kilter (chills, weak pulse, fatigue or pale complexion), the prescribed remedy would be a "hot" herbal concoction, probably containing mint and ginger. Many such preparations are commercially packaged ready for use, but the more traditionally-minded Chinese prefer to visit the herbalist and watch him prepare the mixture, usually according to a doctor's prescription.

chinese herbal medicine is not really so hard to swallow

The Eu Yan Sang Chinese Medicine Shop was doing brisk business that Monday morning. The dried cicadas were particularly popular: they were shaken out of a large jar on to squares of white paper and then deftly packaged for each customer. They fairly snapped, crackled and popped as they were bundled into shopping bags with the day's fresh veggies.

"They are good for the vocal cords," Amy explained.

"Of course," we chorused, pondering the repercussions of an overdose.

"What about aphrodisiacs?" I inquired, wishing they'd put the shrivelled dog's penis back under the counter. I was advised that reindeer antlers were excellent for heightening a woman's sex drive.

"How, er, are they, well, administered?" I asked.

"Chopped into wine or soup," answered Amy. "You can have a small pair if you like for HK$100 or a large set for HK$500." I declined.

For men, deer tails are just the thing, sliced and popped into the pressure cooker with a few soup bones. They're more expensive, though, at HK$500 for a modest specimen or HK$2000 for a well-hung example.

Ginseng is perhaps the best-known Chinese herbal remedy. It's used in minuscule amounts in items as everyday as tea and toothpaste, shampoo and hair conditioner. It induces good health and longevity and, in its pure form, is hideously expensive. The most prized variety grows on a mountain in north-east China. The area is always covered with snow and the root must be dug from the frozen ground with wooden tools. It is believed that contact with metal can detract from ginseng's life-giving properties. A piece the size of your little finger costs HK$96,000 and the root is stored in cellars between layers of fried rice which are changed every two months to avoid decay.

And it would appear that eternal life *does* have a price. In one Hong Kong herbal medicine shop, a 100-year-old wild ginseng root shaped in the distinctive human-like form was sold recently to a Japanese buyer for HK$480,000.

Dr Yeung Hin-wing, a Chinese biochemist actively involved in ginseng research, has conducted large-scale scientific studies to try and establish the extent of the herb's properties and potency. It's known to exert a positive effect on the functioning of the cardiovascular, central nervous, adrenal, digestive and immune systems. There's evidence to suggest that specific illnesses such as diabetes and cancer can be treated with some success by ginseng, and research is continuing into the anti-ageing properties of the herb. Dr Yeung is quick to point out, however, that the chemical makeup of ginseng varies enormously among species and is affected by its age and place of origin.

Crocodile flesh for smoker's cough, bird's nest for a glowing complexion, dried centipedes for flatulence, ground animal's bones and teeth for insomnia and nervous disorders, dried hornets for influenza and snake's gall for arthritis.

"Wonder if there's anything for a queasy stomach," Wendely muttered to me as we said our goodbyes.

There are many such shops along Queen's Road West on Hong Kong Island. One of the oldest, The Serve The World With Sincerity Herbal Medicine Store, was relocated a few years ago and the original interior fixtures of lacquer and weathered wood are now displayed in the Hong Kong Museum. Far from being an historical oddity, however, Chinese herbal medicine is being sought by more and more people who have become disenchanted with modern pills and potions.

The efficiency and efficacy of many cures have yet to be proven in the West, some of the more exotic remedies may be a little hard to swallow, but the concept of Chinese herbal medicine is certainly worth closer inspection.

Now if you'll excuse me, I think the soup is boiling over.

(Note: Aust$1 is approximately equal to HK$7.) — SUSAN KUROSAWA

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BOOZE

rich in narcotic and carnal connotations, the liquorice taste of anise spirits summons a sort of sweet decadence

There is something about spirits laced with aniseed that suggests overripe fruit on a hot summer's day. The direct, liquorice taste and the smell — heady, rich and a little brazen — summon a sort of sweet decadence.

Most anise spirits are made from neutral spirit distilled from grain. Universally produced and imbibed, the best-known examples are the Pernod and Ricard aperitifs of France and their fiery counterparts, the ouzos and rakis of Greece and the Middle East.

Although most anise drinks are served as aperitifs, part of their Bohemian charm is the fact that they are as drinkable with coffee after dinner as they are in the heat of the afternoon. You drink them because they taste good and you drink them when and how you like.

Pernod and Ricard are the direct heirs of the infamous absinthe, the so-called cocaine of the 19th century. Smelling the sweet bouquet of Pernod and Ricard is tantamount to inhaling a snifter of a history rich in carnal and narcotic connotations.

Absinthe was a highly potent, light green liqueur with a long-standing reputation as an aphrodisiac. The aniseed flavor gave it an unmistakeable taste and disguised the bitter, herbal wormwood *Artemisia Absinthum* that gave the drink its name. Wormwood contained the narcotic, thujone, which heightened the senses and, some claimed, encouraged vicious habits and damaged the nerves.

Pernod and Ricard no longer contain wormwood nor much of the original formula. But the anise remains, as does the image of abandon. At 86 and 90 proof respectively, both Pernod and Ricard are best drunk as the French do — five parts cold water to one part spirit.

If whisky is Scotland and vodka is Russia, then ouzo is instant Greece. Dryer than its French cousins, it is not merely the national spirit to the Greeks but the drink over which they solve the problems of the world.

Ouzo is a clear spirit which is thought to have originated in Thessaly in the mid-18th century. Made from unaged grape spirit or neutral spirit, the neat alcohol is either cold-flavored with aniseed or distilled with anise and other flavorings. Quality is dependent on the area where the ouzo is made and both the alcoholic strength and intensity of flavor can vary tremendously.

Good ouzo is always made from the finest ingredients and the best types are manufactured by double-distilling the basic spirit. The aniseed, other aromatics and usually sugar are added and the flavored spirit is processed again. The final distillate is then reduced with specially distilled water to an average drinking strength of 40-50 percent.

Virtually every manufacturer has a secret recipe. Some brands contain mastika, a substance derived from a resin-like shrub, and these are a shade sweeter than normal. Good ouzos are always matured for a few months after manufacture to let the flavors develop and allow the spirit to gain finesse. Good brands to watch out for in Australia are Metaxa, Aphrodite, Cambas, Sans Rival and Achaia Clauss.

Despite its beguilingly sweet taste, all Greeks know that ouzo is strong stuff and only ignorant foreigners drink it without food or guzzle it down.

The Greeks always serve a small plate of hors-d'oeuvre with ouzo to act as a "blotter", and they sip it reflectively.

Ouzo is the favorite Greek aperitif because it does not castrate the palate. It is traditionally imbibed neat with water used as a chaser, or mixed with water. If you like to take your spirits untamed, drink ouzo from small, thin-walled glasses and sip alternately from a glass of water. If you want something a little more subdued, enjoy a long blend of three to five parts water to one part ouzo, with plenty of ice.

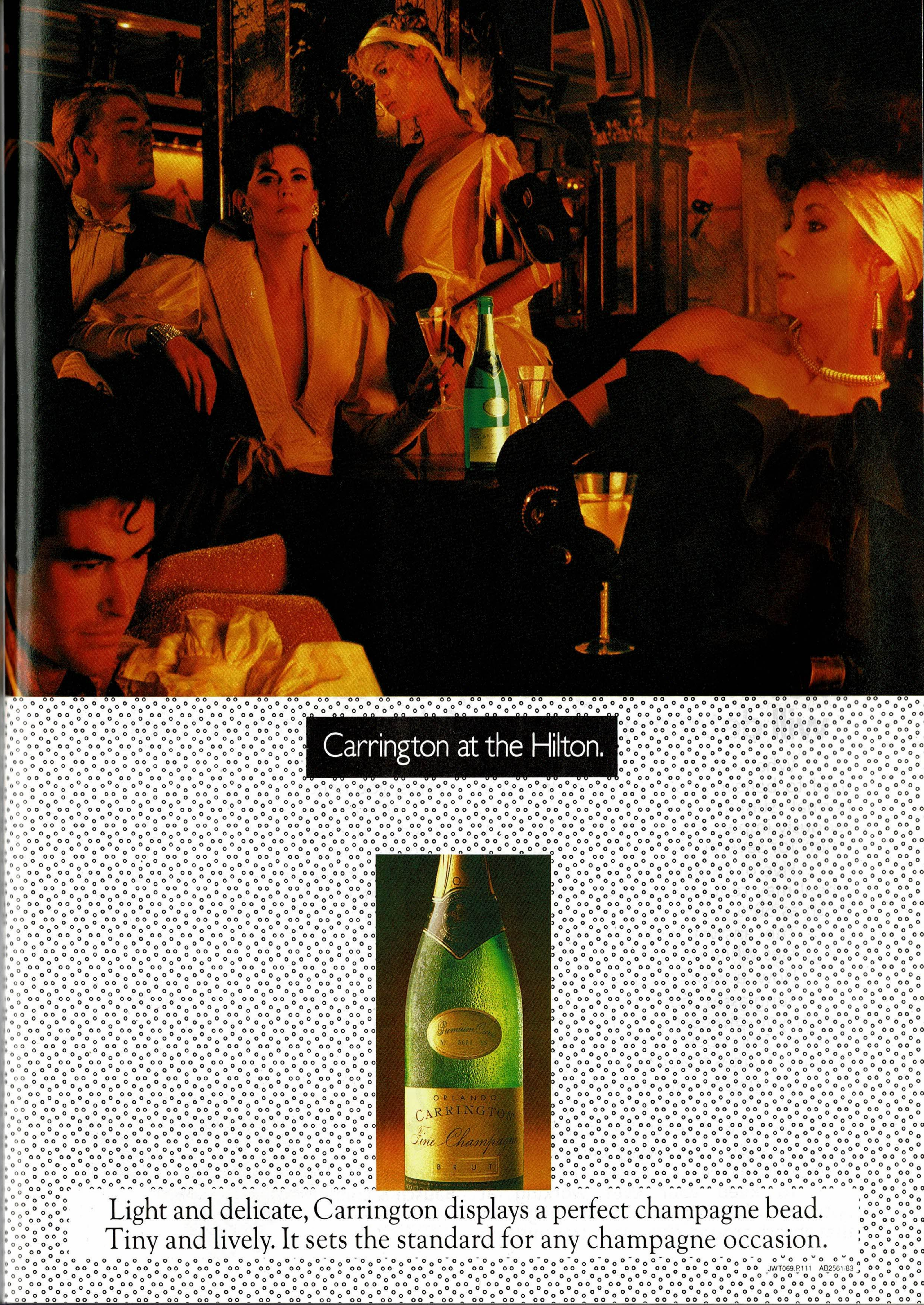
Although it is colorless in the bottle, when water is added, ouzo turns milky white. The higher the quality of the ouzo, the greater the degree of milkiness it achieves. The very best examples acquire the same blue meniscus around the edge where it touches the glass as diluted milk. Most people prefer their ouzo this way but the traveller who wants to save his macho face should bear in mind that, in Greece, real men never water their ouzo.

Ouzo is always served cold but the bottle should never be kept in the refrigerator. If it is kept under refrigeration, the oil in the aniseed solidifies and produces tiny scale-like crystals, which don't detract from the flavor but do ruin the clarity. The best solution is to keep the ouzo in the coolest part of the house and mix it with chilled water or serve it over ice.

But ouzo isn't all sunshine, blue sea and Mediterranean islands: it has the ability to produce the most awesome hangover. Apparently, if you drink too much water to assuage an ouzo-induced thirst, by a curious chain reaction, this can double and triple the effects of the alcohol content, resulting in the most appalling brain-crushing hangover imaginable. Yoghurt is supposed to be the quickest and sole route back to the land of the living.

Export rakis and arracks are heavily laced with anise and although they are not the stuff of World War II anecdotes, they can still be ferocious. Many are nearly 100 proof and like ouzo, their high sugar content can produce the ultimate hangover. Again the best thing to do is reach for the yoghurt.

— ELISABETH KING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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: DAVID HOOKES

a candid conversation with the swashbuckling cricket star, on his roller-coaster career, captaincy prospects and our foes

FEW SPORTSMEN have begun their careers as spectacularly. Fewer still have fallen from grace so spectacularly. No one else in recent sporting history has then risen, Lazarus-like, from the graveyard of failed players, to become heir apparent to the Australian captaincy.

At 28, David Hookes is an extraordinarily gifted cricketer, a batsman who is single-handedly capable of transforming a match, of grasping victory from the jaws of defeat. On his day, the elegant left-hander can electrify a capacity crowd with a whirlwind half-century, but it is this swashbuckling style which has also kept him under constant fire from the critics and the grand old men of the Australian cricketing establishment. "Can't go on with the job"; "throws his wicket away"; "gets a rush of blood to the head": these are the barbs Hookes has suffered almost continuously since his memorable Test debut in 1977.

On that occasion, the Melbourne Centenary Test, Hookes set the game alight in the second innings when he took five straight fours off the bowling of England skipper Tony Greig. Greig, a renowned user of the most basic forms of gamesmanship, had taunted the young batsman severely. Hookes replied in kind, adjusted his cap, and blasted Greig out of the attack. The huge crowd was spellbound, and gave Hookes a standing ovation when he returned to the pavilion a short time later with 56 runs against his name.

His performance in the Centenary Test capped a brilliant season. Playing his first full season for South Australia, he scored 163 and 9 against Victoria, then went on to score 185, 105, 135 and 136 in successive innings. He was the new sensation of Australian cricket and his Test selection was mandatory.

Hookes was then selected to tour England during the Australian winter of 1977, a period that was to become infamous in cricket history. He scored 85 in the Fifth Test and came second to Greg Chappell in the batting averages, but this commendable performance was somewhat overshadowed by the furore which accompanied the news that Australia's best players had signed contracts with Kerry Packer to play World Series Cricket, a breakaway organisation which was to revolutionise cricket. Hookes, still the man of the moment, was one of the first players signed.

David Hookes was one of the shining lights of the first two seasons of World Series Cricket, topping the batting averages with 63 and 56 respectively, and thrilling the crowds at one-day matches with his lusty hitting. It was his dramatic use of the hook shot, however, which landed him in trouble against West Indian speedster Andy Roberts. Hookes mistimed his shot and took the full force of the ball on his jaw. The break put him out of cricket for months and temporarily shattered his confidence.

The David Hookes who toured the West Indies with WSC in 1979 was a different young man. He managed only 125 runs in 10 Supertest innings, with a top score of 28. The magic had gone, and when WSC disbanded and Australian cricket emerged reunited, Hookes was no longer assured of a spot in the first team.

He spent much of the following summer sidelined by a hamstring injury, and was considered lucky to be included in the 1980 Pakistan touring party. But selection was where his luck ended. Hookes had a dog of a tour, returning home to the humiliation of the lowest tour average of any batsman ever to play Test cricket — 1.67. The dream was over. Hookes was dropped from the South Australian side and languished in the cricket wilderness throughout the winter. It seemed that Hookes, like NSW's young star of the 1970s, Peter Toohey, had simply dropped the baton.

But David Hookes is made of sterner stuff. He fought back, regained his confidence and timing and was rewarded with the South Australian captaincy. By the 1982-83 summer he had regained his place in the Australian side and enjoyed a good season against England and New Zealand. Touring in Sri Lanka in April 1983, Hookes hit his first Test century, six years after he had threatened it at the MCG. A couple of months later he captained Australia for the first time, deputising for an injured Kim Hughes in a Prudential Cup match against India. He acquitted himself well, if unspectacularly, in the new role, and with Hughes increasingly under fire for his performances as skipper, it seemed like 1983 would be David Hookes' big year.

Hookes, however, had become a radio and television commentator in addition to being the

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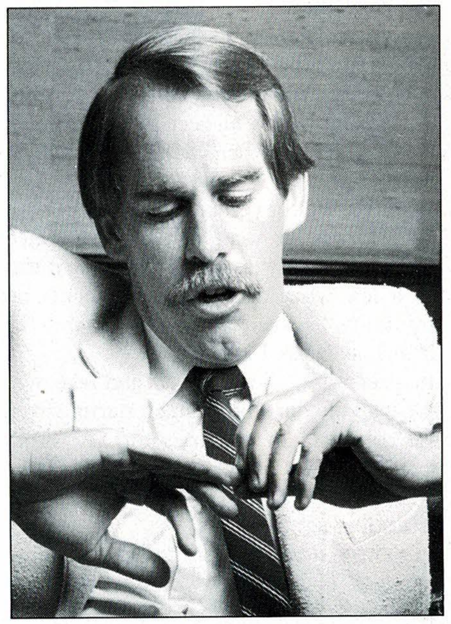
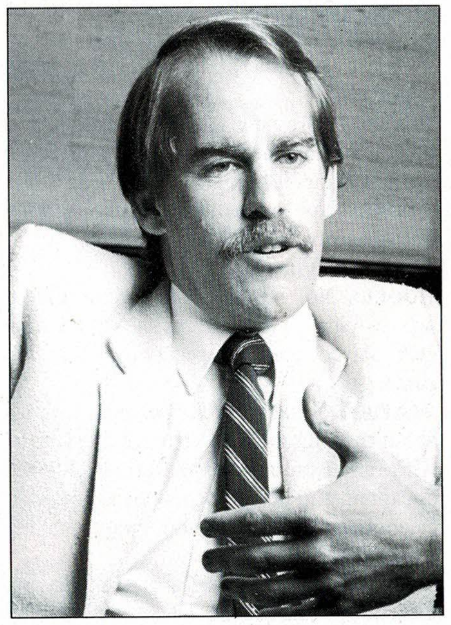
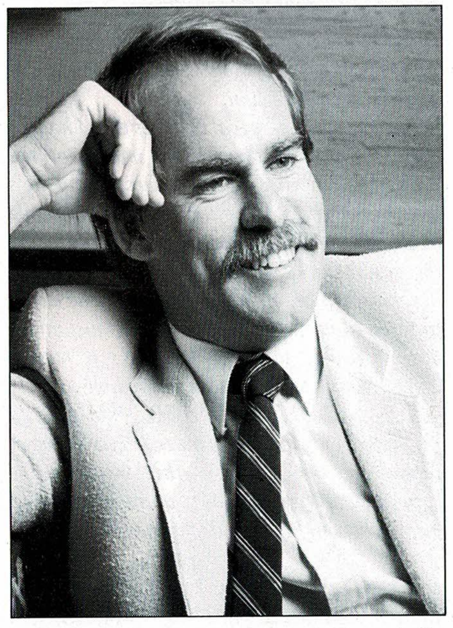


"I certainly wasn't forced to make a public apology. They were my thoughts because I did regret what was said."



"I always had in the back of my mind that I hadn't been through the learning process of 35 or 40 Shield games."



"I told the press I'd been batting like a sheila. The next day when I arrived there was a dress in my locker."

recipient of a generous sponsorship deal put together by a consortium of Adelaide businessmen to dissuade him from transferring to Victoria. It was in the former role that in June he suggested that Rodney Marsh would be the ideal man to captain Australia. This implied criticism of Hughes was seen by the Australian Cricket Board to be in breach of his Prudential Cup touring contract. Amid growing controversy over dissent within the ranks of the Test team, Hookes was called before the ACB in August and fined $1200, the heaviest fine so far imposed under the Player Conduct Code. Hookes made a public apology after the meeting. The Adelaide Advertiser, *in an editorial the following morning, called for the unfortunate incident to be now forgotten. SA Premier John Bannon, who earlier in the year had described Hookes' consideration of a move to Victoria as "a tragedy", did not call a special sitting of Parliament, but it must have been close. Hookes, the battling swashbuckler who had climbed back up to the top, was Adelaide's favorite son and Australia's favorite cricketer, although a few ill-chosen words had cost him this year's shot at the Australian captaincy.*

But, with an income projection of at least $250,000 a year for the forseeable future, Hookes could afford to pay the fine, sit back and keep smiling. It was in this mood that PLAYBOY's *Phil Jarratt interviewed him at the Adelaide Hilton, just a few floors above the Lifestyle Gymnasium of which Hookes is part-owner. Jarratt reports: "I first interviewed David in 1977, a few weeks after his blitzkrieg in the Centenary Test. He was a nice enough young bloke, somewhat at a loss for words and in a daze after the media attention he had received. You couldn't help thinking that the enormity of his first season had escaped him, that he was striving against the odds to avoid getting a big head. Six years later it was a different story. Hookes arrived for the interview sessions in an expensive tweed sports jacket, tailored jeans and an air of nonchalant self-confidence. He'd just apologised to Australia for being honest; nothing much else was going to faze him.*

"There were physical changes that I hadn't noticed watching him in the middle of the park: his hair has begun to recede but he's maintained the equilibrium with a Newk-style moustache; the boyishness is being replaced by the squint lines that cricketers get so early in life. He looks like an easy-going guy who won't be screwed around — someone who just might have what it takes to lead. As a former Australian captain told me not so long ago, 'If you could think like the ACB you'd give up thinking,' but it seems to me that Hookes must figure in the Board's thinking for the captaincy of the next side to tour England. If I were a betting man, I'd put money on it."

PLAYBOY: Monday, August 1st was a pretty momentous day in your life — appearing in front of the ACB and then being forced to make a public apology. How did you feel after the ordeal?

HOOKES: I certainly wasn't forced to make a public apology. They were my thoughts because I did regret what was said and I guess that the code of behavior is something that I, as a player, believe in. We're looking now for it to be implemented amongst all countries for our tours so that each country is bound by the same code of behavior. For example, think of the problem that arose with the Lillee/Miandad incident. Dennis got into trouble and Javed didn't because the Pakistanis weren't bound by a code of behavior. So I totally support the code of behavior, I've got no qualms at all.

PLAYBOY: But do you believe that cricketers should be free to express their opinions in the media?

HOOKES: I think cricketers *are* free to pass their comments in the media. The rule they've got there with the three months stipulation of not commenting on the tour or host countries or the players in the touring party is fair and I think you can't be seen to be criticising your team-mates at any stage.

PLAYBOY: The David Hookes who publicly apologised for his comments is obviously a different man to the character who made his international debut seven years ago. Were you a rebellious teenager?

When we were banned from practising on normal ovals, Ian and I would find a school ground and jump the fence and practise together.

HOOKES: Not really, because I was playing cricket. I was playing sport most of the time so you don't really have time to be outwardly rebellious. I probably was at school, every now and then. I was just a model child!

PLAYBOY: Growing up in Adelaide, you must have been heavily under the influence of the Chappell family.

HOOKES: Not so much the Chappell family, but certainly under Ian's influence.

PLAYBOY: What about Greg?

HOOKES: No. He had gone by the time I was playing first-class cricket so I'd only ever played against Greg twice in a club game.

PLAYBOY: What are your personal feelings about the Chappell era? The era that started with Ian as captain and went through Greg as captain and has now come to a somewhat calamitous end. Did you enjoy playing under both?

HOOKES: Yes, I did. I learnt a lot playing under Ian. The first time I went to training in the state squad, my father told me to call him Mr Chappell and I duly did that, so I guess that's the sort of respect I've had for the man from then right up to now. That hasn't wavered to any great extent. I guess as a young player I thought that everything Ian did was correct. I'm probably a bit wiser now.

PLAYBOY: Did Ian help you in the early stages of your career?

HOOKES: Yes, we became pretty close. South Australia had a very good side. We had Jenner and Mallett and Ian and those three senior players were always prepared to spend time with the younger players, and that became very important for Rick Darling and myself, who came into the side at the same time. We always had those senior players to talk to. Those sorts of things were terribly important. And then, of course, World Series came along and it was just really Ian and I. Wayne Pryor was involved but Wayne lived out on a farm 30 miles away so we didn't see too much of him. When we were banned from practising on normal ovals or playing normal games of cricket, Ian and I would find a school ground and jump the fence and practise together. We became pretty close during that era.

PLAYBOY: After your great start in Shield and Test cricket, how did you feel being more or less out in the wilderness and so definitely in the WSC camp so early in your career?

HOOKES: That didn't really affect me because when I signed with World Series Cricket I knew that Ian, Greg, Dennis, Rod, Doug Walters and Max Walker had all signed. Certainly the best of the Australian players. So I felt that if I was with them, I wouldn't go too far wrong. I didn't have a very good perception of what the consequences were going to be. Then again, I don't think even those blokes had a great perception of it. So I had no great qualms about joining and being out in the wilderness. Well, we were only out in the wilderness as far as the traditional cricket was concerned.

PLAYBOY: There is a school of thought, of which you'd be aware, that the Australian cricket team will never get back on top until the WSC guys have all been put out to grass. How do you feel when you read that kind of thing?

HOOKES: Well, I certainly don't agree with that. It was six years ago that we joined WSC and it only lasted two years, so it was all a fair while ago. There's certainly no animosity between WSC players and the Board, as far as I know.

PLAYBOY: Let's just go back and rake over the coals of your whole career, starting from a terrific run of centuries for SA. From memory, it was five centuries in six innings wasn't it?

HOOKES: Right.

PLAYBOY: What did you think after those innings: "Is this all I have to do — go out in the middle and hit a ton each time?"

HOOKES: I was pretty lucky because the Australian side was in New Zealand. There was no Lillee, no Hurst and no Thomson,

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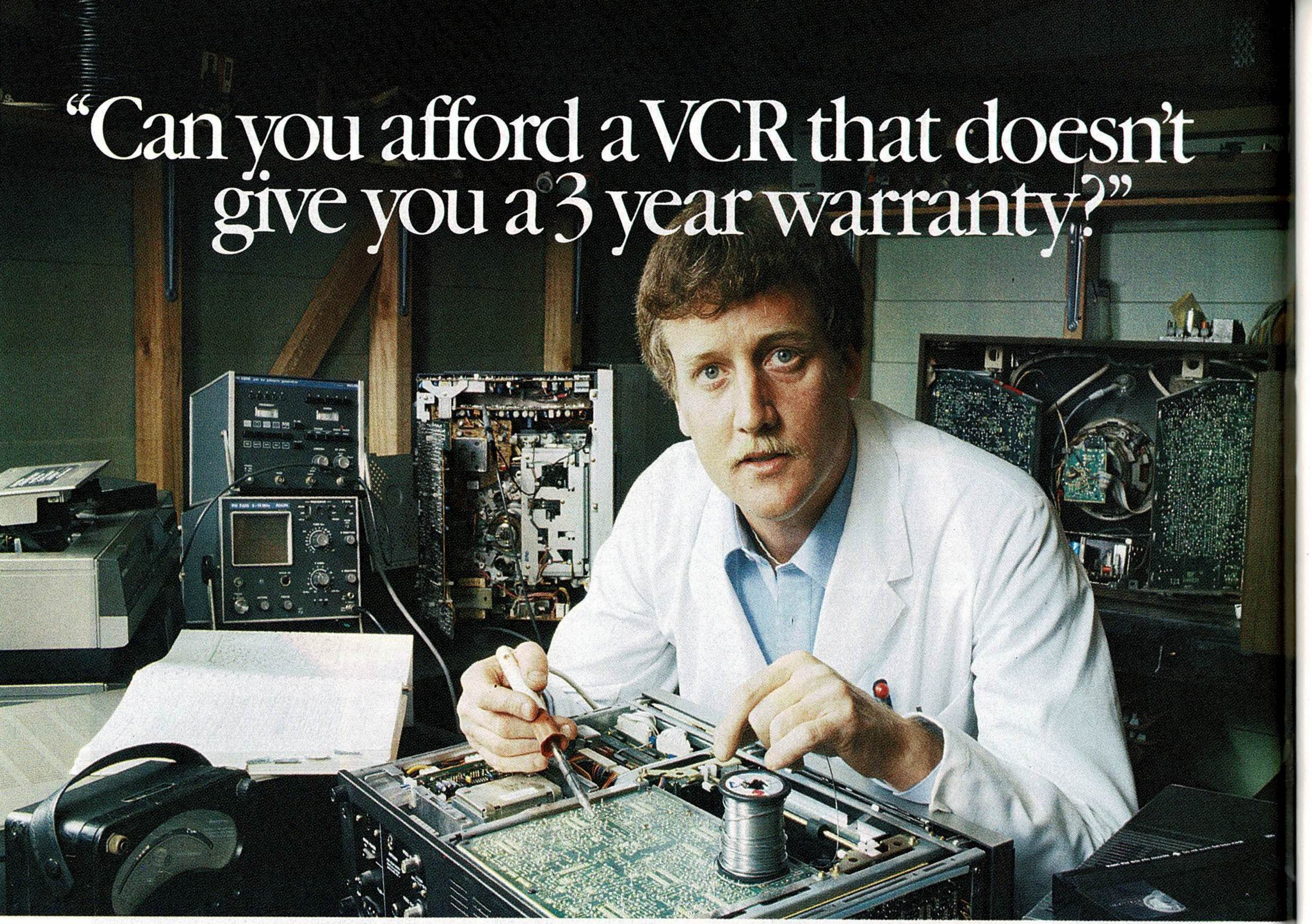

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because he was injured. South Australia was at the bottom of the Sheffield Shield table and hadn't won a game. I was going in at three for 15 or three for 20 practically every time in those five innings, so there was no team pressure on me to perform any better than the previous batsmen. You couple that with the fact that there weren't the best fast bowlers in the country bowling against you, and everything fell into place. Once a run like that was started and those fast bowlers weren't around to worry you, the pressure was greatly reduced. Because we never looked like winning the match, it was easy to play your natural game.

PLAYBOY: Following that, you were in the side for the Melbourne Centenary Test. What are your memories of that innings when you hit Tony Greig for five fours on your way to a half century?

HOOKES: Once again I was lucky, because in your first Test match, you're always going to be pretty nervous. Mine just happened to be a Centenary Test, which meant that all the other players were as nervous as I was. It didn't mean I could understand the fact that Larwood was there and Bradman was there. All these blokes were there. Sure, it was nice for me to see the players that I'd read about as a kid, but I didn't get involved with those players because I didn't know them and they certainly didn't know me. Whereas you could see your Lillees and Chappells and Marshes meeting those players and coming away a little bit starry-eyed

PLAYBOY: Why did you go after Greig?

HOOKES: We had a few words to say to each other.

PLAYBOY: You mean sledging?

HOOKES: Sledging really hadn't come into it in those days. I'd played under some aggressive captains and I was used to things being said on the ground, so it didn't particularly bother me. This was only the weekend after I'd scored my fifth century in Adelaide, so I was in pretty good form and when I got to 30 or so he was bowling them in the slot, so I had a go. If I had to face those five particular balls again I probably wouldn't get them past the fieldsmen. The fact that they all went for four was just freakish. I didn't do anything abnormal.

PLAYBOY: After the Centenary Test, you toured England. How did you do?

HOOKES: I've spoken to Greg Chappell about it since and although I didn't get too many big scores, I finished second to Greg in the averages. The problem was that we had a very inexperienced side and as a young player I had to bat at number four for Australia. I guess that's not the ideal way to do it. When you look at your Chappells and Stackpoles and Sheehans and Redpaths, they all started batting at number six and worked their way up. They learnt their craft on the way up and they all finished as top order batsmen. That's one regret I have about that tour. We didn't have the older experienced players like Redpath or Ian Chappell in the side, and we had to rely on

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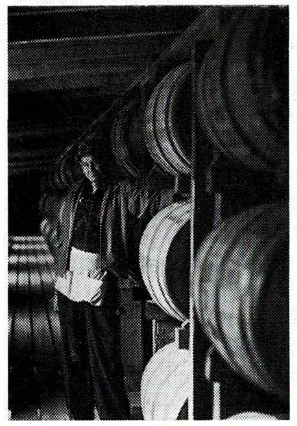

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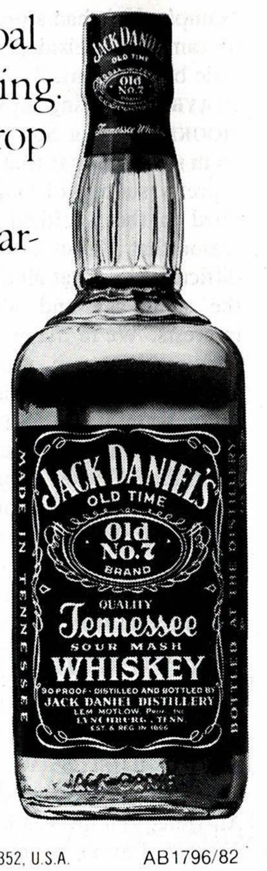

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blokes like Kim Hughes and myself, Craig Serjeant, Gary Cosier and so on.

PLAYBOY: Did you have any more encounters with Tony Greig that season?

HOOKES: No, not at all. Greigy was very good to me after the Centenary Test. That was the night he came in, we sat down and had a drink and we've been fine ever since. There has been no animosity at all between the two of us. I think that's the way he plays the game, which is great.

PLAYBOY: How was your relationship with Greg Chappell as a fellow batsman and as a captain?

HOOKES: Pretty good . . . *very* good actually. The main reason for that is whenever I've been on tour with Greg, be it for World Series or for Australia, I've always been the only other South Australian in the side so we'd sit around and talk about growing up in Adelaide. He used to drive a truck for Coca-Cola and he'd come to our school and deliver Coke bottles on Tuesday mornings. Our relationship was cemented in that way. . . good old boys from Adelaide.

PLAYBOY: Was he a tough captain?

HOOKES: Not really. No tougher than Ian or anybody else I've played under. John Inverarity is a tough captain because of his enthusiasm for the game. He knows that he's not the most brilliant player in the side so he expects the players who have a lot of natural ability to pull their weight. In Greg's case, he is a gifted player so he looks to his team for support.

PLAYBOY: Is there a big difference in playing under someone who captains by example and someone like Inverarity, who captains more by guile?

HOOKES: I think Inverarity *does* set an example. He's had a pretty good stint since he came to Adelaide, but his example is a little bit different.

PLAYBOY: Is being captain a difficult task?

HOOKES: Not for South Australia. It might seem strange to say that, because we've had a pretty successful two years — first and third in the Sheffield Shield — but the reason that it's not a totally engrossing and difficult job is that all the players are about the same age and we all have similar interests. We're mates and if we go to the bar after the match, a round will be 14 or 15 drinks. There is a high level of comradeship in the team, a real unity.

PLAYBOY: In your statement after the Australian Cricket Board fined you $1200 last August, you said you felt that the job of captaining the Australian cricket team was "arguably the most important position in Australian sport". We gather from that remark that you aspire to the job. How would you feel if you were given the job? Do you think there is a danger that the responsibility would detract from your batting?

HOOKES: The job of Test captain is somewhat different from captaining South Australia. To answer in the affirmative is difficult. Let me say that I think we've had some successful Test captains in recent years because they've been very good players, and their positions in the side have been cemented. All I'm trying to do right now is to cement my place in the Australian cricket side.

One day I'm going to wake up and say to myself, "Self, you've earned your place in the side." At that point I might look to other areas, whether those areas are in leadership or in development of other abilities, I don't know. Therefore, I don't think captaincy would detract from my abilities. You've got to look at Botham, of course, but I don't necessarily agree with all the criticism of him. The most important thing for a Test captain is having previous captaincy experience. That's why I don't think Gower should captain England. He doesn't even captain his county side, Leicester. There is a psychological art to being captain — you have to practise, and you need to have experienced a variety of situations.

PLAYBOY: There seems in the recent history of cricket to be two things that really destroy the career of young players on the way up. Two kisses of death, if you like. One is responsibility too early and the other is being likened to Bradman. Having had similar burdens thrust on you, do you feel your dramatic rise and the fact that you were captain of a state side fairly early in your career are both good career steps?

> *We're mates and if we go to the bar after the match, a round will be 14 or 15 drinks. There is a high level of comradeship in the team.*

HOOKES: No. My biggest regret in my career is that I've always believed — and I guess this syndrome was forced on me as a young kid by Ian Chappell, Ashley Mallett and Terry Jenner — that the only way you are going to become a good cricketer is to have three or four years of Shield cricket before you play Test cricket to hone out all your mistakes and errors. I think it is a bit different now with one day cricket. Players can perform well and get a couple of one days here and there to get them used to the feel of international cricket. But I'm talking about a Test match. I always had in the back of my mind that I hadn't been through the learning process of 35 or 40 Shield games. I don't think I've played 40 Shield games yet because of World Series. But I think I've now been through that and since being dropped from the Australian side and coming back, I've had that three-year period. It's just that I've had it a lot later in my career than I would have liked.

PLAYBOY: What's your best memory of your two-year period in WSC?

HOOKES: I think the fact that we were outcasts and that we were labelled mercenaries and whatever and we walked out on to the ground for our first practice at Moorabbin and there were 5,000 people there. After that for the rest of the season we never saw 5000 people at a game. People expected us to come out in clown hats and flippers or something. The other thing was that we were all very close as WSC players, we all had one purpose in mind, but at the same time we were very competitive. In the second year we started to get big crowds and it all got very exciting. So, I don't think there is one particular memory. . . it's the whole experience that I remember. Of course, coming together again was quite an experience too.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about the incident in which your jaw was smashed by a delivery from Andy Roberts.

HOOKES: Well, I don't think you know too much about it when you get hit. It doesn't really hurt, your face just goes numb and that's about it. The most frightening part was the drive from the ground to the hospital with Kerry Packer. There wasn't time to wait for the ambulance so we got into his Jag with the lights on and he jammed on the horn and drove down the wrong side of the street.

PLAYBOY: He'd probably been waiting for years for a chance to do that.

HOOKES: [Laughs] That's right. He had a great excuse for it, he said he was trying to take my mind off my jaw.

PLAYBOY: When you returned you wore a batting helmet and were noticeably tentative for quite a long time.

HOOKES: Yes, it wasn't so much that I was scared, but I'd be playing along quite well and suddenly I'd think about it. Or if the opposition was smart they'd say something and they'd get me out because of it. That happened quite regularly.

PLAYBOY: You mean opposing sides would use your injury as a. . .

HOOKES: No, nothing like that. They'd say it in jest.

PLAYBOY: Looking at it from a captain's point of view, do you think it's fair to use tactics like that?

HOOKES: Oh, I think so.

PLAYBOY: What was your personal view of the underarm bowling incident against New Zealand?

HOOKES: I think that's bordering on the limit of the rules. I don't think I would have done it, but then I wasn't playing in that particular match. I hadn't been involved for 99.5 overs so I wouldn't like to pass judgement on Greg (Chappell). The good thing is that it's been forgotten. It couldn't have been as bad as we all thought. When Greg and I were batting in Sydney last summer with about 10 overs to go and one run to get, Lance Cairns bowled an underarm at Greg, which showed that everyone had a sense of humor about it.

PLAYBOY: Your first tour after WSC

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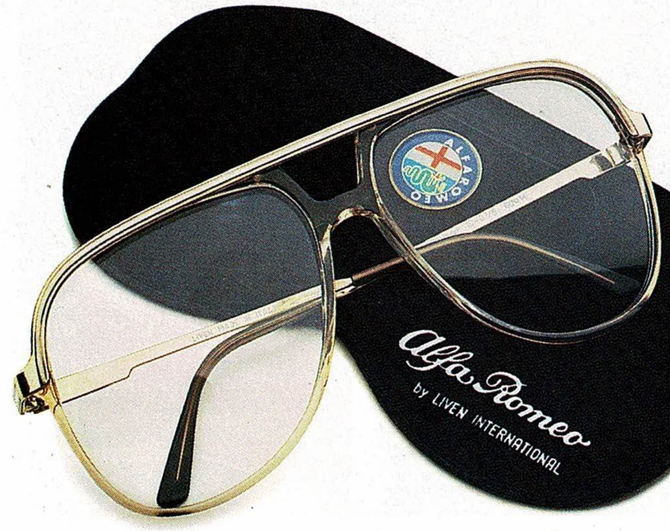

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disbanded was to Pakistan, which is probably something you'd rather not recall.

HOOKES: That covers that topic. [Laughs] Yes, I had a pretty ordinary tour. If you can call a batting average of 1.67 a poor tour, then I had a poor tour. That would have been a good tour for Jim Higgs. He didn't score in '75 in England.

PLAYBOY: For a specialist batsman, 1.67 would probably be the worst-ever average, would it not?

HOOKES: Without question. [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: What happened?

HOOKES: Well, there are a number of reasons, as distinct from excuses. I'd hurt my hamstring in a night game in Australia so I missed the rest of that series and then for the last two Shield games of the season, I still wasn't fully fit and the selectors didn't want me to play but Chappell did. But he also wanted me to pass a fitness test. I'd had a pain killer injection that he didn't know about, so I ran up and down the wicket a couple of times and he thought I'd be okay. I got a 30 and a 50 in those games. Then the touring party was announced and we all had a medical. I think this was where I got into trouble. I should have had a fitness test, not a medical. At 25, naturally you're going to want to play for Australia if you possibly can and it's pretty easy to pass a medical. The worst place you can play cricket with a crook leg is India or Pakistan on their turning wickets. I could have gotten away with it against the West Indies because they only have quick bowlers and you don't have to use your feet as much. Consequently, I failed in the first few innings I played and that was about it. It was only a three Test tour and if you get out of form early, you don't have a chance to come back.

PLAYBOY: The two most common technical criticisms about your playing are that you're prone to get a rush of blood to the head and that you won't come down the wicket to spin bowling. Did those factors contribute to your failure in Pakistan?

HOOKES: Well, I tend to agree with those criticisms in part but in Pakistan that wasn't really my problem. I was never out there long enough to get a rush of blood to the head and I couldn't come down the wicket because I had a crook leg. [Laughs] No, it was a nightmare for other reasons and the whole thing just snowballed until I came back home and got dropped from the South Australian side.

PLAYBOY: You've described psychological pressures as they apply on the field, but how about off the field? How do you feel in the dressing-room when you have six ducks against your name?

HOOKES: It depends on the sort of person you are. I used to throw my bat in the corner and do all those silly things but people like Marsh and Lillee won't let you sit around and mope. Some players like to sit around and be left alone for an hour or so, but that's part of their characters. I'm not like that. When I was having my bad trot I got into a lot of trouble when I told the press I'd been batting like a sheila. The next day when I arrived there was a dress in my locker. [Laughs] That sort of thing brings you back to reality.

That night I got dropped. I mean, everyone knew it was gonna happen, but there was still that ability to laugh about it.

PLAYBOY: But your career was on the line at that stage, and it's a long way back up.

HOOKES: Sure, when you get dropped from a side you think you're an integral part of, it knocks you around a bit. The options open to you are you either try to come back or you give the game away.

PLAYBOY: Did you consider the second one?

HOOKES: No, I think the best thing I did, when I look back on it, was I went to a tennis tournament at Memorial Drive and spent the whole day in the beer tent. We had training that night so I went along having had a few, and bowled bouncers at everyone for a couple of hours. No one said a thing. I carried on like a pork chop and got it all out of my system. I think if I'd carried a chip on my shoulder for 12 months it would have been very difficult to get back into the side.

PLAYBOY: What did you do that winter?

HOOKES: I'd go to the nets with Ashley Mallett and I couldn't hit the ball, I couldn't do anything. As the winter wore on, the pressure got greater.

PLAYBOY: It wasn't long after you fought your way back into the state side that you

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were appointed captain. That must have been a dramatic change of fortune.

HOOKES: Well, I suppose so. SA had had a couple of pretty poor summers, and Inverarity didn't want to do the job anyway, so he asked me to go around to his place one night and we sat down and had a natter about it and he asked me if I'd like to do it. I said yes, because I knew that he was staying on as a player but I knew he wouldn't be standing out there at second slip trying to undermine my position. I knew he'd be there to offer advice when I needed it, so the transition period wasn't so bad. Like, the wind might swing around, and he'll ask me what I'm going to do with the bowlers and might offer a couple of suggestions.

PLAYBOY: Several times last winter it was suggested by the press that John Inverarity would make a good temporary captain to get Australia back on line. Do you know what his thoughts are?

HOOKES: Invers is the sort of player who won't retire. He'll play until he gets dropped, then he'll give it away. He doesn't think a great fanfare should be made about retiring. He's the sort of guy who would continue to aspire to great heights while he's still playing, but I think he's realistic enough to know he'll never play for Australia again.

PLAYBOY: What's your opinion of the principle, which has been employed by the English, of appointing a captain and then making a place for him in the side?

HOOKES: I think Australia has produced some great captains because we tend to do the opposite. We pick our side, then our captain. I think that's always been successful in Australia.

PLAYBOY: With the exception of Bob Simpson.

HOOKES: Yeah, sure. Then it was a bit different of course because there were a lot of younger players around then. The majority of senior stable players weren't playing for Australia. So that was totally different.

PLAYBOY: Still on the issue of captaincy, but captaincy at a different level, there was a hell of a lot of speculation about the deal offered by the Victorian Board earlier this year. Figures as high as a quarter of a million were bandied about and yet you elected to stay with SA. Was that an emotional or a financial decision?

HOOKES: Neither. I think the reason I decided to stay was because I wasn't going to achieve a great deal by going to Victoria. If I could have gone to Victoria and played eight or 10 Shield games then it wouldn't have been so bad. But if you only finish up winning two or three games a year, then you're going to have an enormous amount of pressure as to why you're getting X dollars and you're not performing. Of course if you make a duck and the next one has 150, he'll ask why are you getting paid and he's not. But probably the main reason was because the South Australian team sat down two years ago, formulated a plan and decided that we had a chance of winning four or five Shields in the rest of this decade. That's what the players are striving for and we have won one out of two so we have got a long way to go.

PLAYBOY: I get the impression from cricketers that there is really no political underside to all these dealings about captaincy and whatever else. It's all pretty matey. After all the deals are done, everybody shakes hands and walks away and forgets it. Is that really how it is?

HOOKES: Yes. That's a follow-on from the way you play the game on the ground. You can go out there a la Tony Greig and have a slanging match for half an hour and then have a beer at the end of the day. I think that most of what you're talking about is all done by people who have played the game at a reasonable level. And they've all been through that particular phase of having a go at each other on the field and then going out and having a beer.

PLAYBOY: But it's undeniable that in the last 10 years, cricket has become fairly big business. An Australian captain now would have an income potential of probably double that of any previous Australian captain.

> *Cricket is a commercially viable product while Australia has got a good side. The figures for last summer certainly proved that.*

HOOKES: That's just commercialism taking off. Cricket is a commercially viable product while Australia has got a good side and it's always going to sell. The rating figures and the figures for last summer certainly proved that. One-day cricket, colored clothes, World Series Cricket, white balls, black sight-screens, night games. All those things have meant that the networks are going to sell advertising time for a lot of money.

PLAYBOY: Are you philosophically opposed to playing cricket against South Africa or in South Africa?

HOOKES: I wouldn't go to South Africa.

PLAYBOY: What do you think about those West Indians or Englishmen who have?

HOOKES: I think that's a very personal subject and I would hate to enter into a political argument about the rights and wrongs of the South African Government's policies. But I can see why players go. Certainly I can see why the West Indians go. I know that's a funny answer. . . not that they probably should because of the system, but certainly for the monetary gains.

PLAYBOY: We believe that Clive Lloyd was made a huge offer.

HOOKES: Yeah, but Clive won't go. So it's not always money that's going to tempt them. But for a 35-year-old or whatever, I can certainly see value. Or, like Colin Croft, who had a crook back so he probably wasn't going to play in his Test side much longer. I can certainly see value there. But I have my own feelings. . . it wouldn't bother me to play against them.

PLAYBOY: Let's just have a look at all current world sides. How do you rate them? Are the West Indies still indestructible?

HOOKES: No. The West Indies are still the best side but they're slowly on the wane. Their fast bowlers are getting older and Clive Lloyd hasn't got much longer to go. He's the whole focal point of their side. They're going to have to start blooding new, young fast bowlers and whilst they're still going to be an aggressive side, they're not necessarily going to be indestructible.

PLAYBOY: Who do you see as their rising stars?

HOOKES: I really don't think they have got any. Well, not that we've seen, apart from Winston Davis.

PLAYBOY: How do you rate Pakistan?

HOOKES: Pakistan is the second best side we play against. I think they will struggle if Imran doesn't play, but their batting is so very strong. Imran has a bad shin injury. I don't know if he will bowl again. That's the latest rumor. That's why he didn't play in the Prudential Cup. But the Pakistanis' batting is so very strong on these hard and fast wickets, that if we don't get on top of them early, well. . .

PLAYBOY: What do you see for the England side?

HOOKES: Well, I think they are becoming a really good side. I think with Dilley and Cowans they are going to have a good attack.

PLAYBOY: Well, Bob Willis is approaching the end of his career.

HOOKES: Yeah, he's been approaching the end of his career for the last seven years. He keeps on getting wickets. But he's such an object lesson to those younger players, they'll probably learn from him. If Dilley and Cowans come on like they should, they're going to be a pretty handy side. With Gower and Lamb in such good form, you know, if they can only find another batter. Five is not the right spot for Botham.

PLAYBOY: Where do you think he should be?

HOOKES: Six or even seven. That's when he's going to be at his explosive best. But if they can find another batter, they're going to be a pretty good side.

PLAYBOY: India caused a sensation in winning the World Cup. What are your thoughts on the future of that team?

HOOKES: They've got a very good captain in Kapil Dev as he is certainly a leader in both his playing and enthusiasm. To make 174 in one day is a fair effort. And then he might get four or five wickets as well. His enthusiasm is so great that he overruns, he

(continued on page 126)

Speedo. The best thing next to a suntan.
PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE FIJIAN
Quite simply, one of the best resorts in the world.
FLYING QANTAS
A sure sign of a great holiday.
Style numbers left to right, 69276, 60268, 69283, 60300.
SP111

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
1000
1000
ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS

SILICON VALLEY

in california's cradle of electronics, they're cashing in the microchips for megabucks, reports seth gregory

IN SANTA CLARA County, California, the first thing people do in the morning is check the carport to see if the Porsche is still there. Car thieves prowl the suburban streets looking for new 911s and 928s. They change the engine numbers, replace the plates and sell them to up-and-coming Hollywood types in Los Angeles. Things are so bad, many residents no longer enjoy their cars. After one or two $4 margaritas at the Acapulco Lounge, a few have even confessed to considering buying Fords.

Santa Clara County is about 65 kilometres south of San Francisco Bay. The county contains several small and middle-sized cities — Palo Alto, Mountain View, Menlo Park, Sunnyvale, Cupertino, Santa Clara — all linked by freeways. A generation ago, these communities produced one-half the world's prunes. The landscape was rural and life was peaceful and slow.

It isn't like that any more. Over the past 25 years, glass and concrete industrial buildings have replaced the orchards.

Today, residential land sells for $650,000 per acre, one-bedroom apartments rent for $1000 monthly, and house prices start at $150,000 and go into the millions.

This is Silicon Valley, the acknowledged centre of the world's electronics industry. The factories and corporate headquarters of Silicon Valley are quite unlike the industrial buildings of the past. There are no smokestacks belching soot into the air, no noisy trains loading goods and no workers' cottages or company stores. Silicon Valley factories are spread out and nicely landscaped. Except for the television cameras peering down from their roofs, the factories resemble a quiet university campus or a modernistic resort. Even the odd company names (Signetics, Intel, Cromemco, Teledyne, Exar) sound more like Dr Who inventions than multi-million dollar

ILLUSTRATION BY RAY CONDON

corporations. Yet more millionaires have been created in Silicon Valley than in any other manufacturing centre in the world. Of course, California has always had a fair share of millionaires — the boom or bust of the gold rush is an important part of its history — but nothing in its past even remotely approaches California's, particularly Silicon Valley's, present wealth. It is the international materialistic dream come to life. There may not be gold in the streets but there is said to be more gold in Silicon Valley's sewers today (gold is used in manufacturing electronic equipment and some is inevitably lost in the process) than the amount that triggered the great gold rush of the last century.

California has a diverse population. At one time or another, Spanish conquistadors, English traders, Chinese coolies and even Russian traders played a role in the state's development. Consequently, no one was surprised when Japanese firms started to acquire companies in Silicon Valley. In fact, the Japanese presence became so common that hardly anyone noticed when a van pulled up at the office of Glenmar Associates and two neatly dressed Japanese engineers climbed out. Several minutes after entering the Glenmar office, the two Japanese were back on the street. This time no one could help noticing them. They were being led away in handcuffs. The arrest of the two engineers, for industrial espionage, brought to a climax an operation that included double-agents, secret videotapes, complex codes, electronic alarms and even midnight break-ins. It also delayed, but did not destroy, the Japanese plan to dominate the world in computers.

THE STING

At precisely 9am on June 22, 1982, an orange Volkswagen van stopped in front of a two-storey office building in Santa Clara. At the wheel was Tom Yoshida, president of NCL Data, Inc. Alongside him sat Kenji Hayashi, a senior engineer and planner with the Japanese electronics firm Hitachi Ltd., and Isao Ohnishi, an engineer and computer programming expert. The two engineers left Yoshida in the van and entered the offices of Glenmar Associates, a consulting firm owned by a man they knew as Alex Harrison. Warm greetings were exchanged between the three men, who had known one another for some months. Within minutes, Harrison showed the Japanese several cartons containing secret information about new IBM computers. An elated Hayashi tore an IBM sticker off one of the cartons and pasted it on his notebook, a trophy of his success. The pleased Japanese then showed Harrison a receipt for $500,000 they had wired to his bank.

Suddenly, two men entered the room. "It's all over," one announced, "we are FBI agents." Harrison pulled his own credentials out of his coat pocket. These revealed him to be Alan J. Garretson, also an agent of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Before the two Japanese could utter a word, Garretson drew out his handcuffs and placed them on the stunned engineers. "They were very embarrassed," John C. Gibbons, U.S. Attorney, told reporters. "For a Japanese to be handcuffed is a terrible thing."

HOW TO MAKE LOTS OF MONEY

California's aboriginal settlers were Indians. They numbered about 100,000 at their peak but alien diseases and rapacious foreigners decimated them many years ago. Their successors, the Spanish, colonised the state with a combination of the sword and the cross. The Franciscans were particularly active, establishing a chain of missions up the coast, each about one day's travel from the next. The route followed from mission to mission was called *El Camino Real,* the King's Highway. *El Camino* still runs through the towns of Silicon Valley and the motels and restaurants that line both sides of its six traffic lanes continue the mission tradition of catering for the hungry and those far from home.

There is even a vestige of *El Camino's* royal heritage in the Burger King restaurants that alternate with McDonalds, Pizza Hut, Jack-in-the-Box, Arbys Roast Beef, Taco Bell, Roy Rogers, Wendys and Sambo's, in what must be the world's largest selection of plastic food.

Of course, it no longer takes a day to travel between missions. Your average Porsche can make the distance in a few hours, and many do. California is Porsche's largest foreign market. With a population of around 24 million, California is almost twice as populous as Australia. Its main industries are agriculture (it grows commercially every crop growable in America except tobacco), aerospace, tourism, manufacturing and movies. California has 296 banks, 262 tertiary education institutions and a per capita income 25 percent higher than Australia's. It was no accident that Silicon Valley developed in California. The educational facilities, entrepreneurs and money were all there waiting. But the story of Silicon Valley actually begins across the continent in New York.

In 1948, John Bardeen, William Shockley and Walter Brattain, three physicists working in New York for Bell Labs (the research arm of the giant AT&T telephone company), announced that they had perfected a device that could replace vacuum tubes or valves in radios, televisions and in any other application where they were currently used. Their discovery not only won the three scientists the Nobel Prize, it also started the electronics industry in Silicon Valley.

Valves had been in use for some years as a way to capture and amplify radio signals. The three-element vacuum tube patented by Lee De Forest at the beginning of the century looked like an electric light bulb with several extra pieces of metal and wire inside the glass. The device not only picked

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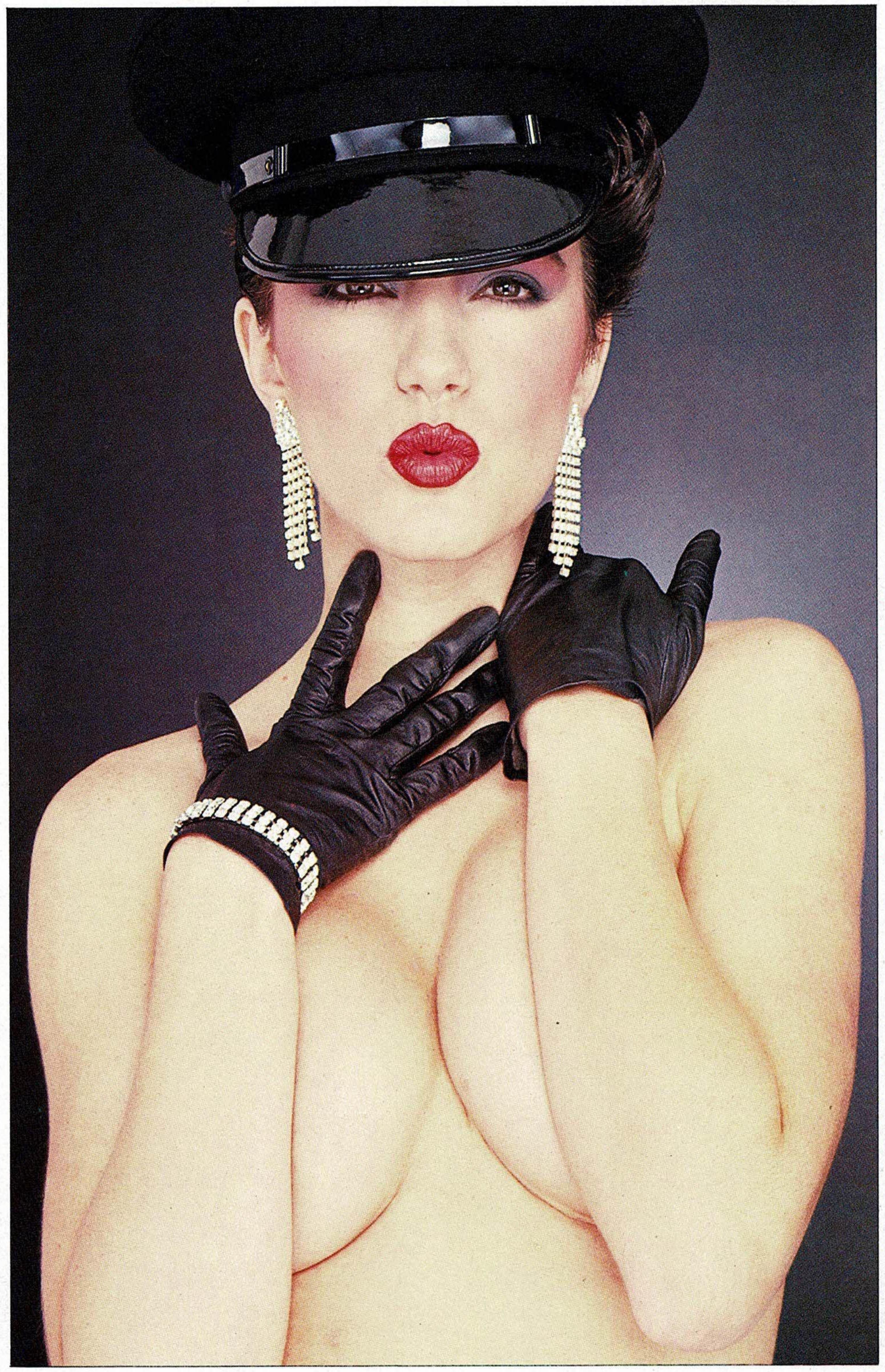
MARTY MURPHY

"Say sweetie, how'd you liked to come up to my room and sit on my fez?"

UNDRESSED TO KILL

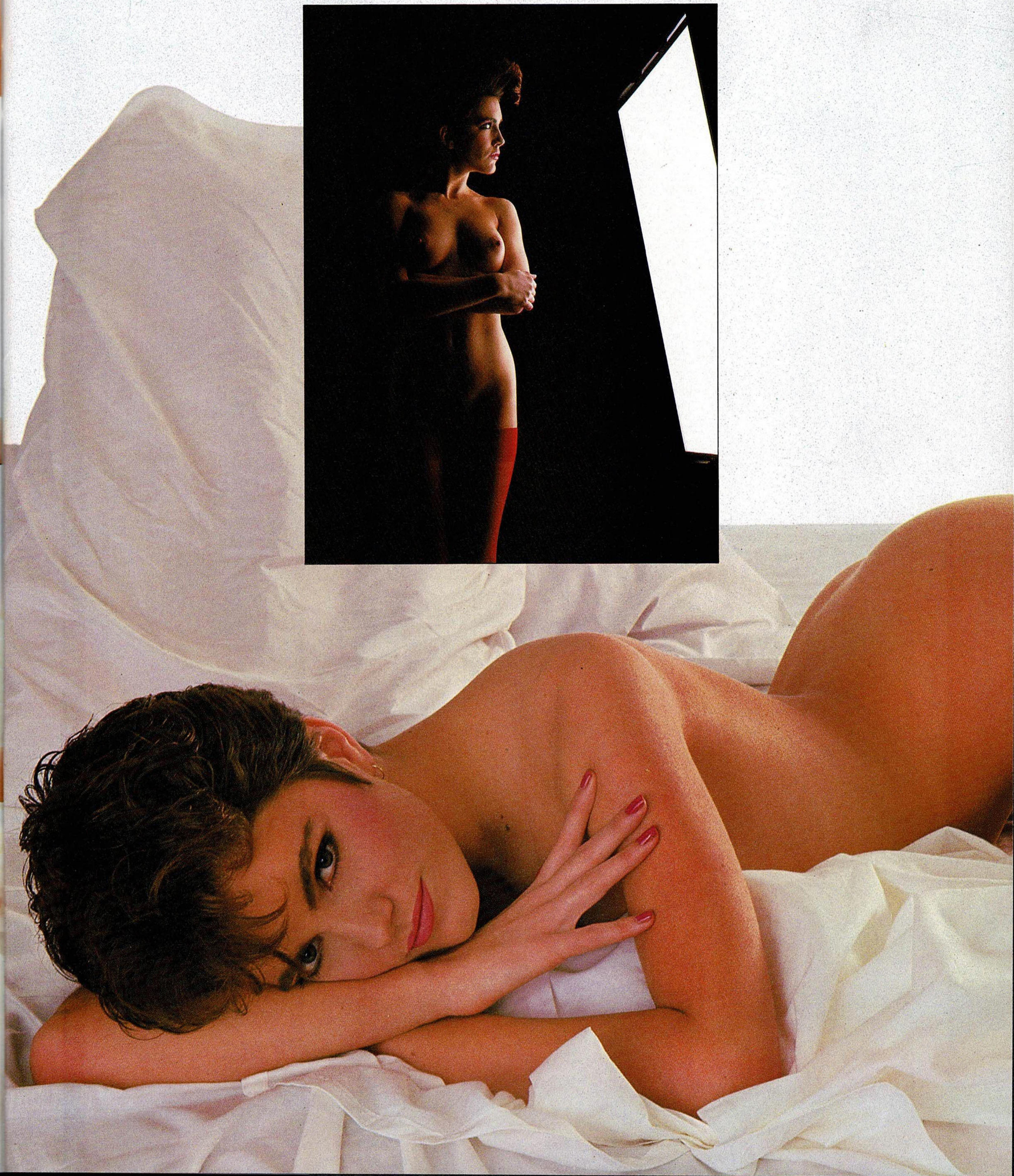
PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB WATSON



Lynn Eason is back. This raven-haired beauty from Gosford on the NSW Central Coast first brightened our pages in March 1982, when she was featured as our Playmate of the Month. Reader response has shown that lovely Lynn is one of your favorite Playmates and now she's also winning hearts in the competitive and sometimes cut-throat world of modelling.

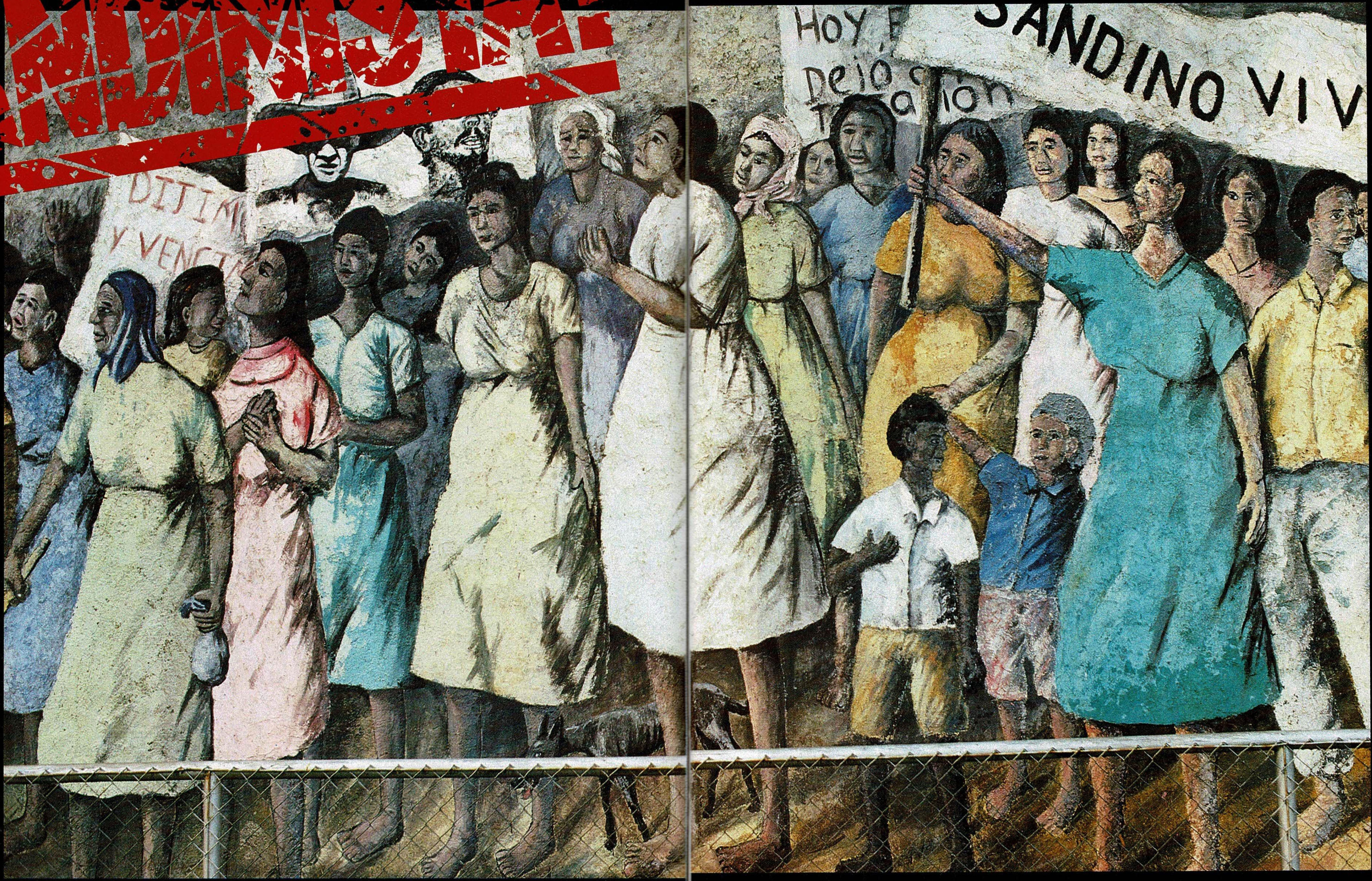
"I'm passionately interested in fashion and design," says Lynn. She's always had an artistic streak and lately she's been putting her talents to work by hand-painting her T-shirts and other favorite garments. "I love individual clothing," she smiles, "and I enjoy standing out in the crowd." And there's no doubt that Lynn has heads turning wherever she struts her special style.

We had sensed Lynn's instinctive flair for design and we were delighted when she asked to be involved in the fashion styling of her pictorial. "I chose styles that definitely are 'me'," she explains, "I can be confident and sophisticated, or cheeky and fun-loving, or soft and vulnerable. Sometimes I opt for clothes that just say I want to be cuddled and loved."



Lynn recently was featured in a Willesee TV documentary on the Sydney modelling scene. "People come up to me on the street now because they recognise me from that program," says Lynn. "That's a great feeling but I'd really love to make a name in movies." She is taking acting lessons and has worked as an extra in *Phar Lap* and *Midnite Spares.* No starring roles yet, but we suspect that Lynn's already brilliant career is arrowing straight for centre stage.

SHOOTING THE SANDINISTA!



it was his toughest assignment: capture on film the spirit of nicaragua's revolution in a country waiting for war

DAVID BRADBURY might well be one of the most talented young film-makers in the world, but talent doesn't cut much red tape in the sauna bowl of Managua. Bradbury, the former ABC journalist whose award-festooned documentaries, *Front Line* and *Public Enemy No 1*, launched him into the front trenches of *cinema verite*, is in bother. Swinging in his hammock on the verandah of Casa Fiedler, Nicaragua's favorite guest-house, the ice in

article by joe murphy and russell deiley
photography by joe murphy

Bradbury's Ronrico fighting a losing battle with the oppressive heat, he admits his third and most ambitious film is not going well.

The money that pays his crew's wages, Frau Fiedler's bills, buys the film and, above all in this land of *manana,* buys time, is running short. Seventeen thousand and three hundred kilometres across the Pacific, Bradbury's Sydney agent squeezes a few extra grand out of some more backers, but the project to take the Nicaraguan revolution to the screens and hearts of the world is going to be line ball right down to the final edit.

Several thousand feet of film, which cost $20 a minute to run through the camera gate, are in the can, but Bradbury is still chasing that elusive essence that will stir the viewer's consciousness. Bradbury agrees he is tilting at what yet may be an impossible dream. In his mind's eye he sees, frame by frame, what he wants in the final cut. Translating those intricate and subtle images through his crew and their cameras into a cohesive and meaningful film is proving more frustrating than he ever believed.

The dream of capturing the Nicaraguan revolution on film began with that inexplicably Nobel-less man of pristine letters, Graham Greene. Greene is an admirer of Bradbury's cinematic biographies of Tasmania's intrepid South-East Asian cameraman, Neil Davis (*Front Line,* which was nominated for an Academy

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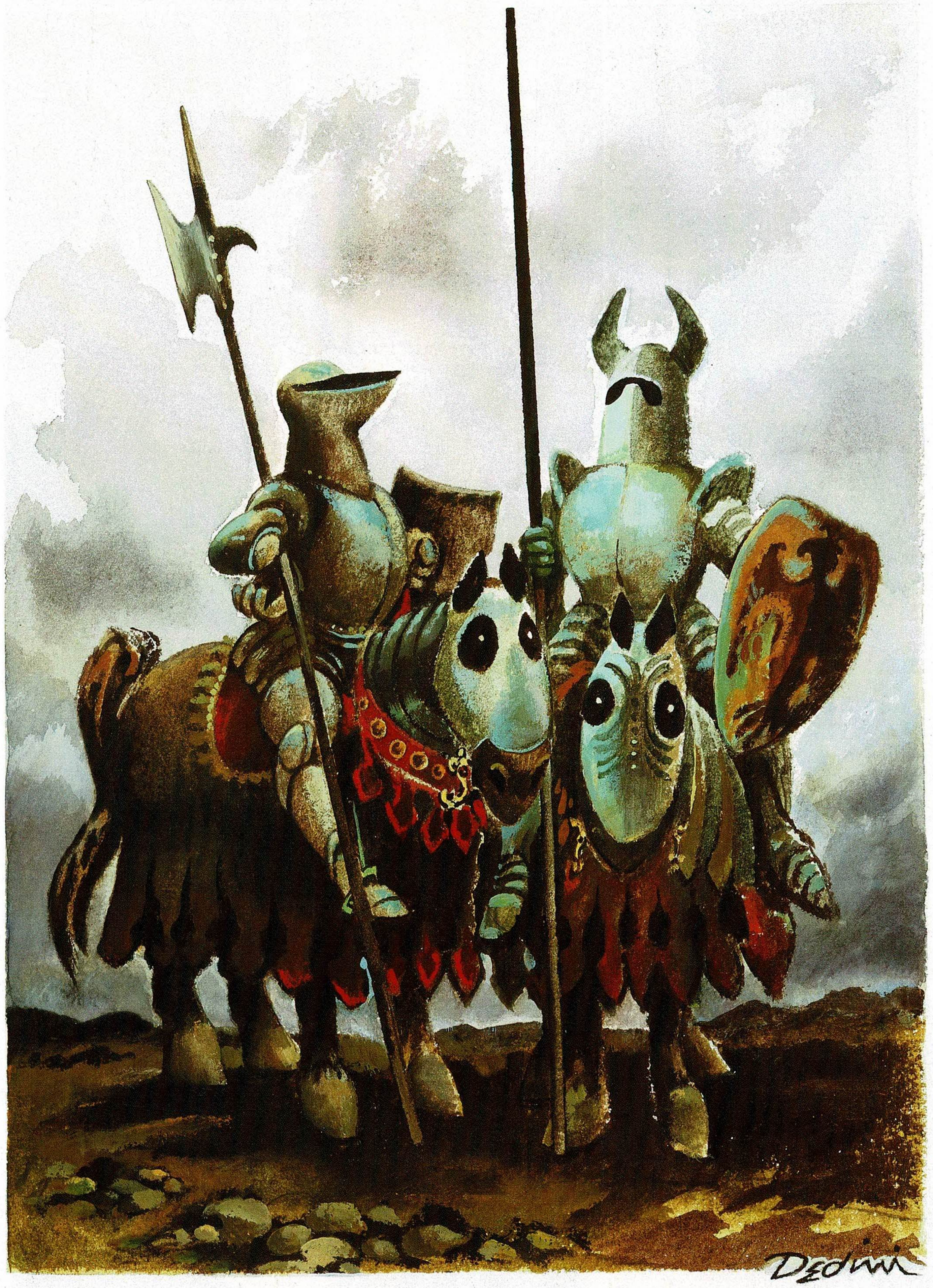


"Where do you buy your underwear? I seem to go through mine so quickly."

PRISONER

tv star candy raymond gives an eyewitness account of life in the slammer — for real!

IT ALL BEGAN the day I took the scratch tests. I'd parked illegally outside the doctor's surgery and raced inside to keep the appointment. There was barely time to straighten my new kamikaze style head-band before the allergy testing began. My forearm was punctured six times, then concentrated droplets of whatever it takes to make you scratch, sneeze, wheeze and develop thrush were introduced. Sizeable red volcanoes were erupting around the little needle punctures by the time I staggered outside. "Now, on no account SCRATCH," the good doctor had ordered. By the time I reached my car, I was wondering if even battery acid would be strong enough to kill the itch.

Another parking ticket was neatly tucked under my wipers. I plucked it out and proceeded to turn my key in the lock. "Is your name Candide Raymond?" a voice breathed from behind. "Oh," I thought, "out of work, but not forgotten." He reached into his breast pocket, producing not an autograph book but a police badge. I forgot about the itching.

"We've run a check on you through your registration number, young lady, and there are warrants out for your arrest. Come with me."

"Where are we going?" I ventured, but he was already propelling me into the nondescript building opposite my car.

As we mounted a flight of narrow stairs, the detective took my hands, turned my battered arm to the light and sneered, "Just another broken-down singer, huh?" The scenario was so ludicrous that I began to laugh hysterically. He was taken aback. "I'm sure I know of a black jazz singer named Candy," he mumbled as we continued our climb. We emerged into the harsh neon glare of the detectives' room. In these official surroundings, he ascertained that I was not black, probably couldn't sing and the puncture marks on my arms didn't connect with any veins. The formalities over, I was whisked back to the street, ushered into a police car and silently transferred to Central cells, just off George Street, Sydney.

They made me take off my head-band but the sergeant at the admissions desk managed a smile when I made a quip about the contents of my Glomesh bag. He scrutinised all my personal belongings, counted my small change and made up an inventory which I duly signed. A heavy metal door banged and clicked behind me. It was the beginning of my criminal career.

●

I had no idea what to expect and everything seemed to happen very fast with no explanations. I was presented to a woman known as Matron. She took one look at me and said, "No, Jock, don't put her in the dormitory cells. We've got a spare single cell over there." It was hard to know if this was good or bad. I was ushered into a cement room containing an iron bed, bare mattress, a tin toilet positioned in full view of the grating in the door and a dank shower stall in one bleak, mesh-enclosed corner. None of the walls quite reached the ceiling: no relief was allowed from the drunken caterwauling emanating from the men's main lock-up dormitory.

But it wasn't really the noise, the smells or even the prospect of weeing in full view of every drunk or junkie being escorted past my door. . . it was the mould. It crept down every wall, seemingly mocking my itching flesh. I showered, dried myself with the hand towel I'd been issued, tried desperately to ignore my

PHOTOGRAPH BY RICO METTBACH

allergy-ridden arms and began longing for a cup of tea.

As Matron passed the door, I called out to her through the grille. Her manner was kindly, if brusque. I suspect she was heavily overworked. There was no chance of dinner, as meal deliveries were over but 10 minutes later she reappeared with a cup of tea and a cheese sandwich. "Here you are, love," she said, passing it through the grille, "hope that'll be enough for you." She had obviously made the little meal out of her own office supplies.

I haven't mentioned this earlier but I was flat broke at the time of my arrest. The performing arts have not only been in the grips of the current recession, they have trotted out for a permanent executive lunch. The bulk of dedicated artists has been left stranded. So, in a way, I was glad to be temporarily relieved of the responsibility of worrying about money or whether or not the telephone would ring.

Matron later confided to me that she'd realised as soon as she saw me that I didn't belong in jail and so had put me in a single cell where I wouldn't be bothered by any "types". Central cells are the overnight lock-up for the newly-convicted, the vagrant, drunk or totally smacked out. I managed to keep my spirits up by telling myself that the cell was strikingly similar to a room I once paid for at a losman in Bali, only there I'd had dysentery.

I felt as if I'd slipped into a sort of elevated sensory awareness, a spiritual overdrive, with my life theories etched in practical relief against this backdrop of supposed indignities and limitations of freedom. I found it joyous to consider that my innate dignity was, when subjected to a test-run, truly inviolate. So what if someone looked through the grille while I was peeing? It's their problem if it affects them, not mine. And what of freedom? I mused on this as I tried to sleep through the delirious rantings wafting like a tremulous tango through the wall adjoining the men's cell. Freedom is something I frequently deny myself but, in truth, it cannot be denied me, nor granted me by anyone except myself. I realised that in prison I was no more lacking freedom from the things that truly hamper me, at grass roots level, than I ever was in the outside world. I was as free as ever, just free in a different environment.

One man kept waking another in the cells beside me, saying: "John, John, did you hear they just found out Hitler isn't dead?" John would mumble himself awake, emit an alcoholic scream, the other man would laugh and John would slip back to sleep. For some, the war is never over, I thought.

I drifted off to sleep only to discover that sleep was a matter of shift work around the Central Hilton. Every few hours, a rather jolly fellow made a round of the cells, knocking on each door and asking the inhabitants if everything was all right. A curious question, considering the circumstances. I could hear inmates calling out incisive and witty answers to this absurd inquiry. Some just settled for "Fuck off!" Being a believer in the efficacy of courtesy, I answered: "Yes, thank you very much, I'm fine." By the third or fourth time that I was thus awoken from dreams of the flogging scene in *Midnight Express* and the plight of Dustin Hoffman in *Papillon*, I began wondering what would happen if I elaborated on my sense of decorum and answered: "No, I'm dying for a martini actually."

Day two of my incarceration dawned. Dawned precisely an hour after I was awakened by a gruff young policeman informing me, "Yuz can get up now, the van's ready to leave."

"Why can't the Aussies teach their children how to speak?" I mused as this young orator proceeded to handcuff me and lead me to a waiting paddy wagon. I thought the handcuffs were a touch of overkill, considering the nature of my crime against society. But I didn't really care and unfortunately this was the second time my duodenum betrayed me and let go of a gurgling howl of laughter. The young policeman seemed to brighten up and he ushered me to my chariot. There was a girl already in the back of the wagon, she took one look at me, tried to suppress a grin, failed, we both cracked up laughing and off we lurched to the very bowels of the system for the internment of female social transgressors. Club Med Silverwater, here we come!

I realised that in prison
I was no more lacking
freedom from the things
that truly hamper me
than I ever was
in the outside world.

Maxine was the first actual prisoner that I'd met. She told me hilarious tales of her night in the dormitory lock-up at Central, but she soon started to turn a bit grey. "Fuck," she exclaimed, "I'm starting to hang out and I don't want the bastards to know I use or they'll whack me straight into the infirmary and I'll never get a hit."

The sudden change in the color of her sudden change in the color of her complexion made her state obvious but I was very touched that she embraced my confidence so openly and immediately. She opened to me as one "in league". I had once seen my friend Rosy the acupuncturist bring a patient down through heroin withdrawals using needles in certain pressure points. I remembered the pressure points but I was handcuffed and could do nothing to help my perspiring, heroin-addicted travelling companion. Criminals must be expected to be large-boned because, to our amusement, I was able to slip out of the cuffs with no more fuss than removing a diamond bracelet. I applied pressure to Maxine and she reported a slight easing of what she called "the chills".

As we were driven through two very high iron gates and passed a sign announcing MALAWA, I put my cuffs back on. I decided the time might come when the ability to slip unobtrusively out of the cuffs might come in handy.

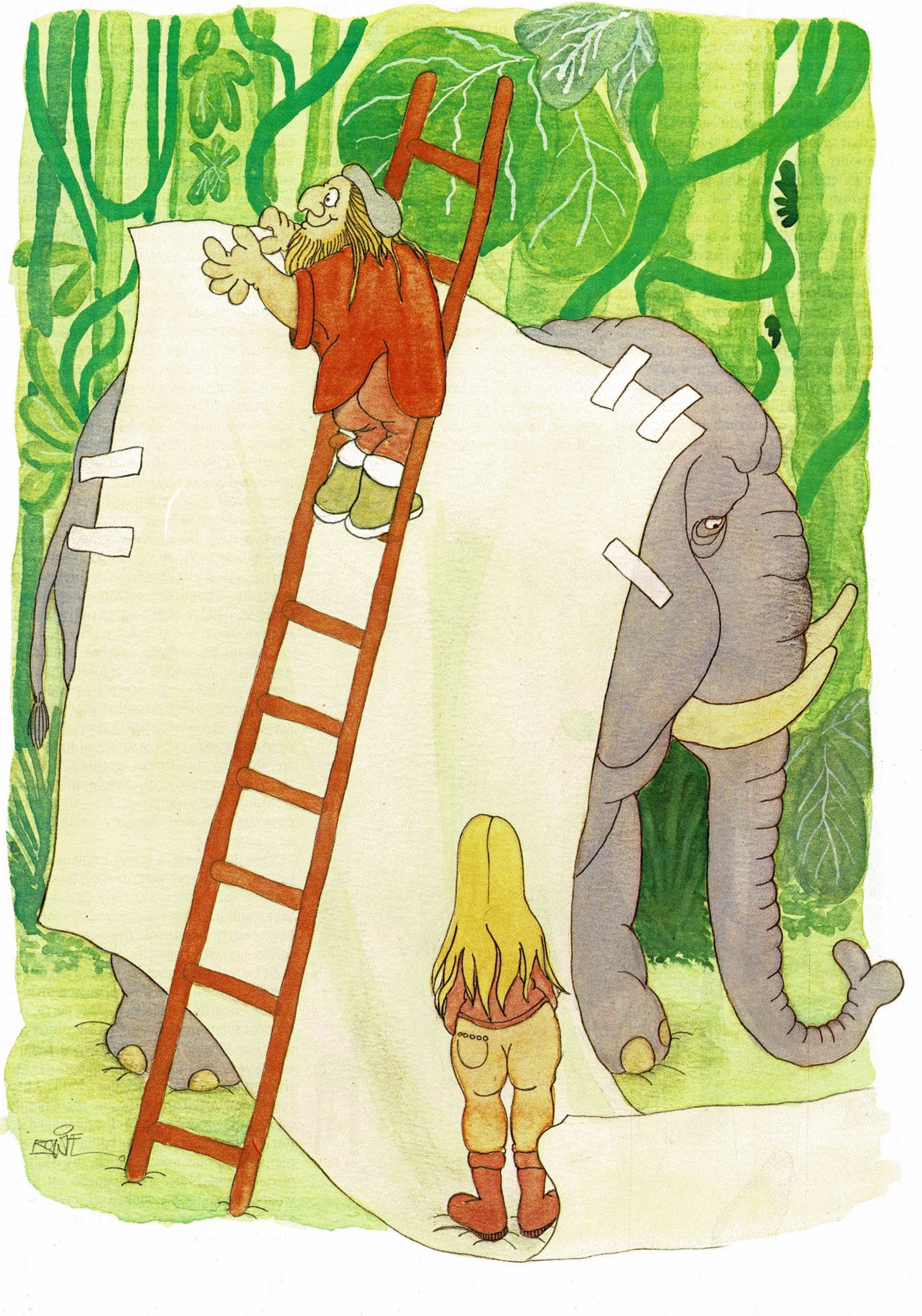
I was feeling quite in control of the situation, in fact quite excited, as I was escorted into the reception office of Malawa Women's Detention Centre, Silverwater, Sydney. Maxine and I were taken to a shower room just off the main office, told to shower, offered a lice wash and told to choose a T-shirt, denim shift uniform and a pair of slippers or sandals, whichever we preferred. Maxine said she felt outraged and humiliated at being obliged to strip and shower in front of the "screws". "Pretend you're Cleopatra and they're your handmaidens," I offered. "Thank God I'm an actress," I thought as I scrubbed and abluted.

"Nakedness is not an indignity," I mused with Maxine, "only people's attitudes to it. If they hold a negative attitude to observing us naked, then it is *they* who, by the sickness of their attitudes, have been stripped bare of their dignity." Actually, no one seemed to give a stuff about the process and if there *was* any sickness of attitude, I didn't see it. I think Maxine just expected to feel affronted until persuaded otherwise. I realised once again that it was all a matter of attitude.

Back at the reception desk, I was confronted by the woman who was about to fill in our information papers. "You back in again ?" she snarled wryly. "No," I offered with the assurance of innocence, "I've never been in jail before." "Don't try that one on me, missy!" she retorted. "I've seen your face before. . . *and* in uniform!" Well, I had to laugh and so did she, finally, when we ascertained (with the help of a few of her workmates) that indeed she had seen my face before *and* in uniform, in the TV series *Prisoner*.

Then, the real interrogation began. Full name, religion, are you pregnant. . . etc, etc. Then, the question of prescribed medication. "Yes, homeopathic drops for my allergy to mould." WHAT? I might as well have said, "Yes, cocaine, administered six times daily before meals." I gave up any attempt to secure anti-allergy drops for my jolly holiday at Malawa.

Top security wing for convicted women prisoners sat within its own wired and heavily locked fence within the heart of the already heavily fenced jail complex. That's where I was sent. I was led to the gate by one officer who clanked at the fence to alert another to come and take me in. "Well, this is it, kid," I thought. I was shown to a dormitory wing, which consisted of a large high-ceilinged space. Down either side was



"You'll never become a great artist, dear, if you insist on tracing everything."

a series of eight cubicles partitioned off like little boxes with glass fronts and walls about 10 feet high. All sounds carried, as the cubicles opened on to the same high vault of a ceiling. Each sleeping cubicle contained between two and four beds and there was a TV cubicle down one end near the big iron door that secured the wing at lock-up time. Bathrooms and toilets were down the opposite end and tea and coffee-making facilities in the centre.

The screw ushered me to cubicle eight, bed 14, and handed me a bulging plastic bag. She then retreated, leaving me unintroduced, uninformed and dying for breakfast. I sat down on bed 14 (the only territory I could call my own) and peered into the standard issue plastic bag. I found myself the proud possessor of a government issue tube of Souls toothpaste, a new Tek toothbrush, a Rexona roll-on, some shampoo and conditioner, a box of tissues, a pink face flannel, a red comb and a pen. Oh mirth and merriment — freebies. And I might add that these were items I badly needed in the old green deco bathroom back home and had been unable to afford that week.

Two girls walked into cubicle eight. My room-mates were neat, with hair still wet from the shower. "Hi, I'm Mandy," said the girl with long, curly masses of brown hair and a gentle, almost pre-Raphaelite face. "I'm Lisa," said the other girl, a warm and softly-spoken Maori lady, and I do mean lady. Lisa had huge, gentle brown eyes and an aura so feminine she reminded me of a fluffy, pink angora sweater or a perfume by Dior.

"Have you had breakfast?" inquired Mandy and she then showed me how to make myself at home with the tea urn. Breakfast at Malawa is not a la carte — help yourself to cereal, toast with spreads, real tea. I stood at the urn and looked around. I was gradually introduced to the 15 or so girls in the top security wing.

I had been rather apprehensive about being left alone with other prisoners. What sort of crimes were they in for? If they recognised me, would they give me a hard time? I'd heard tales of rape and violence inside, systematic psychological torment and a pecking order with those on top exploiting the underlings in any way they chose. But within an hour I realised I was among a group of warm, open, honest and supportive women. Criminals are really, to some degree, victims of a society that denies access to alternatives, hope, creative expression and self-esteem. In prison it's different: each person relates to the individual behind the crime.

And gee, it was a nice rest. Drinking tea, chatting, reading *Survival Now* by Jim Cairns and short stories by Woody Allen. I laughed a lot, too. Meal times, however, lacked any grace, Before each meal, a screw would come to the door of the wing and yell "Muster!" The first time, I immediately looked around for the border collies, but Mandy guided me through this strange ritual. We would all stand at our cubicle doors and answer our names like a roll-call. Then we'd file across the little grassed courtyard within our compound to the kitchen-cum-dining room wing, where we had half an hour to eat. Such events were boring and silent affairs, with three screws hovering around the area making sure, I suppose, that we didn't start a riot, slurp our soup or leave our greens.

The mediocre food, plastic plates and queuing up reminded me of a film shoot. In fact, my whole experience in prison was reminiscent of making a movie: large amounts of time spent cooped up in confined spaces, being under obligation to an absurdly inefficient authority, thrust into the company of people whom one wouldn't have met under any other circumstances and always waiting for the next command.

Yes, there were a lot of lesbians inside, but no, I was not approached by anyone seeking sex. There was only one incident that could have been construed as a threat: a huge, burly woman in the wing was very sullen and she was the only inmate who didn't speak to me that first day. That night, as we sat around the TV all dressed up as if for an Annette Funicello pyjama party, she sat next to me on the couch. That unnerved me. The tension was broken when Leone, an 18-year-old in for murder, came over to show me a photo of her boyfriend. Then everyone started to bring out their family photos. I produced one I'd managed to retrieve from my impounded handbag — a picture of Toots and Lipstick, my Maltese terriers, and Nuit, my Siamese cat. The woman next to me looked at my photo, abruptly left the room and returned with one of her dog, Whippet.

Everyone else had parents, girlfriends, boyfriends, lovers, husbands. . . only this surly woman and I appeared to cherish our pets above all else. Her name was Rae and she confided to me that her dog was due to have puppies that day and she had received word that Whippet was fretting for her so badly that there could be complications at the birth. That was why she had been so quiet and anti-social. She had no intention of imposing her homosexuality on anyone; she was happy to relate her feelings to empathetic friends. She had taught me a lesson. I relaxed for the rest of my stay.

". . . and lastly I'd like to thank Mum, who believed in me when everyone else thought I was a boring, talentless, egocentric, posturing opportunist. . ."

I slept well that night and was awake by seven. I slipped out to the urn where Kris, the head girl, wing leader, queen bee, was already making tea. She was not the dominating leader that people outside might imagine the "top dog" to be. Had her life afforded her more opportunities, Kris would have been a formidable and professional legal eagle. She gave countless hours and unlimited energy to helping fellow prisoners with court cases, general legal business, fighting for prisoners' rights and stirring for better conditions in women's prisons. She was the union delegate and always a willing spokeswoman for the needy and oppressed. The screws acknowledged her position of power as much as the prisoners did and she wielded that influence with great integrity.

Kris is currently compiling a statement of complaints for the anti-discrimination committee concerning the privileges and conditions of women in prison. Men in equivalent prisons receive a better deal, and a situation of inverted discrimination also exists in the fact that mothers are not allowed to fulfil their maternal role once they are locked away. The true victims become the children. Kris is raucous, short-tempered, sparkling and warm and she's serving a very long sentence for armed robbery. It is not her first time inside.

Many of the girls were tickled pink to find that I was an actress but the true celebrity in our wing was Maria, a 70-year-old bank robber.

"How did you rob the bank, Maria?" I asked her, trying to control my mirth. "Did you have a gun?"

"No," she replied meekly through ill-fitting false teeth. "It was robbery with threat. I told the teller that if he didn't give me all his money, I'd go and get my husband and he'd bash him up."

"So you're married then?" I asked her.

"No," she said sheepishly, "I lied!"

Maria had caught the free council bus into the shopping centre to cash her pension cheque. She hadn't meant to rob the bank but she was lonely and bored and her mind had run away with the idea. The teller was laughing as he handed $6000 over to this frail, sparrow-like woman. She left the bank with the money tucked into her little shopping trolley but it was hard to escape the pensioner mentality into which she'd been locked for so long. She went three doors down to the bus stop and waited for the free bus. The police arrived, the villain was apprehended, the police fell about laughing and Maria gave the money back. Six months later, she was on trial. Her legal aid lawyer had assured her that she'd only be put on a bond but she was sentenced to six months inside. She said she only did it so someone would take her seriously. I take your defeat and your loneliness very seriously, dear sweet Maria.

The hours passed pleasantly. Leone, the 18-year-old murderess, followed me around. She used to be a punk, she told me. She had never wanted to be involved in violence. The killing had been an accident. Her teenage boyfriend was in a men's prison serving time for the same murder. Peer group pressures and a desperate need to belong had forced her to stand by her man and catapulted her into the most tragic of situations.

She told me with some pride that she had never been on heroin. Something like 80 percent of women in NSW prisons have been sentenced for heroin-connected crimes. Actually, few of the people I met in prison had actually committed a crime: they had happened to be present when the particular drug of their addiction had committed the crime through them. I asked to make a phone call to arrange for someone to pick me up that afternoon. One officer said to me: "Why did you let yourself come to this hell hole? A nice girl like you doesn't belong here."

I pitied her attitude. I'd been inside for just a few days and I'd met many warm and beautiful people.

She was appalled when she found me hugging the other women and laughing with them as I said my goodbyes. I don't think one is supposed to have such a positive experience behind bars.

And, oh dear, I must admit that I wasn't completely rehabilitated, either. A week later I inadvertently committed the very same crime against society again. And if you're thinking I was arrested because I wear a banzai head-band and drive a kamikaze Toyota, well you're wrong. I'm just a girl in a hurry. I went into prison for a parking fine.

"I'm real glad you like the color of my eyes, mate — but the gay bar is next door."

ROCK'N'ROLL I GAVE YOU THE BEST YEARS OF MY LIFE

this band's been going nowhere with a bullet — but they've always let the good times roll

WE WERE in the middle of *Gloria,* the part where Berler sings out the letters to the girl's name and the rest of us who sing — P.J., Gabby, myself and Drew, though at that point Drew wasn't with us yet, Pablo still being our rhythm guitarist — shout back, "Glo-ria!" when we felt the building shudder. The Del-

memoir by rick telander

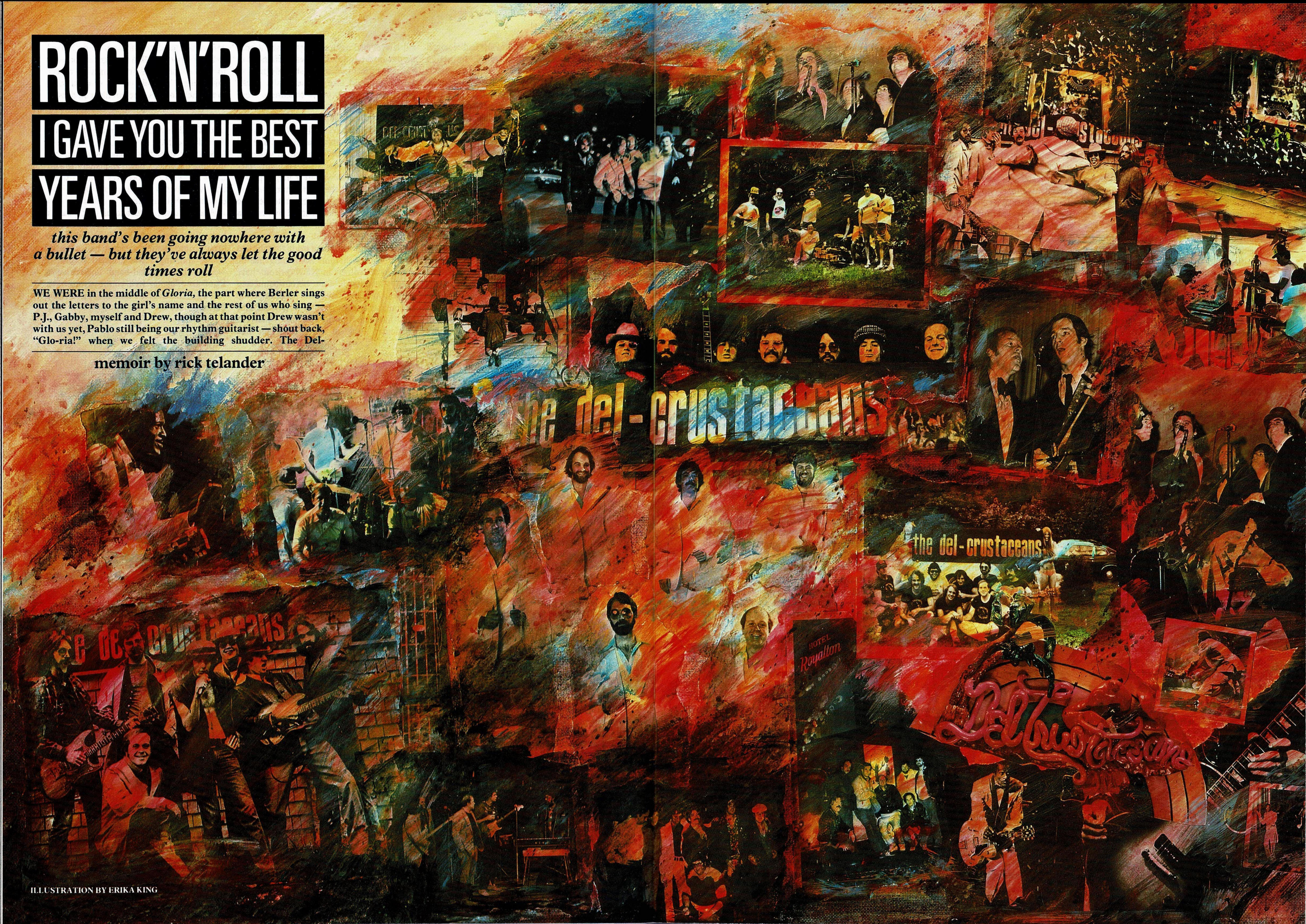

the del-crustaceans
the del-crustaceans
the del-crustaceans
HOTEL
Royalton
Del Crustaceans

ILLUSTRATION BY ERIKA KING

Crustaceans are used to odd vibrations, but this was different. The sound was deeper, more structural than the stomping, alligatoring and table-dancing noises that sometimes accompany our music.

We didn't stop, though the electricity flickered briefly in the building — a three-storey dormitory called Latham House at Northwestern University in Evanston, Illinois. In front of us, the dancing crowd was wired. They thrashed, screamed, threw things at the walls. From behind the band, a veil of plaster exploded across the room. A man wielding a sledge hammer struck repeatedly at the wall in the back room, the head of his hammer appearing every few moments above Gabby's amp. Someone on the dance floor grabbed a garbage can by its handles and pounded on the stairway banister, splintering spindles. A dancer struck randomly at bookshelves and at doors with a floor lamp. And then we felt the dorm shudder again.

As we packed up, the destruction continued. This was, after all, a farewell party, a demolition ball. According to the dorm's social chairman, Latham House was scheduled to be razed by the university sometime soon. Forty-two men lived in the building, and most of them were there now, destroying. Mike, who would join the band a year later as our keyboardist, had lived in Latham House as a sophomore. Former US Senator George McGovern had lived there as a history major in the '40s. But its time was at hand, and we had been paid $150 to play its dirge. Little did we know it was to be sold and not demolished.

In the *Daily News,* photos of the carnage ran above a story that estimated damage to the house at about $10,000 and stated, "It might have been better if the NU Wildcats had held a day-long scrimmage inside Latham." Another story noted that the worst damage done to the building was the weakening of the main support beams in the basement. That explained the shudders. While we were doing *Gloria,* someone had been below us swinging an axe.

"Oh, Jesus," said Berler. "If they find out it was us playing there, we're finished." His voice, so loud on *Satisfaction* and *In The Midnight Hour,* was faltering now. "I knew something was wrong when they had all those tools with them," he said. Perhaps we were in jeopardy; it was hard to tell. Although none of the band members was in school anymore, six of us had gone to Northwestern — and we knew there were precedents for suing rock groups for destructive behavior. Before he died, hadn't Keith Moon routinely had his wages garnisheed by most of the major American hotel chains?

"We call the Chicago papers and tell them we did it," Berler decided. "Everything. The Del-Crustaceans drove the students to mayhem. We make the front page: 'THE BAND THAT DESTROYS BUILDINGS.' They can't sue us; we don't own anything. They can't expel us; we're out of school. They wouldn't throw us in jail; we're alumni. This is our break."

It seems strange to me now, remembering how close we came to doing what Berler suggested and going for that break. In fact, we did call one of the papers, but the reporter we asked for was out, and the plan slowly died.

In the next weeks, Latham House residents came forth and confessed; fines were paid; some students quit or were thrown out of school; the papers lost interest, Latham House was bulldozed. A Burger King now stands over its remains.

Although this occurred in 1972, something about the incident still seems compelling to me today. It was, after all, years before punk, before disco, even. I remember the feeling of power I had as the building came apart to our music. And I know that somewhere in there, amid the chaos, the blend of alcohol, sweat, fear, fantasy, brotherhood and electronic amplification of primitive sounds, lies the essence of rock'n'roll, of what has kept the Del-Crustaceans together long after we should have given it up.

●

We aren't any good. To be honest, quality is not an issue here. And yet, it's the first thing people always want to know — "Are you guys any good?" Actually, it may be the second, the first being what kind of music we play. Well, we play rock'n'roll — Sixties stuff, mostly, party songs, the best ever made. Our repertoire consists mainly of four-chord songs, three-chord songs, even a couple of two — *2120 South Michigan Avenue* and *Not Fade Away* come to mind — and one remarkable one-chorder, *Land of 1000 Dances,* by Cannibal & the Headhunters, followed by "You gotta know how to pony/You gotta bony maroney," etc.

P.J. owns Cannibal and the Headhunters' only album, and in the liner notes, it says that Cannibal, who grew up in the Los Angeles *chicano* ghetto with the rest of the Headhunters (described in the notes as a social club), named himself Cannibal because he liked it and because he was born with "no given name". That's nice. It is the stuff of rock'n'roll. Another member of the Headhunters is named Scar Lopez. That's also nice. It appeals to us because it's scuzzy and low-down and, in a basic socioethnic way, everything we are not. There are philosophers who teach systems predicated on a constant striving for the opposite, and without making too much of a form of thought pretty remote from loud guitars, there seems to be a lot of that involved in rock'n'roll. The low-downs use rock to rise up. The higher-ups use it to get down.

There are seven of us in the Del-Crustaceans, and we are all white, proper, middle-to-upper-middle-class youngish men with decent if not ecstatic childhood memories and "regular" full-time careers. We cut a record two years ago — *Kansas City* on one side, *Keep on Dancing* on the other — and as we left the studio, the producer said, "Guys, hang on to those day jobs." We aren't dumb. We have 33 years of college education among us, including three master's degrees: lead guitarist Drew in business, bass player Gabby in engineering, singer-dancer P.J. in advertising. Singer Berler (who *does* have a given name, Ron, which somehow doesn't properly describe him and so is seldom used) is a free-lance writer. Drummer Jack is a vice-president of a premium-sales company. Keyboardist Mike is an editor and a computer programmer. I play rhythm guitar and write for *Sports Illustrated.* Four of the Del-Crustaceans have wives; Jack is divorced; Berler still rides his bicycle everywhere.

How else can I describe us? As consumers, we are mainstream. We own a total of three houses, two condos, six cars, 11 TVs, two dogs, half a dozen tents, several thousand record albums, no guns, motorcycles or cars. Jack and Mike have beards, Drew has a moustache, Gabby's hair tends to get long. But it's not like you've got The Dead Kennedys or The Dickheads working your pool party; people don't seem *threatened* by our presence in their homes. We are products of the '60s who believe in a mishmash of things both right and left, but as a group, we have no single political perspective. None of us wants to chuck everything and shoot for the big time anymore. That was probably the first sickness we escaped from, the one that kills more bands than anything else.

I think back for a minute on my adolescence, back to when I first realised that if I were to grow and be fulfilled as a man, it might be more than just cool to play in a band, it might be *essential.* I suppressed that knowledge for quite a while, playing sports instead. But then it hit me, and I knew this was something that had to be dealt with, just as surely as young men have always had to deal with the desire to get laid by cheerleaders or be class president. I think the common fantasy of being a rock'n'roll musician — of earning respect and pleasure by playing defiant, electrified music, of being good by being *bad* — is a phenomenon that probably peaked when everybody in our band did: back in the late '60s and the early '70s, when rock stars were still culture heroes. I suppose fame and rebellion don't have much to do with what the Del-Crustaceans are up to these days, but at certain predictable intervals, we still want, in something very close to our heart of hearts, to get down.

●

On warm nights, my friend Bo Van Sant and I used to walk around the Northwestern campus singing doo-wop songs, blind drunk. We'd sit on stoops and yodel and screech and wait for people to call the cops. It was the spring of 1971, and I was a senior in my final quarter and I didn't give a shit about anything. I had been a corner-back on the Northwestern football team and now, I presumed, I was done playing football forever. Bo, a Vietnam vet with only sophomore status, *really* didn't give a shit about anything. He'd missed a foray with his platoon one night in the coastal highlands and the platoon had gotten blown up by enemy rockets, and now he was back studying with frat kids and war protesters.

"A nice name would be something like the Temptations or the Hesitations or the Ovations," Bo said one night. "Something with an -ation suffix."

I had brought along my sister's old guitar that night, and it had suddenly hit Bo and me that we were going to be a band. I'd learned five or six chords, and that, we sensed, would be more than enough for our purposes. Bo knew an awful lot about R&B and soul groups, but I knew about rock; I'd bought my first 45 at the age of eight — *Hello Mary Lou,* by Ricky Nelson. I said Bo's idea for a name was okay, but shouldn't we think about a prefix, too, since the kind of songs we were doing — *Come Go with Me, Runaround Sue* — were the province of groups with Bel and Dell in their names?

"How about the Crustaceans?" Bo asked.

"Meaning what?" I asked.

He shrugged.

I said, "How about the Del-Crustaceans?"

A couple of weeks later, when an underclassman named Pablo joined the group, we changed our name to Pablo and the Del-Crustaceans. We did it sort of as a goof — Pablo was the worst guitar player in the world, worse even than me, which is going some, since to this day, I can't properly tune my guitar. (Drew does it for me before each set.) But Pablo was really bad — stunningly, repugnantly derelict. He strummed open, rattling chords on a bent-necked Japanese guitar, and at times he didn't even play the same songs we were playing. After a while, Gabby would simply turn Pablo's amp off in the middle of a set. When Pablo left to go to law school in 1974, we dropped his name and became the Del-Crustaceans again.

We didn't think the band's name would make any difference to anyone, ever.

> *I think the common fantasy of being a rock'n'roll musician is a phenomenon that probably peaked when our band did — in the late '60s and early '70s.*

Indeed, I wouldn't be telling you how it came into existence if people at sorority formals and bars weren't always asking what in the hell it means and if decoding the history of rock names weren't considered such a worthy discipline. And perhaps it really is important to know that the Beatles used to be called the Quarrymen or that a certain Top 40 band named itself 10 CC because that's the volume of the average male ejaculatory load. But in our case, I believe you can take the band's name, know where it comes from and still be pretty much satisfied that it means nothing.

All of the guys in the group are between 29 and 34 years old now. We were in our early twenties when we started. We have photographs that show us back in the early '70s with long hair and sneers, and it is through those pictures that we have begun to learn about ageing.

Bo isn't with us anymore which is a pity. He had a great whisky voice. No range, no ear; but after a few tumblers of gin, he sounded black. And he had presence. I remember one coffeehouse gig in 1972 when Bo sang with both of his arms in slings. He had fallen down, shit-faced, after a party the previous night and had fractured both of his elbows on the side-walk. He danced around the coffeehouse mike stand that night, his hands crossed on his chest like a corpse, cigarette dangling, trying to remember the words to *California Sun* in front of a handful of inattentive students who paid maybe 50 cents to see us, and, damn, he was nice.

Bo moved East in 1973, and Berler, who had shared spots with him on vocals, became our lead singer. P.J., who used to hang around our bar gigs playing the tambourine and trying to sneak in on backups, joined the band then as a singer and a dancer. P.J. was in grad school at Northwestern at the time and on his way to an executive position in a big Chicago ad agency. He's in New York now with the Madison Avenue crowd, in his Brooks Brothers two-piece, drinking martini lunches, discussing concepts and big pictures, educating the poor ignorant public as to its needs. A political and economic conservative, P.J. believes in his work.

But talk about your Jekyll and Hydes! Onstage, P.J., the balding, preppie straight arrow, becomes a sort of honkie Mr Excitement, a crazed rock'n'roll white dude with happy feet. Apparently, he's always been dual-sided, but it took rock to bring the stage half of it out. He sang tenor in the boys' choir in high school and played guard on the football team, but the first time he got up with us, he moved around like James Brown.

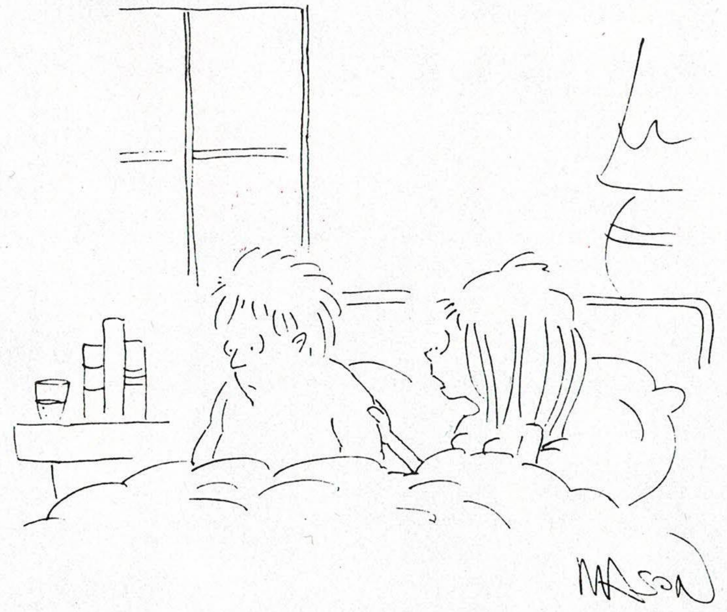
But, really, who can explain what happens to people onstage? Berler, for instance, becomes Mick Jagger. Shine a klieg light in his face and he'll fag strut and leer till you put the hook on him. At dinner dances, garage sales, fund raisers, weddings, it makes no difference — Berler turns into a snarling android when he gets near a mike, and he can't help it.

I remember deciding once that he was mentally ill. We were in somebody's living room in suburban Skokie, at an adult Jewish birthday party where the men all wore *yarmulkes* and there was no booze or cigarettes and the tables were set with little cardboard cups filled with jelly beans and candy corn. The guests were backed into the furniture, watching us silently. There was a barbecue going in the back yard, and it was still light out. I stood behind Berler, next to Gabby and Mike and half-hidden by one of Jack's cymbals, semi-playing my guitar, alternately marvelling and cowering as Berler prowled over the carpet singing passionately to the dozen or so motionless people about heroin and death.

We had to quit early that night, after Jack had slipped Berler a hash brownie to calm him down, and he went rigid on us. The strange thing is, Berler is just a sweet, hyper little guy from New York, a scrappy softball player who once tried out with the Chicago Cubs.

Gabby played the clarinet in the 1965 Broad Ripple (Indianapolis) High School marching band. The sax player next to him was David Letterman, now the NBC late-

(continued on page 129)

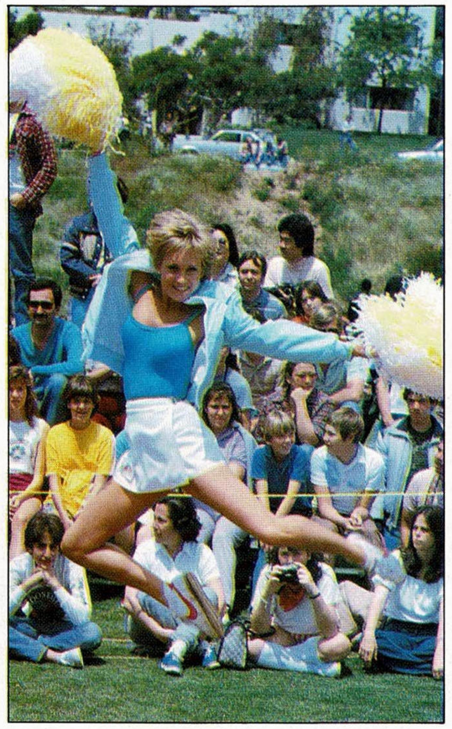


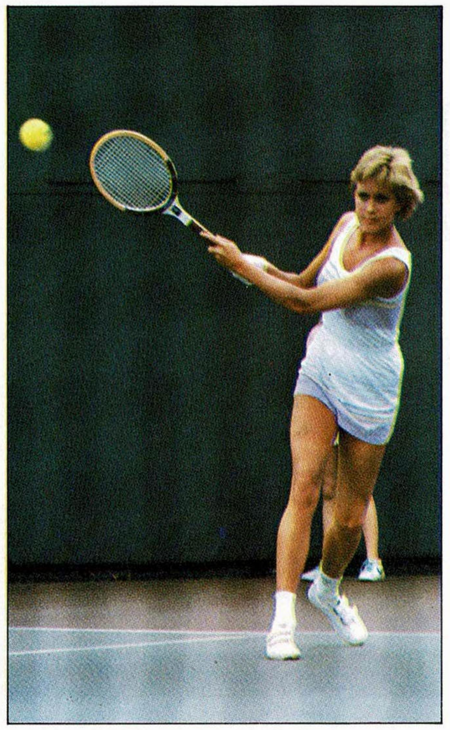
"Since you design video games, I thought you'd have a bigger joystick."

STAGE-STRUCK

when the curtain fell on her ballet career, tracy vaccaro was born again — as an actress

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG





TRACY VACCARO can walk into a restaurant, be seated at a table next to Neil Simon and Sally Field and never give them an idle glance — as can some yogis. Tracy's poise, though, comes from a purely western discipline learned during her childhood in Las Vegas: "Heed well, Grasshopper, look neither to the left nor to the right but at your own cards, for therein lies your fate." Who knows what they teach in Las Vegas schools?

Whatever the curriculum, social or academic, Tracy studied her lessons well. "I don't have a whole lot of style," she says, "But I have class. I can carry myself. I can go anywhere. I can deal with it. I'm grateful for that."

She's a scrapper, street-wise, critical of everything, wary of everyone. She came of age in a town of rampant excesses, and at 21, there's little that can give her the vapors.

For the first 16 years of her life, Tracy thought she was going to be a ballet dancer. She had trained for it daily since the age of six. She becomes wistful when she talks about it now: "I wouldn't have been the best in the world, because physically I got too big. But I would have danced.

"I had a scholarship to go to Europe to study classical ballet. At the time, I was dancing eight hours a day and I'd been on point for a long time. Well, I ripped all the ligaments and tore the cartilage in my knee. They told me, 'You are never going to put these dance shoes on again.' And I just felt like. . . what do you *do*? Something was torn from me. 'Wait a second. Is that it?' It was all I knew.

"I was an extremely hyperactive, nervous, out-of-my-mind kid who could not, did not want to be around children. I never played with dolls, never played with toys. I wanted to be around adults. I thought I was an adult from the time I could walk. I never had any friends. I was a loner. Loner, loner, loner — but I was dancing, you see, so it was all right."

Tracy's injury forced her to re-evaluate her life. She had to find another career. Compared to ballet, the rest of life seemed slow and unimportant and she viewed most non-ballet people as slow and unimportant too; it was not an attitude that won friends. Early on, she had acquired and cultivated a reputation for being pushy, bossy, opinionated and rambunctious. "In the fourth grade they sent me home from school, saying 'Your daughter is left-handed and tormented by the devil.'"

Without the future she'd planned, Tracy was lost. She left school before graduation and began modelling. Her sights were set on an acting career. By good fortune, she ended up at PLAYBOY and tested for the centrefold.

She evaluated her chances with cool objectivity. "I don't think that my face is extremely beautiful. I don't have that kind of look. But I've got a real nice body, and I've got beautiful legs, so I'm lucky, you know. I have a PLAYBOY fresh, clean-air, kind of look."

The superior quality of Tracy's legs is documented. Honed to close tolerances by years of balletic torture, they were recently selected best among 150 other entries in a promotional contest to find "The Woman With The Most Beautiful Legs In The World." Her pegs were subsequently signed to play the part of Legs in Blake Edwards' film, *The Man Who Loved Women,* starring Burt Reynolds.

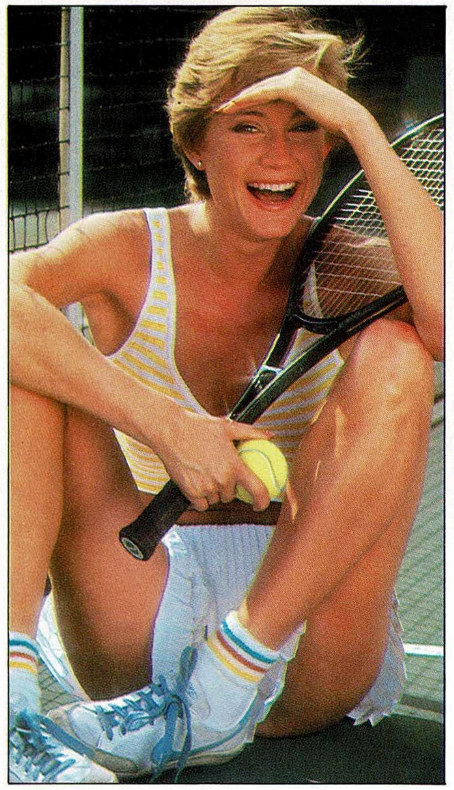
The entire Tracy then landed the title role in *Candy the Stripper,* a video production for The Playboy Channel.

She voiced some trepidation before shooting started — about the part and about her ability to do it. "If I take this script and pull it off, I'm a hero. If I don't I'm a jerk — even worse, because there's nudity. But I just have this feeling, for some reason, that I can bring something to it, that I can pull it off.

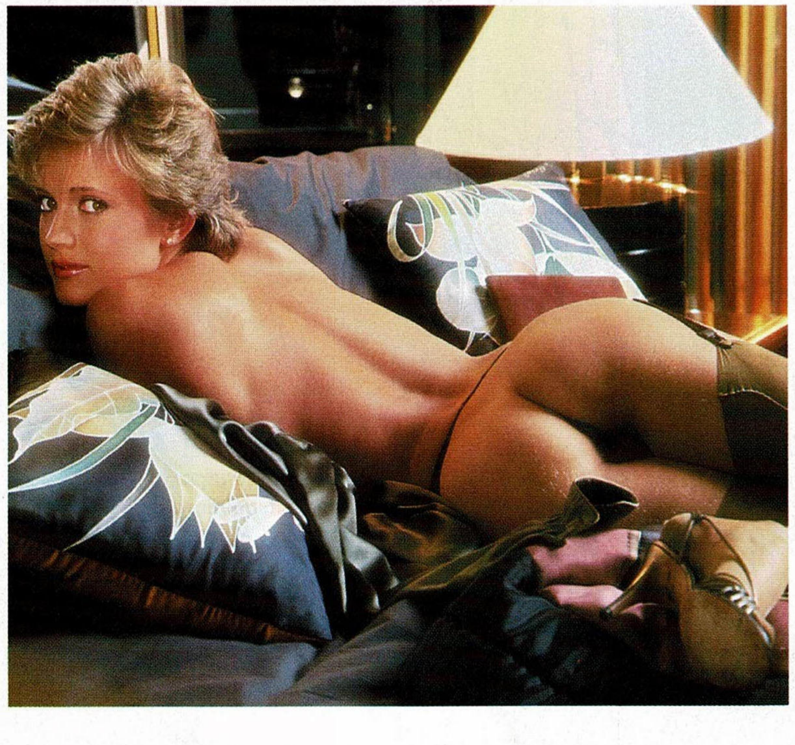
"As an actress, I have a lot of work to do. I need a lot of experience. But I've got a good sense of people, and that helps."

As it turned out, she did pull it off, and in the process revealed herself to be a very promising and talented actress. It was an extraordinary debut — and the nudity didn't hurt one bit.

It appears that Tracy has found her second career. And with her recent marriage to actor Fred Dryer, a former Los Angeles Ram gridiron player, she's given up being a loner, too.



"I don't want the upper hand in a relationship. I can't respect such a man. I come from the old school. The minute a man lets me take any kind of advantage, mentally, as far as any romance goes, I'm gone."

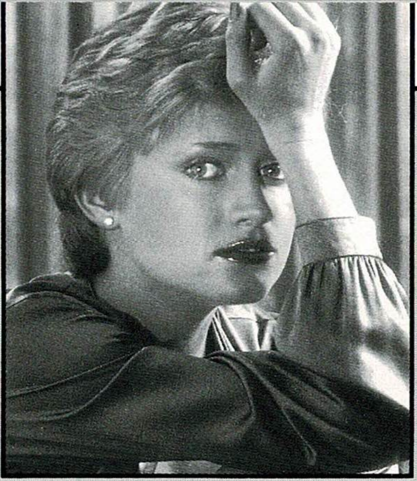


"The only reason I've been as successful as I have in relationships is that I'm a very loving person. If you have a real good sexuality about you, make a man feel he is loved, give him what he needs, then he'll overlook a lot of shit just for that love. I'm real forgiving. I can't hate anybody."

MISS DECEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Tracy Vaccaro



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Tracy Vaccaro

BUST: 35 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'8" WEIGHT: 118

BIRTH DATE: 5/4/62 BIRTHPLACE: Glendale, Ca.

AMBITIONS: To be able to work with competent people on projects that help my Career.

TURN-ONS: Vegtables, acting class, dancing, funny people.

TURN-OFFS: Newspapers, underwear, people who leave before any type of show is over.

FAVORITE BOOKS: Atlas Shrugged, Jonathan Livingston Seagull, The Prophet.

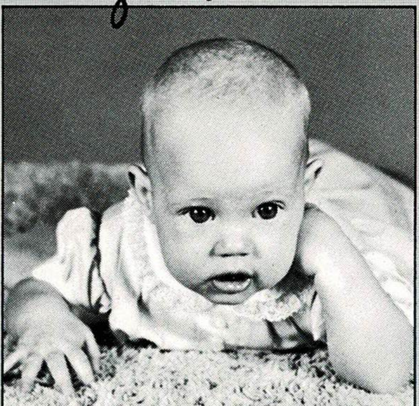
FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Peter Allen, Liza Minnelli, Robin Williams

FAVORITE SPORTS: Ballet, snow skiing, track

IDEAL MAN: Fred Dryer

BIGGEST JOY: watching kids grow

age 1

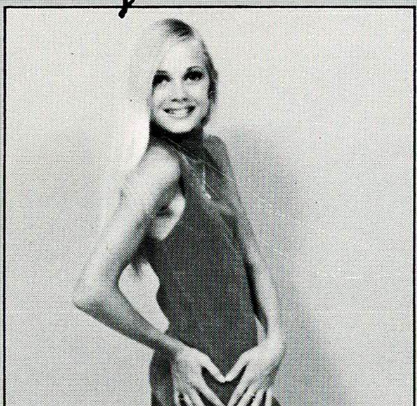


oh, no, a great Dane!

age 10

Dancing my life away

age 12



Tracy as Veronica Lake

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Look at me!" the elderly health food faddist boasted to visitors. "I've aged like a fine old, carefully stored wine!"

"I certainly have to agree with that," confirmed the man's wife, with a shrug. "His cork hasn't been moved for years."

A stranger walked into a pub in a small town out in the sticks. As he fronted the bar, the publican said: "Yeah, mate, what'll it be?"

The stranger replied: "In me bag 'ere, I've got a goanna that plays the piano and a snake that sings. If they do their stuff for you, will you shout me a few schooners?"

The publican, who had heard some pretty good ones in his time, said: "Listen, mate, if you've really got a goanna and a snake that can do those things, I'll buy you all the beer you can drink!"

The man walked over to the pub's piano, carefully placed the goanna on the stool and positioned the snake on the top of the piano. The goanna played like a regular Liberace and the snake broke into a Shirley Bassey number.

The publican was absolutely stunned but honored his promise and set up the schooners on the bar. An hour later, he asked the man if he would like to stage his "act" in the pub on Friday and Saturday nights for $50 a show.

The stranger enthusiastically agreed but then, lowering his voice, he leaned across the bar and murmured to the publican: "Just one thing, mate. I've put one over on you I think. You see, the bloody snake can't really sing at all. The fuckin' goanna's a ventriloquist!"

Question: Name two reasons why masturbation is like eating at McDonalds.

Answer: Firstly, it's always the same and secondly, you always say you'll never do it again.

A nurse once replied, with a laugh,
"You turd!" to a doc on the staff
Who'd proposed, with a whine,
"If you don't sixty-nine,
I'd accept thirty-four and a half!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *complaining derelict* as a whino.

What grounds do you have?" asked the solicitor whom the woman was consulting about a divorce.

"My husband keeps bringing his work home with him night after night!" exclaimed his client.

"But that's hardly grounds for divorce," smiled the man of the law. "Why, I do that myself quite often."

"Sure, that's okay if you're a busy lawyer," snapped the woman, "but my husband happens to be a pimp!"

There's a sports-minded lassie named Sue
Who's been coxing the school rowing crew.
In the shell, Sue is great,
But her boyfriend's irate,
'Cause she calls out the stroke as they screw.

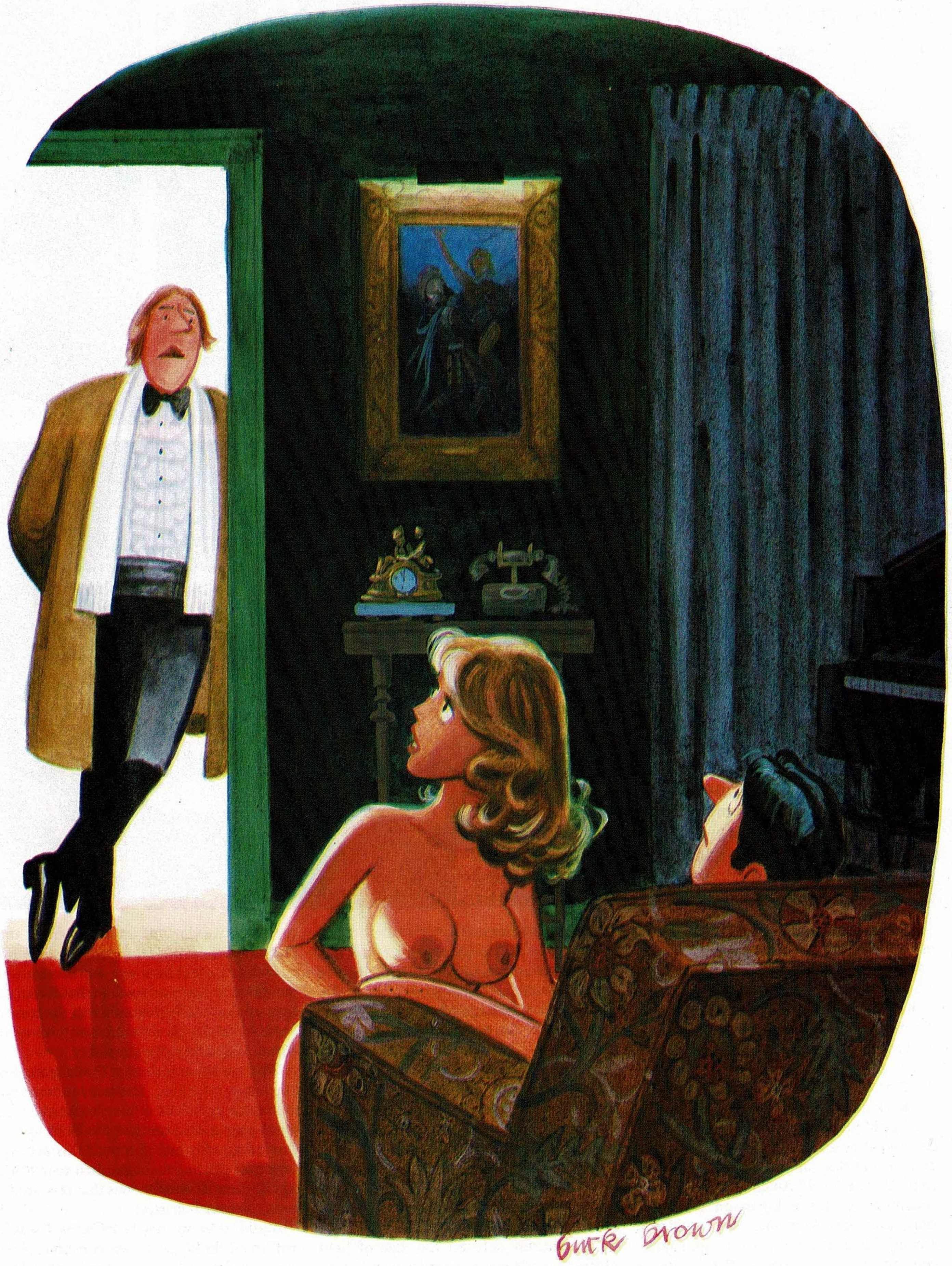
We've been told about a brothel that was the target of a recent drug raid — which only goes to show that people who work in arse houses shouldn't get stoned.

LeRoy Neiman

Then there was the young gynaecologist who found that he had to keep looking up old girlfriends.

No, no!" corrected the red-faced girl during a conversation at a noisy party. "What I said was that most of the guys in the computer club I belong to have floppy *discs*!"

Heard a good one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.

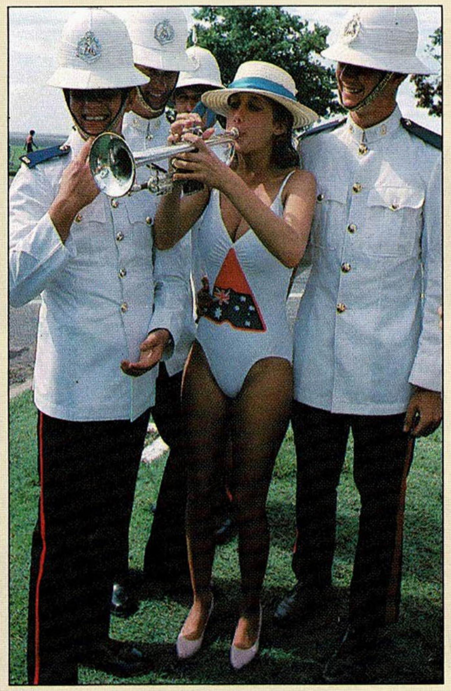


"For everyone's sake, my dear, I hope the gentleman has been a victim of snakebite."

australian playboy drops in on some of our far-flung readers

AROUND AUSTRALIA IN 23 DAYS

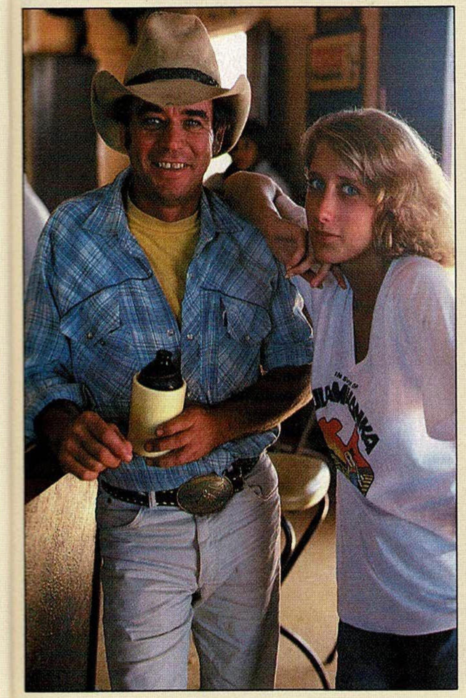
words and photos by rennie ellis



BULLAMAKANKA

AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY
JBA
VH UAM

Photos, left to right (top row): Playmate of the Year Amanda Dole puckers up during Anzac Day in Cairns; a quick dip in the Mackay Motel pool; whooping it up at the Bullamakanka-Nighthawks Club in Cairns. (Bottom row): Amanda's bum over Broome; with pig shooters Ted and Greg at Mackay; with rodeo rider Slim Judge in Normanton; Karol Lopez and Amanda bid Bankstown a fond farewell; Karol and Amanda make a "press stop" in Mt Isa.



"PHOTOGRAPHER'S DREAM assignment," reported one West Australian daily. "Australia's longest pub crawl," cracked *The Centralian Advocate* in Alice Springs. "The whole thing sounds like a bit of a wank if you ask me," snarled my girlfriend. It's not easy to break the news to your lady that you're going off to spend three weeks with the Playmate of the Year.

"Your next assignment," the editor had said with just a hint of a smirk, "is to document the Great Antipodean Odyssey, a unique journey in which you will accompany the lovely Amanda Dole and the equally lovely Karol Lopez on a whistle-stop tour of Australia. This will be accomplished via light — as in single-engined Cherokee Lance — plane supplied by our good friends at JBA Aviation. You have 23 days in which to complete your mission."

He paused for breath and I half expected him to self-destruct. "We are taking PLAYBOY to the furthest corners of this sunburnt country and you will fraternise in the pubs with the working men of Australia. Your job is as photojournalist, ambassador and minder. Good luck. You'll probably need it."

It started badly. The day was bleak and wet, the taxi trip from Darling Point to Sydney's Bankstown Airport seemed to take forever and cost a fortune. "I reckon you overpaid him by about $15," grinned our chief pilot, 24-year-old Brett Bradford.

Squadron Leader Roger Ramjet, as he was soon dubbed, headed up our party of four planes and 10 pilots. Amanda, who wasn't entirely sold on the idea of light planes, wasn't exactly amused when she heard that some of our pilots were referred to as students. "Does panic burn up calories?" she inquired through clenched teeth.

And so we flew off into the rain on the first leg of our 18,351km journey. We hit our first turbulence as we breasted a mountain ridge just half an hour out of Sydney. In a flash, Amanda had the rosary beads out and with a fervent and wild-eyed chant, Hail Maryed us to safety.

We were about to land at Coolangatta for lunch and refuelling. Amanda, sitting next to me, struggled out of her clothes and into something appropriate for the Gold Coast. Our pilot, who had glimpsed this sudden baring of flesh, fought hard to regain his equilibrium. It was obvious that this would be no ordinary charter!

By the time we reached Cairns I was a confirmed Bundy and Coke consumer, this tipple being *de rigueur* north of Coffs Harbour. Mind you, there were occasional excursions into other beverages. I particularly recall our Pina Colada lunch on Lindeman Island, where Amanda startled the honeymooners by stripping at the pool, then gambolling naked in the ocean's shallows with the gulls and scuttling hermit crabs. Whether this was done in complete innocence or with a wicked sense of humor, I am not sure. Amanda has a very relaxed attitude to nudity (as sundry maids, tourists and taxi drivers were to find out at varying stages of our journey).

At Mackay too, I deviated from the Bundy and Coke staple to share some potent home-made cherry wine with a couple of fairly insistent professional pig-shooters. Equipped with earrings, tattoos, guns, Bowie knives and three bull mastiffs they referred to as "killing machines", Greg and Ted could well have escaped from a Sam Peckinpah movie. Out west in the pig country, they eat "parrot and porcupine" and stitch up each other's wounds when rogue tuskers occasionally get the better of them.

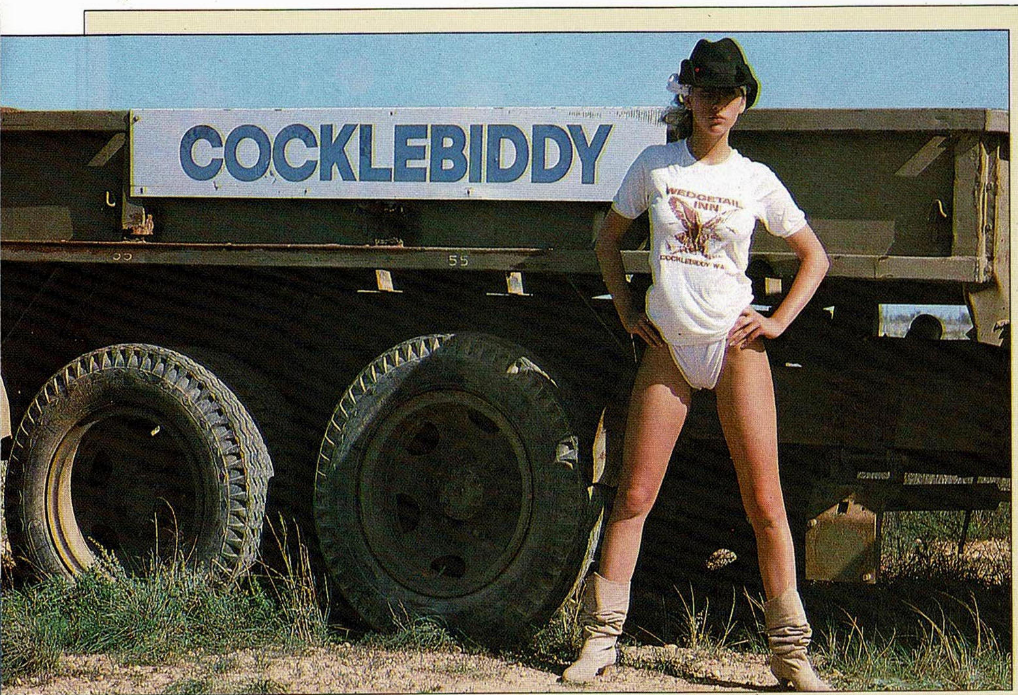
"One week out Claremont way we got 300 pigs and made $6500," Greg added by way of making it all seem worthwhile. "Yair, she's not a bad life," he concluded. Not bad at all, yarning with the Playmate of the Year. "You'd better give us a photo," they smiled, "'cause none of our mates will believe us!"

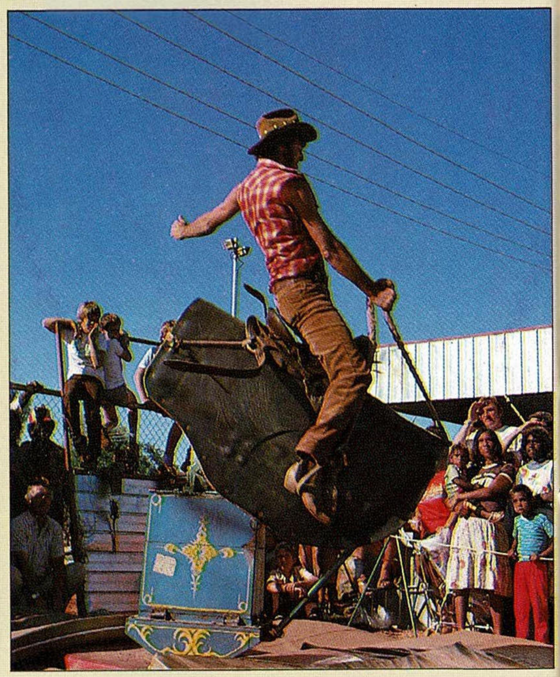
On the flight to Cairns we flew low up the Whitsunday Passage, at times swooping as effortlessly as a bird. The magic of flight was never more apparent. South Molle and Hayman Islands were left in our wake amid a sea of bright turquoise cellophane.

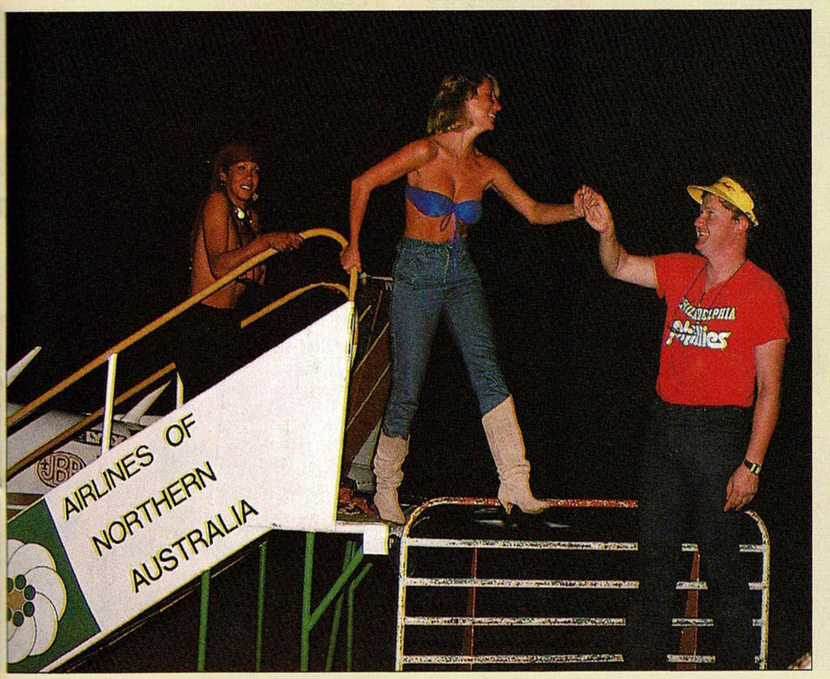
But in Cairns the rain returned with a vengeance. The wet season had arrived a few months late. At the Captain Cook Motel, we celebrated Karol's birthday with the Royal Australian Navy. Thirty sailors are permanent residents and they found the idea of partying on with two ladies from the pages of PLAYBOY quite irresistible. Our daring young aviators (and one aviatrix), were equally sociable. Urged along by the house special, a noxious cocktail called the Randy Bull, we staggered on toward dawn, Her Majesty's sailors displaying their hidden tattoos and offering their loyal bodies for the girls to do with as they pleased.

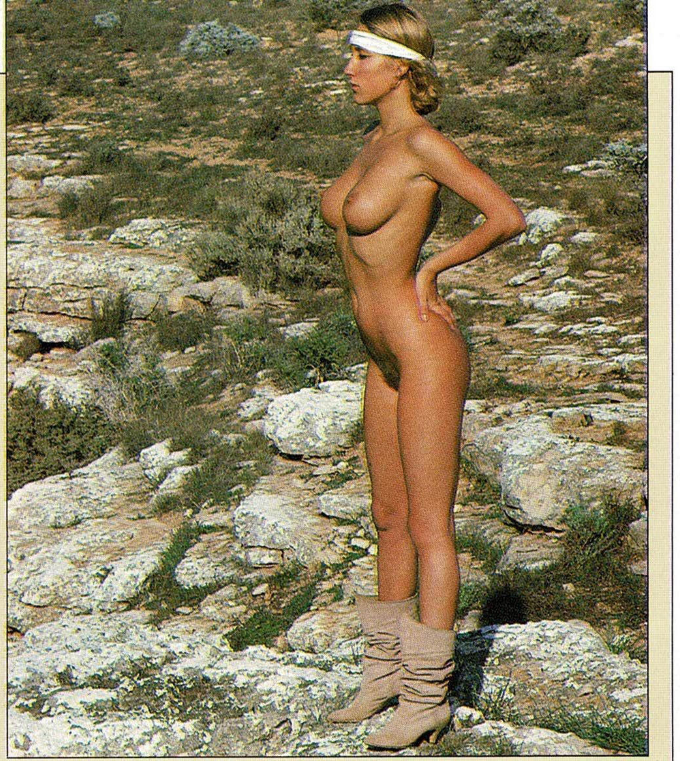
The heavy rain and accompanying low cloud locked us into Cairns for three days. There were radio and TV interviews, photo sessions with the local press, barramundi indulgences and hair-raising drives north to Port Douglas where the more intrepid members of our party plunged into the turbulent, swirling rapids of Mossman Gorge.

Amanda, bikini-clad and slick with oil, scandalised the ladies' bowling club by accidentally walking in on their luncheon. A sailor pursuing her forgot he was wearing a T-shirt loudly declaring: I'M ALWAYS IN

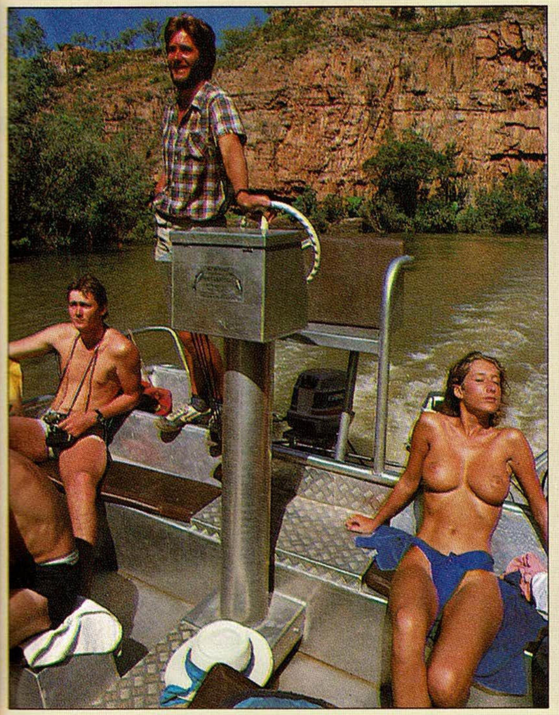








Photos, left to right, (top row): Amanda gets into Western Australia; Gold Rush Weekend at Tennant Creek; a friendly welcome on arrival in Katherine; enlivening the Nullarbor Plain. (Bottom row): A JBA light aeroplane soars over Ayers Rock; catching rays in Katherine Gorge; hitting the Alice Springs Casino in style.



Alice Springs Federal
HOTEL — CASINO

THE SHIT — ONLY THE DEPTH VARIES. It was appropriate, but the ladies, bless their bowling hats, could only choke on their food.

Due to the media coverage, everyone from the marlin boat skippers to the barmen at the RSL Club knew Amanda was in town. At the Cairns Waterworks, she was ambushed half-way down one of the twisting tubes by a dozen cheering grade six heroes, while the rest of us were engaged in admiring, purely from an aesthetic point of view, a giggling gaggle of surprisingly well-rounded nymphettes. One tended to forget that our own Amanda is only 18 years old.

Eight pilots, Amanda and I plotted a daring assault on the water slides. We clamped together in a sitting position between each other's legs and, with great whoops of anticipation, pushed off into the steep tube. Roger Ramjet, our lead rider, mumbled something about G-forces just before our cushion of water exploded around the last bend, and losing control, we collapsed into a riot of arms, legs, bums and Amanda's boobs. "Gee," said our squadron leader with a meaningful look at the Playmate of the Year, "it's almost as good as flying."

That night we got the water out of our ears by catching the action at Nighthawks, a live music venue. Heading the bill was Bullamakanka, a friendly bush band voted Australian Country Music Group Of The Year at the 1983 Tamworth Festival. A bawdy ballad sung in Amanda's honor would have made Derek and Clive blush.

The cloud finally lifted and we flew north-west through the mountain gateway to the Atherton Tableland and up into the Gulf Country. Four thousand feet below us, the vistas were infinite, the scale of the country vast. When flying in a light plane, you never lose contact with the ground.

Normanton, a nondescript scattering of characterless buildings, is redeemed by the National Hotel, a preposterous Victorian edifice that dominates the main street. In this country of earth colors, where the masculine ethos reigns supreme, this hardy hotel is painted pale violet. It's rather like finding a compact of eye shadow in a stockman's saddlebag!

Aborigines and their dogs were sunning themselves on the wide verandah and inside, where the walls are home to a collection of rifles, buffalo horns, didgeridoos, turtle shells and boomerangs, taciturn cattlemen sucked on their 4X stubbies. Here I made the acquaintance of Slim Judge, ringer and veteran bronc rider. He thought I was kidding when I asked him to have his photo taken with the Playmate of the Year, but Dennis the publican said no, it must be true, 'cause he'd read about it in the newspaper.

That night, at Mt Isa, we were invited to The Irish Club, a complex of drinking facilities that boasts the biggest consumption of beer of any club or pub in Queensland. Here, under the glare of TV lights, Amanda shared a stubby or two with some pretty boisterous lads. They tried hard to make pleasant conversation.

"What's yer name anyway?"

"Amanda."

"Yair? My dog's called Mandy. . . aw. . . don't get me wrong. I'm not callin' you a dog or nuthin!"

The drinkers admitted this famous mining town is short on women, which has given rise to a popular sport called "backdooring". My puzzled response was answered with a brief explanation and much chortling.

"Well, you see, when a bloke's working a different shift to you, you can nick in 'is backdoor and knock off 'is missus!"

From The Isa we flew to The Alice across desolate, flat landscapes and as we looked down, we knew that Burke and Wills, who walked, were madmen. And then south-west to Ayers Rock. It was a spectacular but uncomfortable flight at 3000ft; hot air rising from the ground continually buffetted our plane, alto-cumulus clouds hung like great dollops of mashed potato in a sky saturated with blue.

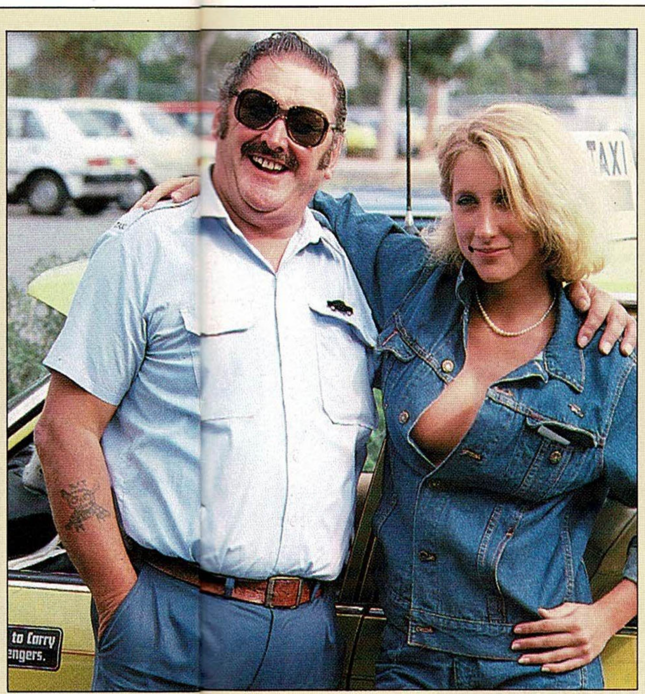
Then suddenly, directly ahead and 50 miles away on the horizon, a salmon pimple appeared. Ayers Rock — enigmatic, mysterious, the world's largest monolith.

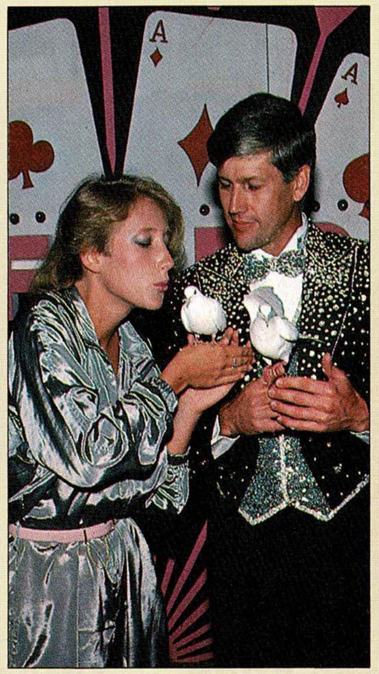
We flew around it and over it and then made a dash for the domed Olgas, before returning to Ayers Rock to land. The Rock's powerful physical presence and aura of timelessness compelled Amanda and Karol to go primitive. Half-way up, they discarded their clothes and prowled. None of us was aware of an approaching party of Swedish tourists until they were almost on top of us. The holiday-makers took a few snaps and pushed on toward the summit, having experienced one more improbable happening in the Land Down Under.

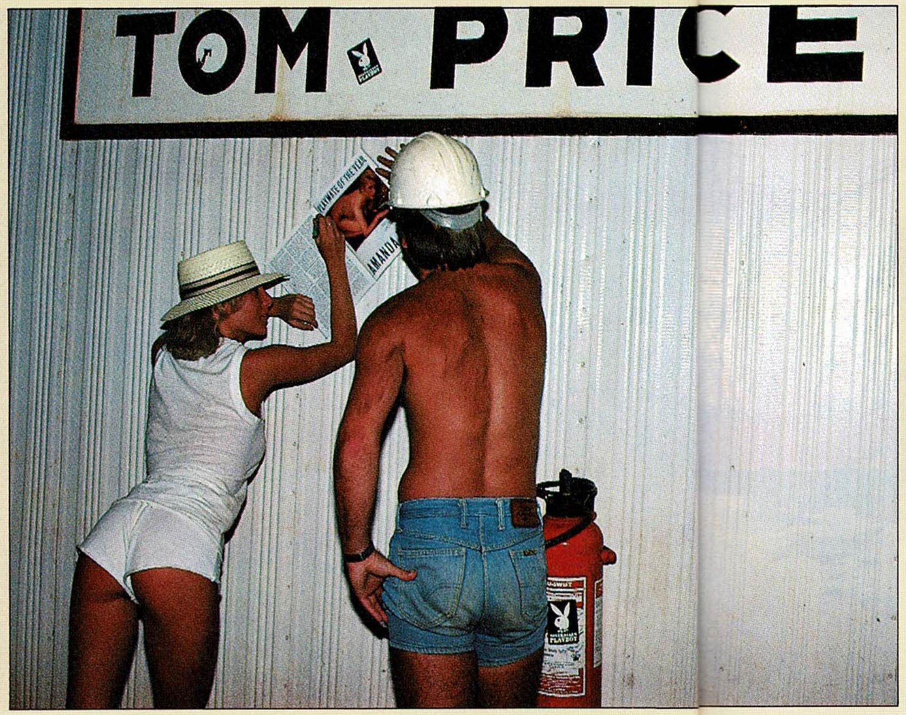
From The Alice, we headed north towards Darwin. Lunch was at Tennant Creek, at Katherine we joined a tourist barge and motored up the Gorge. Amanda, nonchalantly offered her tanned breasts to the sky which seemed to bring on a case of premature mid-life crisis with one or two of our fellow passengers.

Darwin is a curious place. Since its facelift after Cyclone Tracey, the city's ramshackle character has been replaced by a pleasantly modern veneer. But it remains an eccentric and cosmopolitan place and is sprinkled with unlikely personalities who shine like coins in a steamy Christmas pudding.

We played the jukebox and sank a few







Photos, left to right, (top row): Amanda frolics off Cable Beach, Broome; meeting the press and public on a tour of Hobart; "our favorite taxi driver" is what the PLAYBOY team dubbed Perth's Bob Buttery; magician Ross Skiffington shows Amanda a few tricks at Minday Beach Casino, Darwin; Channel 7 conducts a poolside interview at the Parmelia Hilton. (Bottom row): cavorting with a Hobart busker; autographing the April 1983 issue at Mt Tom Price, WA; posing with a few Cocklebiddy truckies on the Nullarbor Plain.

Bundys with some enthusiastic Aborigines at the Victoria Hotel, discovered that a pre-dinner drink with Peter Morgan, mine host at Holtze Restaurant, was rather like replacing your blood with rum and partied on at Le Club Papillon with an ebullient Eric Poole, the chairman of the Northern Territory Tourist Commission.

We were averaging about four hours in the air each day, three of us facing each other in our four-seat cocoon. We read, napped, listened to our tapes, gaped out the window as Australia, empty and endless, unfolded beneath us. And had the freedom of the whole sky. Up or down, left or right, checking out whatever caught our eye. "Bunny One to Mission Control, bandits at three o'clock. . ."

Our squadron leader has a knack for making the horizon go vertical.

The rugged Kimberleys led us to Kununurra and the Ord River for a pub lunch, and we made Broome by nightfall. The old pearling town is still imbued with a patina of history although exactly where the Golden Showers Frock Shop, which we discovered in old Chinatown, fits into our past, I could never quite imagine. We exited Broome via the 80 Mile Beach and then we were in Lang Hancock's backyard, the iron-rich Pilbara. We buzzed the gaping open-cut mine at Mt Tom Price, where the ore-bearing trucks climbing out of the hole created eddies of orange dust that hung in the setting sun like a surrealistic fog. Carnarvon and Geraldton fell away behind us and in Perth we found we were sharing the City of Lights with 5000 of Uncle Sam's finest.

The sight of off-duty US Marines dressed as spiky-haired punks was refreshing, albeit image-shattering.

Amanda conquered the media and we turned for home, first stop Kalgoorlie. It was Saturday night and most restaurants were booked out. We settled for the Kalgoorlie Cafe bristling with laminex tables and Regency wallpaper. We got a couple of bottles of red at the pub up the road: "Do you want it hot or cold?" asked the barmaid. From our host Con, we ordered a Souvlaki With The Lot. The "lot" meant a generous serving of spaghetti, chips and a fried egg. Con, it seems, is trying to sort out his cultural identity via his cuisine. A more ecumenical cook you could never find.

Our Playmate of the Year slipped into her stilettos, a hard hat and a revealing white-tailed bunny costume, for a trip down into the burrows of the Hainault Gold Mine. Jack Davey, the veteran miner who mans the cage, handled this unlikely vision with commendable sang-froid, which is to say the old bugger gave no indication that anything was out of the ordinary despite the fact that he was squeezed into his lift with Amanda's ample bosom prodding him firmly in the back. I guess 40 years on the goldfields prepares a man for anything.

That night our Playmate of the Year went discoing and fell in love. Our pilots of the future fell in a heap while I went to bed to rise at a civilised hour and join in the Sunday "session" at the Criterion Hotel. That was where I discovered my most lasting image of Kalgoorlie; a curvy barmaid called Dusti, whose see-through body stocking revealed that her mons Veneris has been skilfully trimmed into a heart-shaped symbol of love.

We crossed the Nullarbor to land at Cocklebiddy, a motel and truck stop on the Eyre Highway where our contingent of 13 immediately doubled the population. Next day we flew to the bottom of Australia, to Ceduna, where we had been looking forward to some R and R at the new Adelaide Hilton, but Paul Mann, our PLAYBOY man on the spot, is a dedicated hedonist, as are several of Karol's friends at Radio 5AD, and none of them has ever heard of a quiet night.

It was left to Hobart then, to provide us with the rest we craved, but staying at the Wrest Point Casino was not conducive to self-discipline, especially with Ron Hurley, Federal Hotels' casino director, turning it on for us.

With Amanda in town, Channel Six decided to conduct a little social experiment. A camera team took her in tow on a walk through the city. The reporter waved a copy of the Playmate of the Year issue under people's noses, got their comments on her pictures and then, with a flourish, produced "the real thing", provocatively undressed in a bunny suit.

Several elderly gentlemen admitted to wishing they were younger, while one self-righteous old matron told Amanda she should be whipped! "Look, Eric, look at the bunny rabbit," enthused one woman to her son, while another eager beaver assured our girl that Jesus loved her too.

It was all too much and time to go home. Squadron Leader Roger Ramjet and his trusty JBA aviators pointed their flying machines north and, with a final look over our shoulders, we headed for familiar territory.

Australian PLAYBOY gratefully acknowledges the support and assistance of JBA Aviation Pty Ltd and the following individuals involved in the Round Australia Exercise: Brett Bradford (chief pilot); Matthew Crestani and Stephen Shakeshaft (instructors); Colin Costello, Keith Southcott, Colin Wardrop, Michael Conis, Damien Franzmen, Robyn Shea and Peter Deal (student pilots).

TURN ON THE LITES

gibbo and chappelli are back — this time to taste-test the leading local lite beers

DO YOU KNOW how to qualify as an All-Round Good Guy? It's easy: drink low alcohol beer. You don't believe it, huh? Well, next time you flick on the teev, take a close look at those guys in the lite beer commercials, they're All-Round Good Guys.

Don't they make you puke!

Some might say the All-Round Good Guy is the model male citizen. Others reckon he's the biggest wowser who ever breasted a bar. He's the guy who smugly relates that three normal beers is the breathalyser limit and then works the round so he shouts one and you buy two. The ARGG is drinking lite beer the day you get pissed enough to tell the boss just what he can do with his time and motion study plus his executive parking space. And while you're on your way out with your dismissal notice, the ARGG is slithering into the boss's office to nominate himself for your old job.

The ARGG is good at pretending to be one of the boys. On a particularly thirsty Friday night, watch him drain his glass with a flourish while he launches into the yarn about how he once phoned his wife from the pub and told her to put the dinner in the oven. She did but when he got home he found the salad burnt to a crisp. You just *know* that didn't happen to him. He's home at seven every evening or else she-who-puts-up-with-no-shit will punch his lights out.

The Good Guy is so *chic.* After all, low alcohol beer has got a certain vogue appeal. He wears designer clothes and there's hardly a label he hasn't got. Do you remember when he took the golf club captain trout fishing down the Snowy? The ARGG topped off his outdoors apparel with a Yankees baseball cap. The All-Rounder has never *heard* of the Yankees — he thinks the "NY" label is the Calvin Klein of caps. The club captain thinks the All-Rounder is a fuckwit.

Chances are you know one of these guys. He's got an insurance house "preferred driver" sticker on his car window and all the panels on his car match. He doesn't take Berocca, Alka-Seltzer or time off work to get over a killer hangover.

If you haven't already met one, then you'd better watch out, 'cause one might move in right next door to you and inflate property values in your suburb. These low alcohol beer drinkers are on the increase and if the brewery marketing boys have their way, they just might recruit you to the cause. It's estimated that 10 percent of the beer drinking populace has turned on to lites, and that adds up to an awful lot of ARGGs.

To test the seductive value of the lite end of the market, we persuaded two famous "real" beer drinkers to run their taste buds over Australia's leading lites. Additionally, they'd be called to rate the low alcohols alongside their bigger brothers to determine just what a drinker is really achieving by stepping down from, say, Carlton Draught to Carlton Light

article by neil jameson

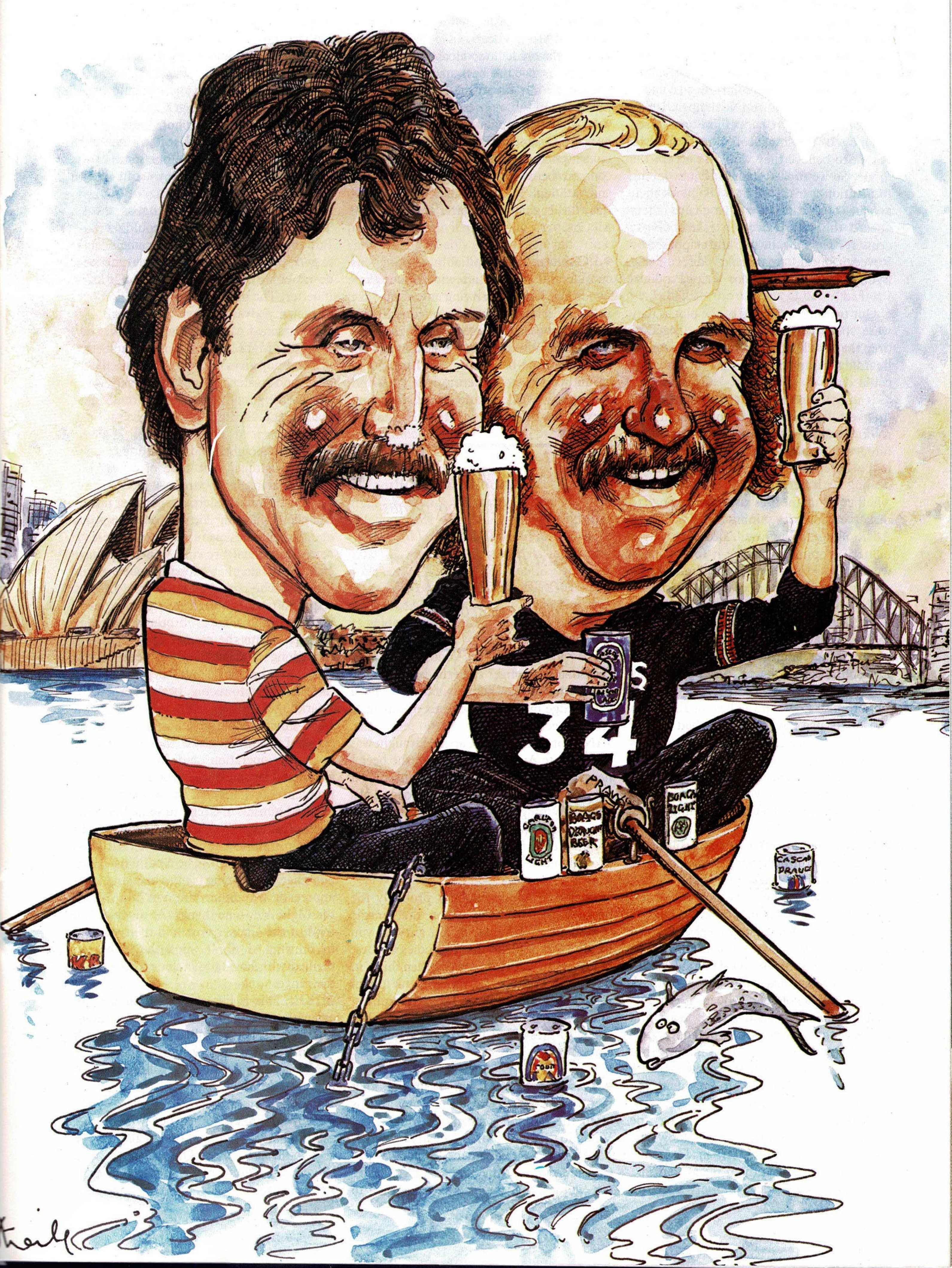


ILLUSTRATION BY WARD O'NEILL

or Tooheys Draught to Tooheys Lite.

The nominees for the taste test were Mike Gibson and Ian Chappell, that deadly duo from Nine's *Wide World of Sports*, and they got the nod from a long list of candidates because they're confirmed non-liters and they did such a ripper job on PLAYBOY's imported beers feature (November, 1982).

Gibbo and Chappelli's confessed wariness of the low alcohol brews gave us reason to believe they wouldn't accept the invite. So we tricked them into it by failing to mention it involved lites. To block their avenue of escape, we shanghaied them aboard the 44ft Halvorsen Island Gypsy cruiser, *Simpatica*, owned and skippered by Royce Smeal, managing director of Sydney's Enterprise Color Video Products Pty Ltd.

Our two stars got wind of the plot as they were about to board, but we managed to drag them kicking and screaming down the boarding ramp and cast off before they could flee.

It must be pointed out at this stage that this test isn't about alcohol content and calorie count, although those things are important because what you put into a beer helps determine its flavor. What we're dealing with here, though, is **flavor**, and whether or not the lites taste good enough to make you consider joining the ranks of the All-Round Good Guys. Taste is really a matter of opinion, so take it for what it's worth.

We rounded up a cast of Australia's leading lites in tandem with normal strength beer and invited Mike and Ian to sample and comment. Ian prefaced his comments by admitting a partiality to the Lowenbrau as brewed in Sydney by Tooheys, "because it is the perfect compromise between the best of European and Australian flavors". Gibbo had already admitted to preferring Heineken (if he's backed a winner) or either of the Tooheys brews, Country Special or Draught. We mention that to give you some idea of just where these guys' tastes are coming from.

● **Boags** comes from Tasmania, southernmost point of the beer compass and, because it begins with B, makes a logical starting point. Whereas its corporate sister, Cascade, is brewed in Hobart, Boags is concocted by Tasmanian Breweries Pty Ltd at the Esk Brewery, Launceston. Boags Draught Beer is the standard line and comes in an unpretentious white can with black labelling and a gold band. Boags Light is its anaemic kid brother and appears in a 375ml package that differs little in appearance from the Draught can. You'll find this is not an unpopular ploy with brewers who realise their lite drinkers like to maintain the charade that they're drinking the real stuff.

● **MIKE:** Okay, so we're tasting the Draught first (gulp). Hmn, now I know why there are no Aborigines left in Tasmania: they must have given them Boags to drink. They call it beerocide. No, that's unfair to everybody in Tassie who enjoys this drink.

As for the Light, it has that poor saccharine aftertaste that comes with so many low alcohol beers. I see the can says it is full flavored, low alcohol beer. The Draught is not the best starting point, so you can't really expect the Light to have too much taste.

● **IAN:** This is a poor starting point for me because Boags has never been one of my favorite beers. However, there is a strong contrast between the Draught and Light and, although I never thought I'd be saying this, the Light tastes better than the Real McCoy.

● **Carlton** is justifiably flexing its considerable muscles after its $160 million swoop on Tooth's brewing interests. Like Boags, Carlton offers the uncomplicated choice between Draught and Light lines with the handsome sales of both suggesting the Melbourne-based company has done its groundwork on marketing, brewing and packaging. While random breath-testing prevails in Victoria, we find Carlton is fractionally stronger than the NSW lites, a factor that could help its makers gain a slight edge on flavor. Let's see if our taste team agreed.

> *"Now I know why there are no Aborigines left in Tasmania: they must have given them Boags to drink. They call it beerocide."*

IAN: Not so long ago, Carlton Draught was my favorite Aussie beer. It's not the beer I necessarily buy these days but I still enjoy it very much. I think when you are so fond of a beer, anything else really pales by comparison and that's how I feel about Carlton Light. Really insipid. . . just like that old joke about sex in a canoe: fucking near water!

MIKE: Carlton Draught is probably the best Aussie beer. It's got that magic combination of lightness and guts. If you like the sort of blend that embodies the best of European and Aussie beers, then this is it. As for the Light — I'd rather drink it than some other normal beers I could nominate. It is still a pale imitation of the Draught but as far as lites go, it must rank among the elite.

● **Cascade** comes from Tasmania, that picturesque place across the water that is often the butt of so many bad jokes. (Q: What do they call a three-legged race across Bass Strait? A: Tasmanians.) If you've seen Cascade crop up time and again as a taste-test winner, that might have something to do with the superior hops and water that abound in the Apple Isle. Like Boags, it's made by Tasmanian Breweries at their Hobart (not Launceston) plant.

MIKE: I didn't know they made beer from apples! No, seriously, Cascade Draught is a bloody enjoyable brew and by comparison, the Cascade Light Lager is one of the better-tasting low alcohol beers. I see they've not tried to disguise it in a look-alike can which says you can fool some of the people some of the time but you can't trick a Tassie beer drinker.

IAN: I'd be tempted to say that as this is a Tassie beer, mainlanders should beware. But the Draught is not Tasmania's worst export, particularly if you've got time to sit down with it on a warm day and get to know it better. The problem there is you don't get too many warm days in Tassie. By comparison, I cannot be so complimentary about the Light. It's worth mentioning that if somebody gives me a choice between light beer and water, I'll usually take water because I figure that no serious beer drinker really wants to do things by halves.

● **Cooper's** embodies the fighting pride of South Australia, that state of outrageous contradictions and strong-willed cricket captains. Unlike Adelaide's genteel image, Cooper's Sparkling Ale is a wondrous rogue of a beer. The manufacturers adhere to more traditional brewing values and have created an ale that probably rates as the most macho of Aussie beers. It's an acquired taste but the confirmed swear by it. When the Cooper brothers slotted a Light Ale into the market to complement their long-established Diet Beer, it was accepted that it would be a radically different drop to its big, beefy brother, the Sparkling Ale.

IAN: You have to watch those Cooper boys. When I was in Adelaide they showed me over the operation and, of course, we sampled a fair bit of the product. The only problem was that when one of the brothers excused himself to attend to some business, another would take his place. They worked me over in shifts and by the time I left I had more than a skinful. The Sparkling Ale is not what I go looking for in a beer, but I can appreciate why others are rapt in it. As for the Light Ale — no thanks. As much as I'm fond of the Cooper boys and their attitude to brewing, I don't think they'd be too thrilled with having to include a lite beer in the range.

MIKE: This is like stacking a stallion up against a gelding. There is a whole world of difference and it is called potency. I can't imagine anyone drinking the Light by choice; it really defeats the whole purpose of having a beer.

● **Fourex** or **XXXX** or barbed-wire beer — call it what you like, but don't call it bad or else you'll upset those Queenslanders who believe everything north of the border is free of fault. Made by the enormous Castlemaine-Tooheys group, the XXXX Bitter is packaged in a distinctive yellow and red can that is as synonymous with Queensland as pineapples and prickly politicians. Appreciating that no self-righteous Queenslander would be caught drinking low alcohol beer, Castlemaine presents the XXXX Lite in a can that is almost identical to the Bitter.

IAN: The Bitter is definitely one of Australia's better beers and one of the reasons for appreciating the Queensland lifestyle. You would never catch me drinking any low alcohol beer by choice but the XXXX Lite is definitely one of the best. If they have tried to model it on the Bitter, then they've probably succeeded because it definitely has a more recognisable flavor than many of the other lites.

MIKE: I always thought they called it barbed-wire beer because it went straight through you. No, I enjoy XXXX — it has a very light taste that seems to go perfectly with Queensland's terrific climate. If by some terrible misfortune I had to drink low alcohol beer, I'd give the XXXX Lite a go because they've managed to make it taste something like the real thing.

● **Southwark** represents the South Australian Brewing Company Ltd, the large Adelaide-based concern that includes the West End beer line among its fleet. South Aussies are still into that sensibly quaint practice of offering a refund on bottles, and that explains why canned beer is not the most popular packaged variety. We pitted the popular Southwark Bitter against SA Brewing's LA Draught to determine what sort of deal the Crow Eaters are getting.

MIKE: I remember when beer first appeared in cans it was said the metal affected the taste. As beers go, the Southwark Bitter is a middle-of-the-road drop: better than some but not as good as others.

As for the LA, it wouldn't matter if it came in glass or gold-plated goblets, there is no way you could make it taste decent.

IAN: I've made no secret of the fact that I'm not a fan of most South Australian beers, which sounds strange for somebody who spent so many of his early drinking years in Adelaide. The LA reminds me of a poor shandy — and I can't *stand* shandy. Years ago, when I was batting in the Lancashire League in England, we stopped for a drinks break because the weather was pretty hot. They had some brown drink and I didn't take any notice because I was so thirsty. I'd taken a giant gulp before I realised it was shandy. Next thing, up it comes. When I resumed batting I could hear these Pommie fieldsmen whispering incredulously: "This bloke's an Aussie and he doesn't like beer!" They couldn't have been more wrong.

● **Tooheys** backs its popular Draught line with hefty sport sponsorships and the catchy line, "I feel like a Tooheys or two." Sydneysiders might have cosmopolitan tastes and probably consume a wider range of beers than most other Australians, but there is no arguing with the popularity of the Draught. Its kid brother is the Tooheys Lite, a low alcohol beer that has undergone an adjustment or two since the company launched it on a breathalyser-conscious market. Tooheys has slotted the Lite fairly up market to appeal to the image-conscious white-collar workers of Australia's biggest city. Ironically, the company is reporting impressive Lite sales response from industrialised areas such as Newcastle.

IAN: Tooheys Draught, hmn, yes I'm very partial to it but if you really gave me the choice, I'd probably go one better and drink Tooheys Country Special. It seems the more you enjoy a regular beer, the less you think of the lite and that's how I feel about comparing Tooheys Draught with the Lite. The Lite has no taste comparison with the original. You might as well drink water — it's cheaper.

MIKE: I'm quite comfortable with the Tooheys Draught but I agree with Ian about the Lite. I'd recommend it as a beer for beginners — like a training bra for a 10-year-old girl.

● **Tooth** and Co has long been the other great brewing identity in NSW but following the Carlton takeover and the shrinking nature of the beer industry, there must be some doubt about its long-term prospects. Within the Tooth packaged ranks, the obvious kinship exists between the former Cold Gold champion, KB, and its gelded stepson, LA. While LA leapt to a smart lead in the opening rounds of the great low alcohol war, KB was recording sliding sales. As a brewer, Adelaide Steamship (which sold its Tooth brewing concerns to Carlton) made a good department store operator.

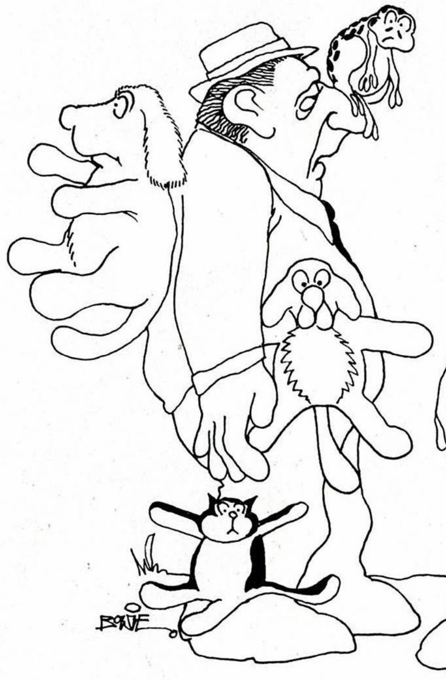
MIKE: I've said it before and it still holds true: a beer's flavor can be truly evaluated by the after-taste found in the burp. If a beer provides a good healthy burp, then it has got guts. That's what is lacking with KB. It's also too bloody sweet for my taste — sugar, water and fizz. It follows that if they can't get the top product right, what chance would they have of producing a palatable low alcohol beer? A definite "no" on both counts.

IAN: A mouthful of KB is like swallowing an entire sugar bowl. Far too sweet. If I was invited to a show and the only beer available was Tooth LA, I'd leave. The only reason some people drink low alcohol beers is to be sociable. They don't want to drink soft drink or appear a wowser, so they drink a lite. It defeats the purpose of beer drinking.

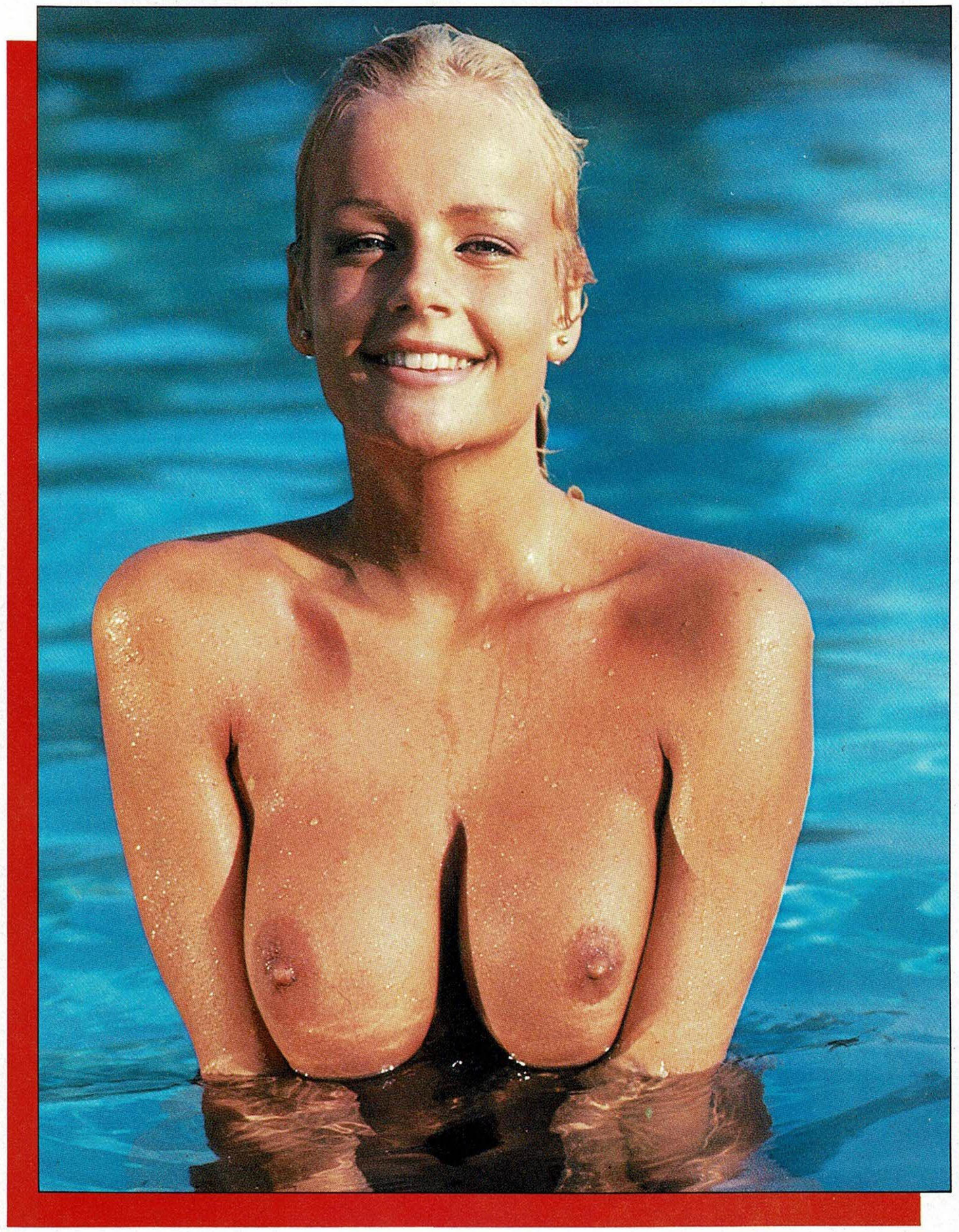
●Two beers that don't fit the lites-LA category but are consumed for their low calorie value are **Carlton Dietale** and **Cooper's Diet Beer.** We dropped both samples into our test for evaluation.

IAN: I never thought the Cooper boys would be responsible for something like this. Just by looking at the can you can tell this is really a beer for masochists. As for the Carlton Dietale, you can replace the T with a D to read Died Ale. It tastes like somebody left some rusty water in a can for three weeks and then tried to market it as beer.

MIKE: Both the Cooper's and Carlton look like war surplus beer. The Cooper's was probably issued to the Argentine forces in the Falklands to make them surrender; that explains the khaki can. The Carlton can also looks like war surplus green. This beer is for people who are so sick that the only medication they need is formaldehyde.



"It's my sheer animal magnetism."

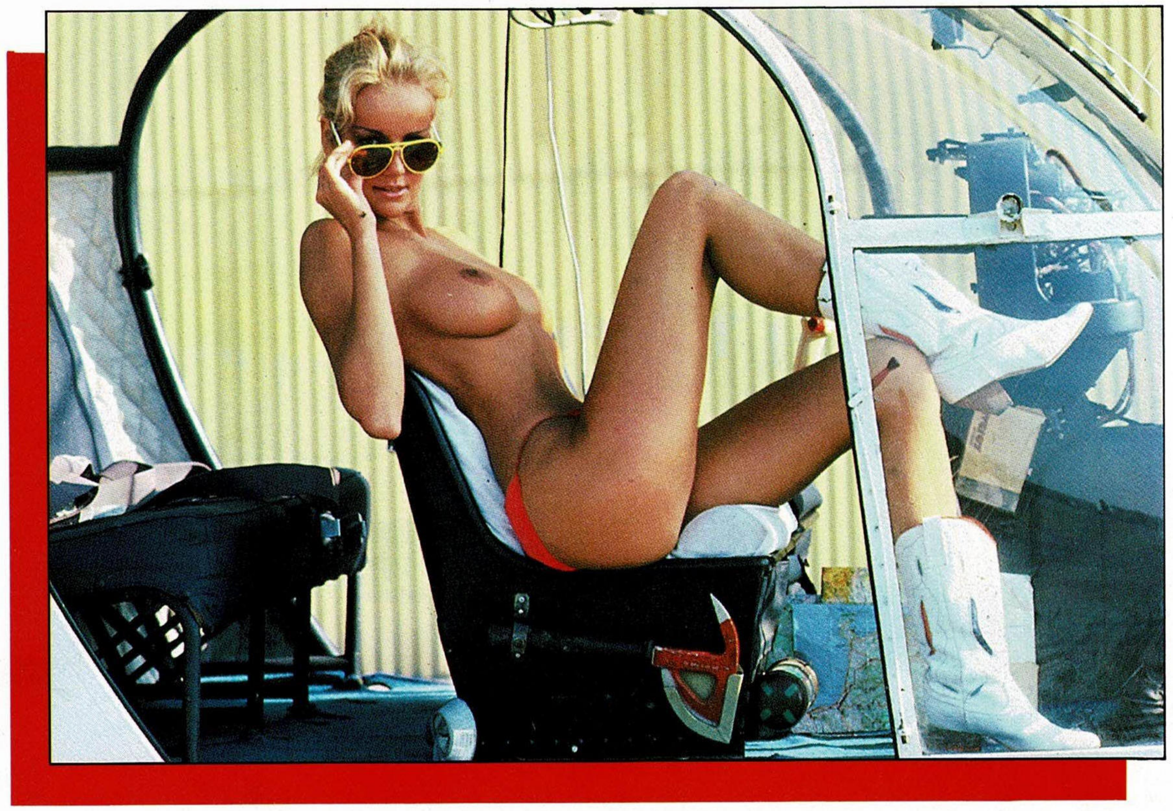


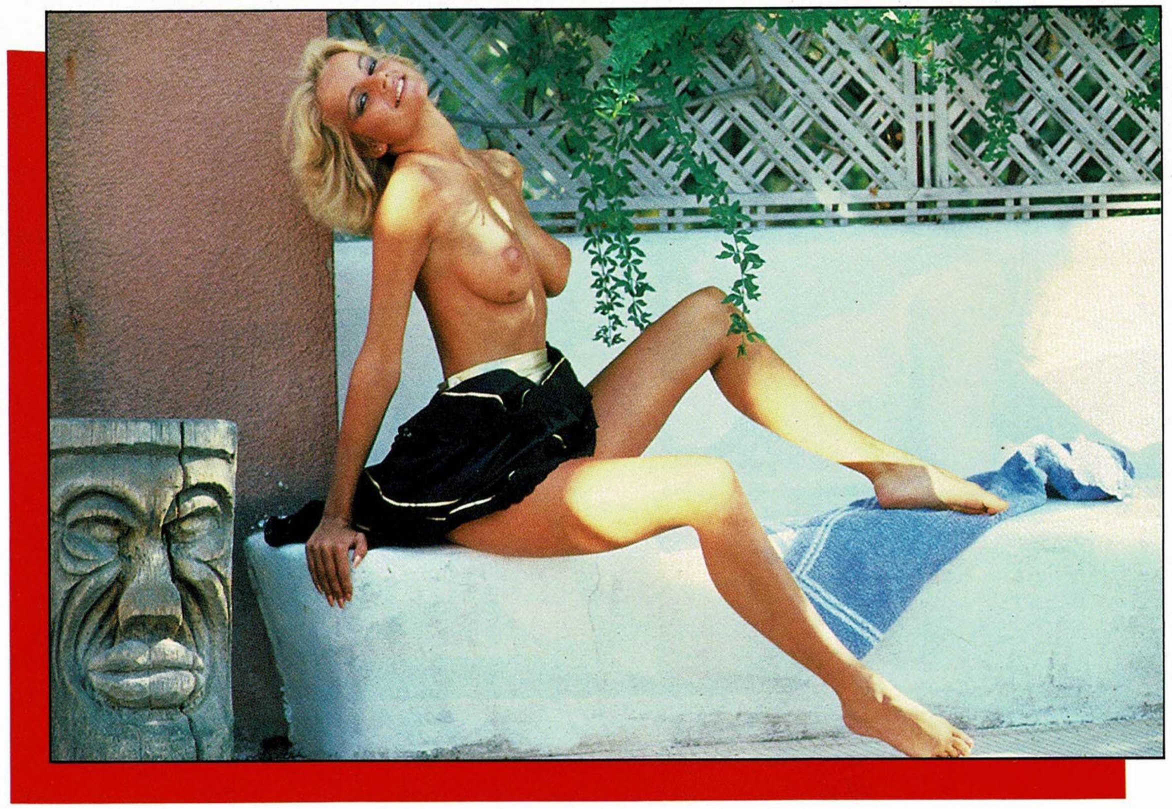
I DREAM OF JEANNIE

Jeannie Goodyer never tires — and that's a blanket statement. She's quite simply one of the most energetic and sun-loving beach girls we've ever encountered. Photographer Jean Rougeron had a lot of trouble keeping up with this long-legged lovely as they flitted from Queensland's Far North to Melbourne's bayside beaches.

We uncovered 18-year-old Jeannie modelling beachwear at a Queensland holiday resort, and immediately recognised her as one of these rare sorts who look best with less. "I'm not really an exhibitionist," claims Jeannie, "but I spend so much time surfing and swimming that I feel more comfortable *au naturel*."

"Because I'm a Pisces I seem to have a natural affinity with water. And I love to swim in the rain. . . oh boy, that's a real turn-on!" smiles Jeannie. When she's not participating in water sports or just splashing around in a friend's pool, Jeannie works part-time as a fashion model. "I don't consider it a serious career," she says, "but it's lots and lots of fun."





Jeannie's pursuit of freedom has led her to channel all that incredible energy into learning how to pilot a helicopter and drive a speed-boat. "People may think I'm mad, but my ultimate dream is to be an astronaut and walk on the moon!" She pauses and her smile is faraway. "It may only be a dream but we all need to have one, don't you agree?"

in march and may, you told us what you liked to do in bed, how often and with whom. now, the climax

THE PLAYBOY READERS' SEX SURVEY

PART 3

A DECADE AGO, the story goes, a reporter asked Richard Burton just what it is that makes a woman good in bed. The great modulator coiled his eyebrows and spoke for an entire generation of men. "Nothing," he said. "All she has to do is lie there."

That was then. Now the sexual revolution is a fete *accompli.* The '80s were supposed to be dessert, but now that most of our old assumptions about sex have been discarded, what have we been dealt in their place? How many people go to bed and struggle with wave upon wave of conflicting information, so full of advice on how to, they can't quite remember why?

Part of the reason we launched The PLAYBOY Readers' Sex Survey was to loosen things up a little, to present information without necessarily turning it into advice. This time, we are turning things over to 14,596 guest experts on female sexuality: the women who responded to *The Playboy Questionnaire.* They seem to know why as well as how to, and they are going to lead us to the focal point of contemporary sex, the female orgasm.

We divided the women who answered our questionnaire into three groups. The *orgasmic* women (40 percent of the total) always or usually climax when they have intercourse. The *sometimes-orgasmic* women (38 percent) may or may not climax. The *nonorgasmic* women (20 percent) rarely, or never, reach orgasm when they have intercourse. We won't be talking much about the sometimes-orgasmic women. Unless stated otherwise, their responses fall between those of the two other groups.

Since we found virtually no difference in the frequency with which all three groups of women have intercourse, we will be talking throughout this article about differences in quality, not simply quantity of sex.

Almost all of the orgasmic women — 86 percent of them — say they are satisfied with their current sex lives. For them, the sexual revolution and its aftermath appear to have added up to a freedom to feel pleasure. Still, more than three quarters of the sometimes-orgasmic and 56 percent of the nonorgasmic women also claim to be sexually satisfied.

Whether or not a woman is orgasmic is surely the most important element of her sexuality. Why, then, do so many nonorgasmic women tell us they don't mind being left high and dry? Fifty-nine percent say they can be "sexually satisfied without having an orgasm," compared with just 37 percent of the orgasmic women. You might call that diminished expectation or quiet desperation. Either way, it still appears to be compensation, not satisfaction. The nonorgasmic women we surveyed *want* to have orgasms. Because the sex they are having now does not provide them, they have to look for substitutes.

Orgasmic women told us their most intense orgasms occur during intercourse. But when asked what provides *their* intense climaxes, nonorgasmic women choose masturbation over all other activities. Oral sex takes the middle position for both groups.

Eighty-seven percent of the orgasmic women rate themselves as good lovers, but so do 74 percent of the nonorgasmic women. Here again, self-description is somewhat deceptive. The more specific the question, the more we found out about the differences among the groups of women.

An ability to discuss sex without blushing seems one important distinction. More than twice as many orgasmic women as nonorgasmic ones are comfortable talking with their partners about sex. Nearly three fourths of the orgasmic women say they are *very* comfortable. The numbers for the two other groups are significantly lower. Sixty-two percent of the sometimes-orgasmic and roughly half of the nonorgasmic women can talk about sex with ease.

What about age differences? Do women climax in chronological order? You might expect younger women, who grew up when the benefits of sexual liberation were the accepted facts of life, to be more orgasmic than older women. On the other hand, you might expect older women to be more orgasmic, since they have had more time to learn from experience.

The older women we surveyed are slightly more orgasmic than the younger ones. The primary difference comes in for women 30 and older. As they age, they are somewhat more likely to achieve orgasm through intercourse than younger women are. Also, the married women in our sample are a shade more orgasmic than the single women.

Orgasmic women are a little more daring when it comes to extramarital sex. Forty-one percent of them have had affairs, compared with 36 percent of the nonorgasmic women. The difference is not enough to threaten the institution of marriage. The reasons women have affairs — reassurance of desirability, sexual variety, a rush of excitement — are the same for both groups. Orgasmic women are no more likely to have "open" relationships with their partners or their husbands. Of those who have affairs, less than 13 percent of each group report having them in order to find "better sex". We think it is wise not to draw conclusions about extramarital sex and orgasm. The reasons people have affairs have more to do with personal needs than with sexual ones.

ILLUSTRATION BY KINUKO CRAFT

So far, the best generalisation we can make about nonorgasmic women is that they are less active — in bed, in conversation, in terms of affairs and even intercourse — than women who climax more often. They do not necessarily like it like that. In response to the question Would you like to be more active during sex? nonorgasmic women are about half again as likely as the rest to say yes.

Orgasmic women, on the other hand, take a decidedly active part in their sex lives. They are much more satisfied sexually than their nonorgasmic counterparts.

The experience of sex is subjective. So is the experience of time. To some people, 10 minutes in bed seems like four. To others, it seems like forever. While we have enough respondents in our sample to even those differences out, we want to leaven what could be a mechanical discussion with an understanding of what is more important in sex — the experience as perceived by the participants.

We asked our respondents to tell us how long it takes them to climax. A third of the women said it depends on their mood or the mood of their partners. The rest gave us estimated durations and it is from those estimates that we have learned the following.

If we say a man takes 10 minutes to climax and would like to take longer, it is not the 10 minutes that matters. What matters is that he and his partner be compatible. Timing is a vital element of compatibility.

With that said, here is what the women we surveyed have to tell us about timing and sex.

Forty percent of the orgasmic women usually become aroused in less than five minutes. Slightly more than a quarter of the sometimes-orgasmic and *less* than a quarter of the nonorgasmic women can become aroused that quickly.

Take it up to 10 minutes and our two extreme groups diverge even more. Eighty percent of the orgasmic women need less than 10 minutes to become aroused. But just about half the nonorgasmic women take *more than* 10 minutes.

It is clear from those numbers that foreplay is more crucial to women who have trouble reaching orgasm than to those who don't. All women may enjoy it, but nonorgasmic women need it to reach what Masters and Johnson call "the plateau phase" of sexual response. That's the stage in which sexual excitement is under way and the body begins preparing for orgasm.

The orgasmic women in our sample are the most likely to have lovers who take their time. Although women overall say their partners take less than 10 minutes to ejaculate, nearly 40 percent of the orgasmic women say their partners take longer than that.

Now look at the other extreme: three out of four nonorgasmic women tell us their lovers are in and out in less than 10 minutes.

That is another mutually reinforcing cycle. Orgasmic women can work themselves into a sexual lather much faster than nonorgasmic women. Because a great many men can't or don't postpone their own orgasms for longer than 10 minutes, a woman who climaxes quickly has a far better chance of climaxing at all.

Orgasmic women, to put it simply, are more in sync with their partners. Only 28 percent of them take more than 10 minutes to climax. Of that 28 percent, the vast majority have partners who take just as long. But more than half of the nonorgasmic women take more than 10 minutes. Of those, 66 percent say their partners take less than 10 minutes.

We can make this in-sync business clearer by looking at the numbers a different way. The in-sync factor is working *against more than a third* of the nonorgasmic women we surveyed — 34 percent of them take more than 10 minutes, while their partners take less than 10 minutes. But it is working *for* the orgasmic women we surveyed — only eight percent of them take such a handicapping combination to bed.

Men still do not take as long to reach orgasm as women do, though they have made nearly unbelievable strides in less than four decades. Most men still begin sexual encounters with a fast start. That's great in a foot race, but in sex it's no advantage at all. The best equaliser is probably foreplay. Almost all women would like more of it. Many of them *need* more.

Now we get to do our favorite kind of demolition, the exploding of sexual myths. They are the tried-and-falsisms of a subject that's only about two feet from our hearts, so we have to have a personal stake in them. Please watch out for flying myth material.

●**Women can "get in touch with their bodies" through masturbation.** Okay, this is not quite a myth. The myth comes in when people believe such self-service "getting in touch" will make a woman more orgasmic *during intercourse*.

More than a third of the nonorgasmic women masturbate more than once a week. Only a touch more than a quarter of the sometimes-orgasmic and orgasmic women masturbate that often. It is the women who have trouble climaxing who masturbate the most, so the practice-makes-perfect doctrine doesn't hold up.

●**Women who don't have orgasms in intercourse get them anyway, through oral sex.** Another misapplication of cause and effect. According to our figures, orgasmic women get cunnilinged more than anyone else. Fifty-four percent of the orgasmic women receive oral sex every time or most times they have sex. For the sometimes-orgasmic women, that figure is 47 percent. For the nonorgasmic women, it is only 38 percent.

Many men perform cunnilingus until their partners are barely aroused and then commence intercourse. They see cunnilingus more as foreplay than as a way for women to reach orgasm. It can, of course, be both, but that doesn't seem to be the case of many couples. Almost half of the nonorgasmic women complain that they don't get enough oral sex. Even more of them say they don't get enough foreplay.

●**Orgasmic women have the most lovers.** The best, perhaps, but not the most. Before long, we will dispense with all the variations of practice makes perfect. "Synchronisation makes perfect" would be closer to the truth. Unless partners spend their sexual time working toward getting in sync, all the practice in the world won't make a great deal of difference.

Eight percent of the orgasmic women we surveyed have had more than 50 lovers. Eight percent of the sometimes-orgasmic women have had more than 50. Eight percent of the nonorgasmic women have

(continued on page 148)

HOW WOULD SHE CHANGE HER SEX LIFE?

	I want more foreplay	I want more oral sex	I want more intercourse	I want my partner to be more responsive to my sexual needs	I want my partner to remain aroused longer	I want to be more active during sex	I want to act out fantasies more often
Orgasmic Women	36%	37%	49%	26%	20%	26%	31%
Sometimes-Orgasmic Women	49%	41%	49%	35%	26%	29%	34%
Nonorgasmic Women	59%	45%	55%	49%	33%	37%	35%

Although nonorgasmic women report that they are sexually satisfied, their responses to questions such as this one suggest the opposite. More foreplay would be the most welcome change for nonorgasmic women; nonorgasmic women are also more likely to say they want more intercourse than to say they want more oral sex. Nearly half the orgasmic women want even more intercourse than they are getting now.

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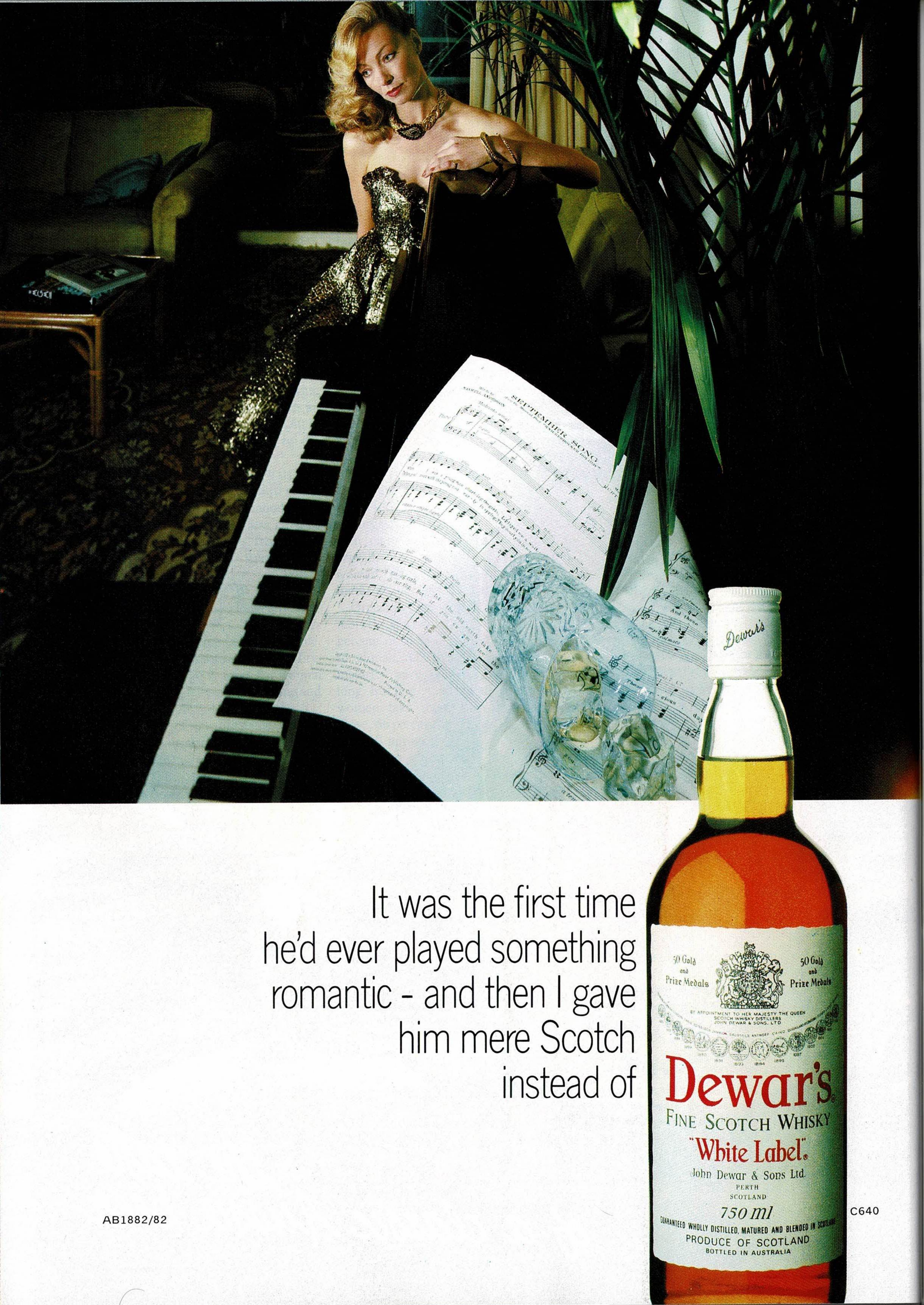

SANDINISTA!

(continued from page 56)

The CIA is said to have invested $19 million in bullets marked with Borge's name.

Award in 1981), and Wilfred Burchett, the Aussie journalist accused of treason (*Public Enemy*). Greene also is an obsessive Latin American watcher, who at one time was keenly interested in narrating the new film. The prospect of Greene's involvement and the celebrated author's promise to smooth the way with President Omar Torrijo on his annual pilgrimage to Panama, gave substance to the dream.

As Bradbury recalls: "I returned to Australia looking for finance, content with his tentative commitment. I had got further with Greene than had the BBC with their numerous offers to him, the three big American television networks with all their money or anyone else, for that matter.

"Greene never made the trip to Panama. A few months later, Torrijo was killed in a light plane crash. Greene was shattered, as his next letter to me revealed: 'I feel like a limb has been amputated; I have lost all interest in Central America. Good luck in your adventures.'"

Subsequent Greene letters, however, suggested that his interest in Central America was waxing, so Bradbury made another journey to the author's home in Antibes. But the timing was all wrong. Much as Greene wanted to help the young Australian, his personal crusade against the Mafia's entrenchment in Nice prevented his leaving France.

With the Greene fade-out, the dream refocused — this time on Bianca Jagger, hauntingly beautiful daughter of Nicaragua. Jagger's credentials were impressive. Although her feet danced through the jet stream of the high rollers, her heart was in the blood-stained earth of her homeland. Her spirit of rebellion sat snugly with the revolutionaries and theirs with her.

Bradbury opened negotiations. Yes, she was interested in assisting in Bradbury's interpretation of the Nicaraguan revolution. Antibes, Sydney, Central America, New York, the images and interviews flashed by faster than the stamps in his passport. But the stronger Bradbury's links with Bianca Jagger grew, the more his friends questioned his motives. Sure, they said, Jagger was Nicaraguan; sure she was on calling terms with the leaders of the revolution; and, sure, any film featuring the rock widow would sell. But wasn't he compromising his ideals for a commercial property? From his hammock on the Casa Fiedler balcony, Bradbury takes up the Jagger connection. . .

"I can see that my flirtation with Bianca as a focal subject of the film took me down an economic side-track. She would have been a commercial property. I tried to justify the commercial considerations by planning a character study of her against the backdrop of the revolution. Jagger in jungle greens, Jagger in jeans, Jagger in a dizzy array of Paris creations. That didn't ring true to my friends and, to be honest to myself, I guess I'd have to agree. Besides, in hindsight, I think filming with Bianca Jagger would have been hell."

Bradbury had a premonition of that kind of hell in what proved to be the final jockeying session with Mick Jagger's ex. Purring over a glass of chilled Moet in a skyline apartment above a blizzard-locked New York, Jagger casually mentioned that, of course, she would have editorial control of the film. Fade-out Bianca.

While Bradbury and Jagger had been circling, he had been obsessed with the memory of a man he'd first seen in the dust of a Nicaraguan bullring during Easter last year. That man was Tomas Borge, last surviving member of the un-American trinity which led the revolt, and first citizen of Nicaragua. The memory is still vivid.

"I was checking out my camera gear before going into the ring when this line of cars pulled up in a cloud of dust," says Bradbury. "Bodyguards carrying machine guns sprang out of the cars and this little character with the shades, the military uniform and the big cigar — your archetypal Latin American politician — walked straight past me. He gave me a matter-of-fact glance and disappeared in the crowd.

"I don't understand Spanish, but it was obvious from the way he controlled that crowd that he had strength and charisma. I later learned that he had given an address to justify the Sandinista government's decision to cancel the national Easter holiday. That took some doing — Easter is traditionally sacrosanct to Nicaraguans. Everyone goes off to mass or to have a good time. But the Sandinistas had to cancel all that because of the things that President Reagan was saying at that time about how Russian weapons and interference were turning Nicaragua into a Soviet base in Central America.

"It all came back to me when I returned to Managua after the break with Bianca. The crew was sitting around while I looked for a character on whom I could hinge the film. Then I ran across one of Borge's aides, a girl called Margarita. I knew then that Borge was the character I wanted, the one I'd had in the back of my mind for a year."

Identifying the character he wanted was one thing. Getting to Borge and then persuading him to take part in a film produced by a 32-year-old Australian whose closest brush with revolution had been through the writings of Karl Marx, was something else. Over the next few weeks — historic film of the first visit of a Pope to Latin America in the can but precious little else — while the crew's wages and expenses ate into the budget, Bradbury learned the true meaning of the Latin culture shock.

"I asked for an interview in my first letter to Tomas Borge, but I also made the mistake of saying we were going to be around Nicaragua for six months. I wrote that in order to dispel any impression that I was a fly-by-night journo. I didn't want him to think I was on a hit-and-run mission to get a story without absorbing any real feeling for the country.

"I've since found out that as he thought I was going to be here for a long time, he put me in the pending basket and got on with more pressing commitments. He let the *manana* philosophy come into play. It might have worked out better if I'd hinted that I needed the interview within a couple of weeks. It's hard to say; Borge is an intriguing guy. Since we have started filming with him, I have seen a lot of the man, but I still don't understand how his mind works.

"But I am pretty certain that if I'd come on strong as a high-powered, international film-maker, it would have worked against me. He would probably have said: 'I don't give a fuck — I'm tired of being screwed by puppets of the United States.'"

Bradbury wasn't surprised by the security. The CIA is said to have invested $19 million in bullets marked with Borge's name. Two of the three members of the Honduras University class of '62 who launched the revolution which deposed the dictatorial Somoza dynasty in 1979 have already gone. Silvio Mayorga and Carlos Fonseca are already martyrs to the Sandinista cause. Only Borge remains of the original triumvirate — and the US-backed counter-revolutionaries, who launch continual, border-hopping raids from Honduras, figure that if they can topple him, the bravest social experiment in the tumultuous world of Latin America will collapse.

Bradbury is acutely aware of the danger that stalks Borge — a danger that heightens with the intrusion of his cameras into the Nicaraguan leader's world and to which he exposes his crew. But as it turned out in that first meeting with Borge, the Sandinistas' strong man did not take much persuading.

"I put my cards on the table," says Bradbury. "I told him I wanted to make a film about him as the central character of the revolution. After a bit of a chat, he said: 'Yeah, if Ronald Reagan can make movies as a fourth-rate actor who always loses the girl, then I can't see any harm in me doing one as well.'"

Those words have returned to frustrate Bradbury one hundred times over. Bradbury has discovered that there is a lot of the

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ham in Tomas Borge. "He dictates the official situations which he will permit me to film. I can understand that. He is a hunted man, he is constantly dealing with matters of state and security. I've heard enough to know that there are intrigues among the Sandinistas themselves. There are obviously things going on all the time to which I am not, and shouldn't be, privy. On top of this, he has a good idea of what movie-making is all about. He play-acts with me. It is very difficult to get him with his cover down," says Bradbury.

And therein lies Bradbury's predicament. From the time Borge agreed to cooperate in the making of the film, Bradbury committed himself to a cinematic search for truth and reality, to bore in on the inner man he regards as the kernel of the entire revolutionary movement in Latin America. It is the spectral target he has set himself to atone for what he perceives as his own failings in the shortcomings of both *Public Enemy* and *Front Line*.

"This is going to be a personality film — a study that takes me and the audiences more deeply into the subject than either *Front Line* or *Public Enemy*. I want to show something about the man now, as well as about his past. I didn't really capture the essence of either Davis or Burchett. People who saw the films might think I did, but I relied too heavily on the reminiscences of both men," he says. "It would have been a truer reflection of both Davis and Burchett if I had shown them as they are now. If I had achieved that, the films would have been broader in their scope, more honest films."

Bradbury now knows that what he sees as the limitations of his first two films resulted not from his lack of commitment, but from his inexperience. He admits he was not aware that the style of film-making existed for him to portray the whole man — a film genre honed to surgical precision by Australian expatriate Mike Rubbo.

Rubbo's films have been a critical influence on Bradbury; they have taught him that reality waits for no camera. But recognising the style he wants to develop simply makes his task the more daunting.

"I know my job involves freezing on film the most intimate moments of people and their lives. But no one wants anyone, let alone a camera, to see that part of them. In my desperate search for truth and reality, I want to go a lot further than people allow me," he comments.

"That's the core of my predicament with Tomas Borge. He orchestrates the situations which he allows me to film. It is very difficult to catch him with his cover down, to see the real man."

The scene switches from Bradbury lounging in his hammock, confessing his weaknesses and his dreams in rum, to a party thrown in honor of his thirty-second birthday. The spirit of Paddington is alive and well in Managua. Lashings of booze wash down the beef and pavlova and the budget blues. A tentative invitation has been sent to Borge, and, amazingly, he has accepted. The hero of the revolutionary republic arrives around 8.30pm, bristling with bodyguards. A few, such as Daniel Ax, karate black belt, fluent in English and friend of the English nurses and office workers who help balance the sex mix, mingle with the guests, arms concealed. Two of the guards, AK47s slung over their shoulders, retire diplomatically to the kitchen.

It's a typical Aussie party — booze relaxes tongues, men and women flirt. The perfect set for a cameo piece in Bradbury's interpretation of a revolution, but Borge has banned the cameras. As Bradbury observes, mildly hungover in the oppressive heat of the morning after: "The man and the issues which surround him are synthesizing, but you go through hell trying to collect all those thousands of strands. You realise just how transitory those gains are that you think you have made in a day's shoot, when you get into the editing room. Inevitably, you find that you have missed the quintessence of what you have been trying to express about a situation or an issue.

"Ninety percent of the time, your eye is not as quick as the action. Film-making is such a frustrating art — much more frustrating than writing. When you are writing you can draw a picture, refine the detail. But in film-making, you only get one chance. And all the while you are thinking in terms of money. That's no way to catch spontaneity, but you can't help thinking that it costs $200 to put 10 minutes of film through the camera. When you are used to living on the dole, it is hard to come to terms with that kind of expense. On the kind of budget we are trying to work to, spontaneity is an economic and technical impossibility."

Hold it, David. Here you are crying poor mouth for the umpteenth time, yet you hauled the crew down here from New York without the slightest hint of a commitment from Borge and with a half-arsed plan to film the visit of a Polish Pope to the Latin American faithful — footage you had no guarantee would fit the end product.

"Yeah, I know people are criticising me for coming here too soon. But I've got history in the can. It cost me $12,000 to get the Pope saying, 'Silencia', telling the Sandinistas to shut up. But at least I've got it. Maybe it is true that I could have left the Pope's visit to stringers, but I would have ended up with that stuff on video tape and not on film. Besides, I've been through the hassle of getting background film in the past. It costs you $500 just to look at the stuff and it is all video.

"I made a conscious decision to shoot everything on film because I want to distribute film, not video tape. Film can circulate anywhere — in cinemas, in community halls, churches, everywhere.

(continued on page 114)

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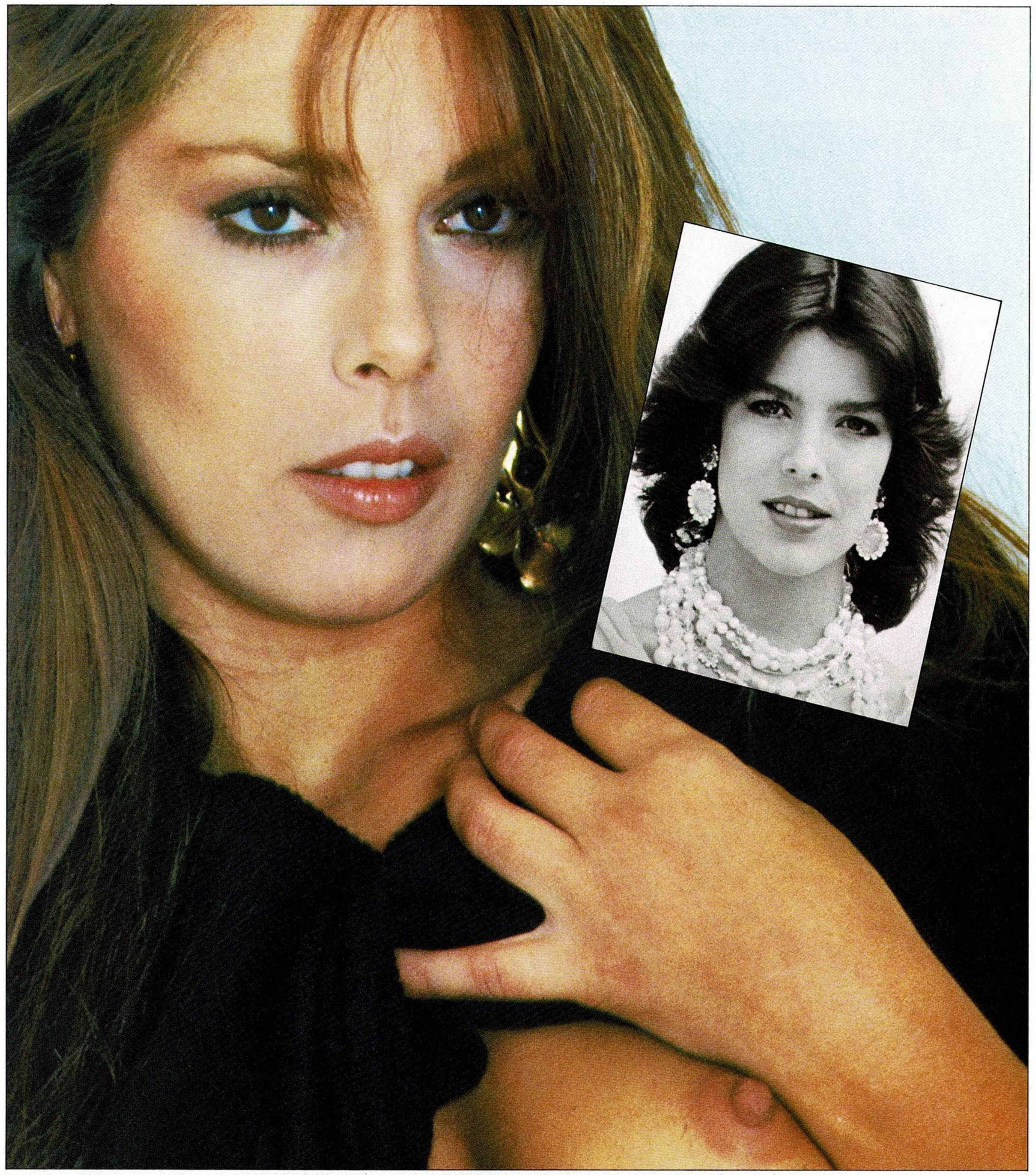


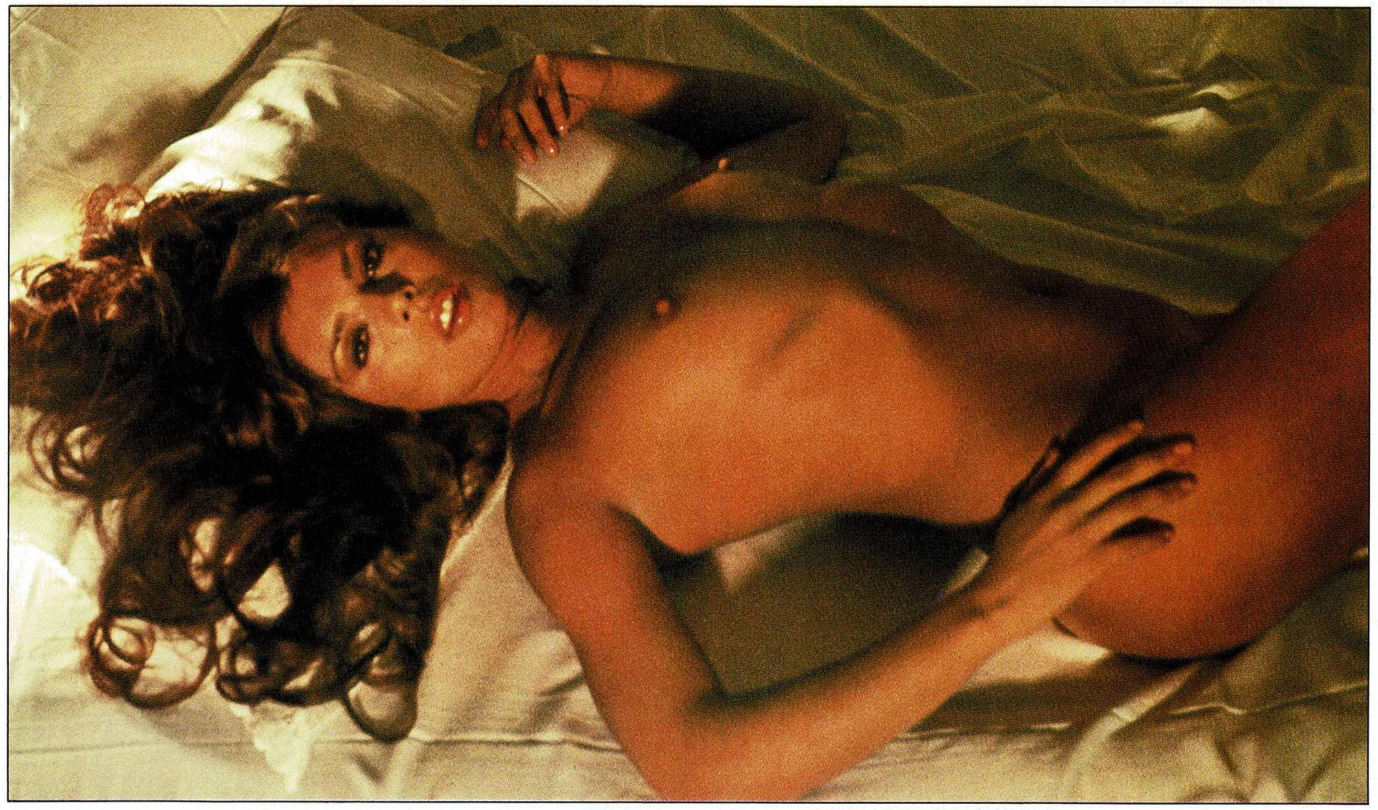
PHOTOGRAPHY BY ANGELO FRONTINI

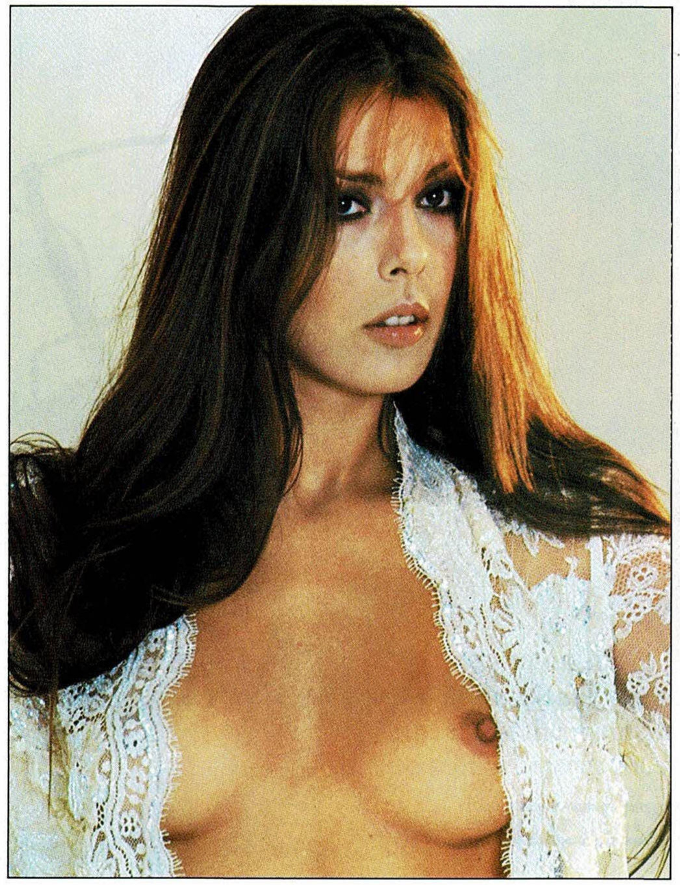
Sonia Viviani is Princess Caroline of Monaco's double. As simple as that. You'd be lucky to tell them apart. Miss Viviani is making the most of this extraordinary likeness by nabbing film roles, photographic assignments and any other work that will keep her in the public eye. "I am passionate, narcissistic and rather egocentric," she says. "I have all the necessary qualities to succeed in life."

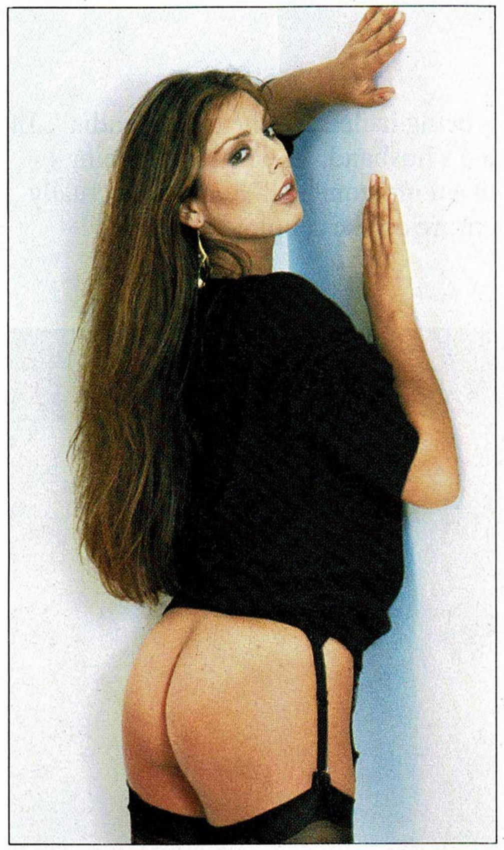
WORLD OF PLAYBOY

WORLD OF PLAYBOY

This determined young lady is already a star in her native Italy and she's being hailed as "the new Claudia". In fact, Sonia was "discovered" by Pascale Squittieri, Claudia Cardinale's husband. "I don't mind being compared to Claudia," she smiles, "because I like her very much. What a temperament!" Sonia has actually starred in a film with Cardinale but now there's an exciting new venture on the celluloid horizon. . .







"I will be making a film about the tumultuous life of Princess Caroline," advises Sonia. "I owe my sudden fame to her and I'm very conscious of this. But I want to be considered as an actress and not just an object of curiosity!" Message received, Sonia. For the moment, however, this make-believe princess is certainly the focus of attention wherever she chooses to show her famous face.

WORLD OF PLAYBOY

SANDINISTA!

(continued from page 107)

Nicaragua will be another Vietnam on another scale. It'll be another case of inverse reaction to pressure.

And I want this film to be shown everywhere because it is information. I want people to see for themselves the situation in Nicaragua, what has gone before and what is happening now. I don't want to end up with a snow job saying that everything is wonderful with the revolution. There are problems here and there is opposition. But I have never come across a political system which fills me with such hope.

"What is happening here is light years away from what is taking place in Australia. Australians are well off, they haven't suffered. These people have suffered, they know what it is to have been denied freedom, to be without the basics of life.

"I'm not advocating an armed struggle just for the sake of revolt in Australia. But the lethargic, 'she'll be right' attitude in Australia depresses me. Australians have yet to experience the traditional historical circumstance for revolt — the loss of personal liberty.

"Maybe dramatic change in Australia will be brought about by economic circumstance. Maybe the economy will plummet so low, so many people will be unemployed, that young people will seize upon those things as the impetus for political movement. But I'm not hopeful. Australians are so anaesthetised by drugs, alcohol and apathy, that they are hard to get through to.

"Australia is my home and I love the country. If I thought that as an individual I could make a significant contribution to the quality of life in my own country, I'd be in Australia. But, at the moment, I think I can make a greater contribution by getting information about what is happening in Nicaragua to the world. That's why I have come here, why I'm prepared to sit and wait and get it right."

Bradbury has only contempt for those seven-day visitors to Nicaragua who look at a few statistics and think they know it all. By his reckoning, those who claim that the farm worker who earns 38 cordobas a day is as badly off today under the Sandinistas as he was under the brutal Somoza regime, have no conception of what is happening in Nicaragua. Nor does he place much stock in the apparent contradictions of a society in which the airport authorities will give you 10 cordobas for every US dollar with which you land in the country — 18 cordobas less than the official government exchange rate — while the black-marketeer will pay you 70 cordobas for the same dollar.

To him, the depressed economy and black markets are merely symptoms of the tightening US screws. What he sees and what he aches to get on film is a truly national movement and one which could be as potentially embarrassing to the Reagan Administration as Vietnam was to a succession of American Presidents.

"That's what this country is all about," he says. "I was coming back from a cockfight the other day when I ran across these two guys fighting. They claimed they had been in prison for opposing the government and they reckoned there was no political freedom in Nicaragua. Then I discovered that I was out of petrol and I went to this woman whose husband refused to take any money for the gallon he gave me. I began talking to the woman, telling her what these other guys had said.

"As the woman said: 'Those who criticise the government criticise us — we are the government.' In a funny way I sense she is right. The people don't appear to control what is going on, but indirectly they do. If the people in power get out of line, I'm sure the masses will let them know. There was a rally in what is left of the cathedral square the other day in protest against Reagan's speech about there having been no free election in Nicaragua. It doesn't matter whether there were 50,000 there or 200,000, as the Sandinistas claim. No one twisted their arms to go.

"The people went out of their own fervent passion for what they believe in. They were there because they believed in their cause and, for my money, that is just as effective a vote for the Sandinista government as every one of those people putting a piece of paper in a ballot box. What is so perfect about our system that entitles us to put a ballot paper in a box every three years or so? That is bullshit democracy. All it means is that we can vote for one of two evils every three years.

"Nicaragua will be another Vietnam on another scale. It'll simply be another case of inverse reaction to pressure. The more pressure Reagan applies, the more the Nicaraguan people steel themselves, the more determined they are that the US President won't get away with it. These 2.5 million Nicaraguans are incredibly courageous. They are standing up and thumbing their noses at Reagan as the figurehead of the most powerful country in the world. They are saying: 'Stuff you, buddy — you do all you can to us and we will tell you what we think.' And the more they do that, the more enraged Reagan gets and the more pressure he applies. I think history will show that he will be the loser. I hope to God he is, because if he gets in for another four years, he is going to make life ever more unbearable for these people."

Time alone will tell if Bradbury can duplicate in film this gut feeling he has for Nicaraguans and what the revolution is about. He knows that trying to bounce it all off one man into the cinemas, churches and halls of the world is demanding virtually the impossible of a one-hour film. He also knows that in the volatile world of Latin America, where passions are being stirred to even greater intensity by influences and patronage of the great powers, time is now becoming as critical as his lack of funds.

An often-tipped full-scale counter-revolutionary invasion of Nicaragua from Honduras or the assassination of Tomas Borge could turn his film into another form of martyrdom for a cause in which he's come to believe so strongly. But, no matter what happens in the immediate future, he doesn't believe that his film will have much effect on the people he most loves, his fellow Australians.

"I don't think Australians give a fuck about Nicaragua. Maybe the Australians who do get to see it will be impressed by Tomas Borge, will be moved by the hardships and torture he has endured and how long he suffered in prison. But I don't think the film will make much difference to them or their lives."

Nor does he think that his film is going to make the Australian Film Commission any more generous when he approaches them for a grant to help finance his next dream.

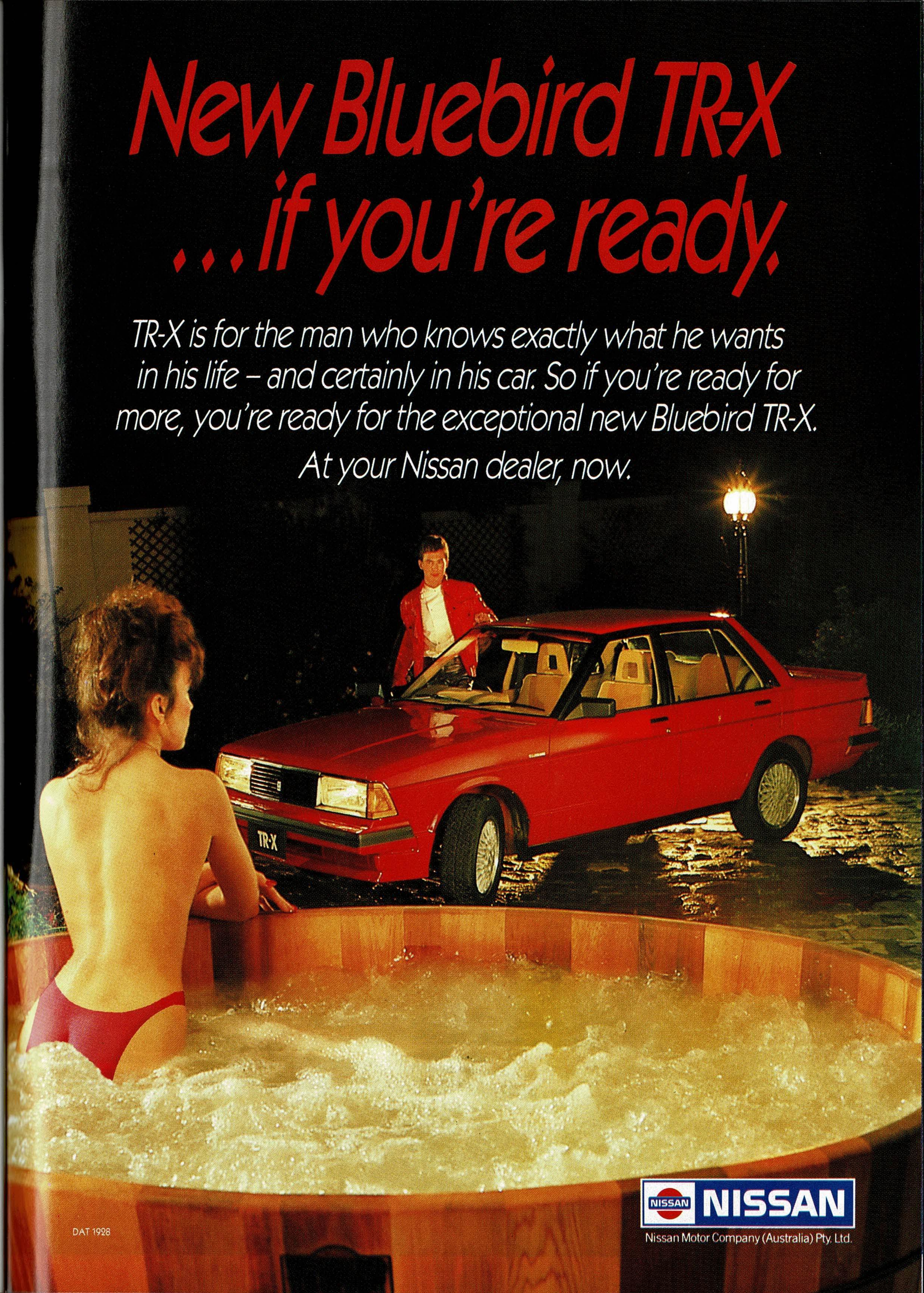
"The commission is there supposedly to help film-makers, but all you seem to have is all these fat cats getting $20,000 or $30,000 a year to sit on their arses and think about what they are going to do in Cannes next year," he says. "You know the sort of thing. . . they'll be talking about all the lovely booths they'll have in Cannes. How much space do you want to take, Mr Bradbury?

"And here I am wondering how the hell I am going to get the money to buy my ticket back to Sydney and grimacing every time a member of the crew orders a second or third beer with his lunch."

And through all the joys and despairs of filming his impossible dream, David Bradbury must live with the torment that he might be on the brink of destroying his own image of his ultimate hero figure, Tomas Borge.

Before he began filming *Front Line* and *Public Enemy* he worshipped both Neil Davis and Wilfred Burchett as personal heroes. "I had romantic fantasies about them. It was a painful experience to be personally involved in stripping away those fantasies to see Davis and Burchett for what they really are. I have since come to terms with the fact that film-making is part of my personal growth experience.

"I have a lot of faith in this revolution and, through it, Tomas Borge. My only hope is that this faith is not shattered by my own film."



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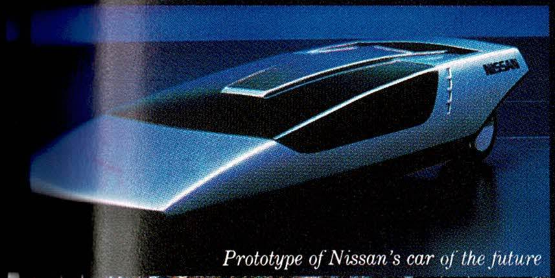

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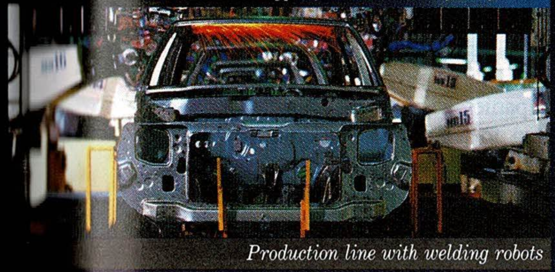
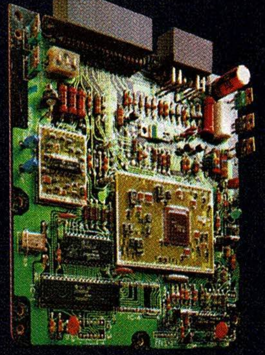


Production line with welding robots



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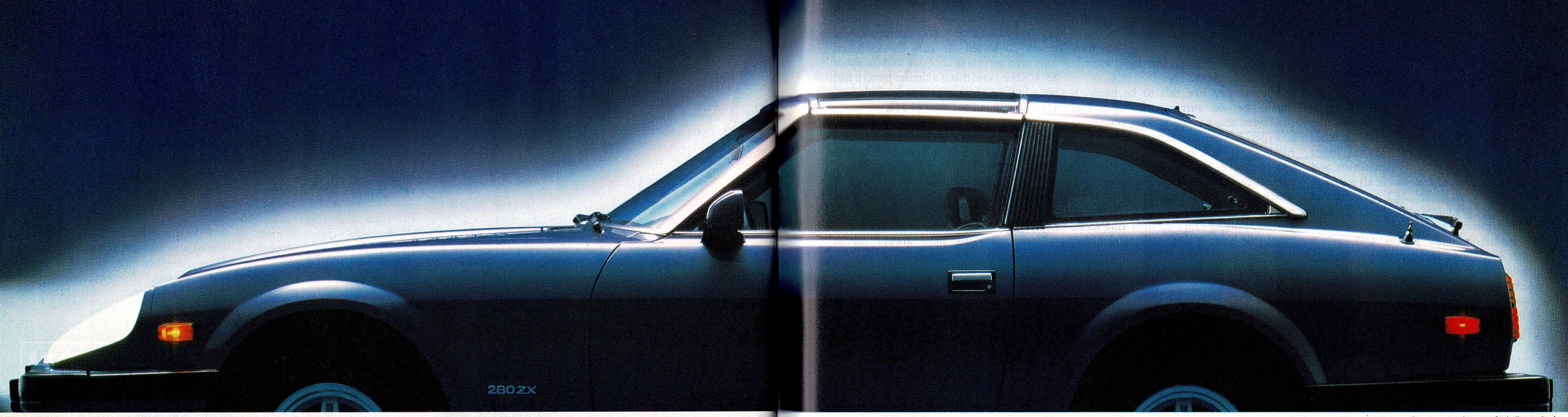

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SILICON

(continued from page 46)

For consumers, the most important quality of microprocessors was their ability to play games.

up radio signals but it amplified them as well. De Forest, who lived much of his life in Palo Alto, made a great deal of money by licensing his invention to AT&T, who used it to help telephone signals travel across long distances.

World Wars I and II brought further research and development, resulting in such valve-based marvels as radar and giant computers. Despite their versatility, however, valves have definite drawbacks. They need to warm up before they work, they consume a lot of power, they produce a great deal of heat and they tend to fail with depressing regularity. Even worse, they are expensive to manufacture. All of these problems were overcome by the transistor.

Transistors are made from elements known as semiconductors. Silicon Valley takes its name from one such semiconductor — silicon. Silicon isn't particularly prevalent in northern California; it actually occurs just about everywhere. The primary ingredient in sand and glass, silicon is the world's most common element after oxygen. Although pure silicon is not a very efficient electrical conductor, impure silicon crystals are excellent conductors and can even amplify signals. By arranging them properly, transistors can be made to control the flow of electricity in circuits. Moreover, transistors accomplish this task without any moving parts. Transistors are solids (hence the term "solid state"), they consume very little power, start to work immediately and, most important of all, they can be produced quickly and cheaply.

The semiconductor industry came to Silicon Valley in 1955 when William Shockley, one of the Nobel Prize-winning inventors, set up Shockley Semiconductor Laboratories in Palo Alto, his boyhood home. The city was already an electronics centre, De Forest having moved there earlier in the century. Palo Alto was also the home of Stanford University. While other American universities tried to foster relationships between their scientists and industry, Stanford really went all out. The university even established an industrial park where graduates and staff could start their own companies.

Hewlett-Packard, Varian and several other electronics companies were already going in Palo Alto when Shockley arrived. Although Shockley's reputation was good enough to get his company underway, he was more of a scientist than businessman and his employees were dissatisfied. In 1957, several of his employees broke away to start a new company, called Fairchild Semiconductor, in nearby Mountain View.

The head of research and development for Fairchild Semiconductor, a former Shockley employee, was a 29-year-old engineer named Robert Noyce. Like most engineers in those days, Noyce thought he would always be working for a salary. But the times were changing. The Russians launched their first satellite, Sputnik, in 1957 and America was eager to close the technology gap. Money was virtually poured into technological research, money that would go to the owners of electronics companies.

When Noyce and his colleagues set up Fairchild Semiconductor (with the backing of the Fairchild Camera company), they made certain that a share of any profits went to them. Overnight, they went from being scientists and engineers working for a salary to owner-entrepreneurs each holding a piece of the action. According to Noyce, the realisation that scientists could also be entrepreneurs was "a great revelation —and a great motivation too".

Fairchild and several other electronics firms set to work making smaller transistors. Soon they realised that transistors could be wired together to form "integrated circuits". Inevitably, someone soon saw that placing all of a circuit's parts on a single silicon chip would remove the costly manufacturing step of wiring a circuit's components together and the "microchip" was born. As mass production techniques reduced the cost of microchips, they began to be used in consumer goods such as watches, calculators, and computers. The result was an avalanche of money. In its first year, Noyce's company did six million dollars worth of business. Six years later, when Noyce was 35 and most of his senior staff were barely out of their 20s, their company was bought out by Fairchild Camera for $150 million.

With money like this to be made, it should be no surprise that Fairchild employees also wanted to start companies and get in on the action. Many did. Although located in Silicon Valley, these new companies began to spread around the world. Some started Asian operations where cheap labor was used to perform the most costly step in the manufacturing process, putting chips in their tiny metal boxes (the black rectangles with metal feet that look like futuristic insects found inside of just about anything electronic).

The electronics industry grew rapidly in the '60s. Twenty-seven new chipmakers started business between 1966 and 1969 alone. As there weren't enough skilled professionals to staff these companies, personnel raids were common. Companies would make fabulous offers to qualified professionals in order to get them to leave their present employers. In 1968, for example, Fairchild Semiconductor enticed one C. Lester Hogan, an engineer with Motorola in Phoenix, to move to Silicon Valley. Hogan's deal: $120,000 salary, 10,000 Fairchild shares and a $5 million loan for options on 90,000 more shares. And remember, all this was prior to the inflations of the 1970s. Hogan's salary would be worth about $300,000 today.

As Silicon Valley companies proliferated, competition became fierce. Dozens of companies went to the wall. Many people began to think that the days of the high-flying entrepreneur were over. Were they ever wrong!

HOW TO MAKE EVEN MORE MONEY

Computers have been around in one form or another since the 1940s. Although they exerted a strong influence on many industries and made possible feats that could never have been accomplished without them (manned space flights, for instance), they were not part of most people's lives. Computers were expensive, forbidding machines that resided in climate-controlled glass-walled rooms where they were tended to by an elite cadre of professionals who had mastered the arcane languages computers use to communicate with humans. All this began to change in the 1970s with the invention of microprocessor.

Sometimes referred to as "computers on a chip" (actually several chips are required to make a computer), microprocessors are small in comparison with the giant computers available today. Nevertheless, they are easily the match of most early computers and at a fraction of their cost. For example, the Intel 8080 microprocessor sold for about $350 in 1975. The same computing power could not have been purchased for under $20,000 in the 1950s. As manufacturing became more efficient and competition increased, microprocessor prices continued to fall. By 1980, an improved version of the 8080 sold for about $5. It's been said that if a similar pattern had been followed by car prices, a new luxury LTD would sell for around $10.

Originally created for use in calculators, microprocessors soon found their way into factories where they controlled the manufacturing process and into consumer items such as cars, microwave ovens and personal computers. But, for consumers, the most important quality of microprocessors was their ability to play games.

Computer buffs have always played games on their computers. But, like the computers themselves, these games were unavailable to the general public. This situation was to change dramatically during the 1970s, mostly because of the efforts of one Silicon Valley engineer, Nolan Bushnell.

Bushnell's story begins when he perfected a game called Pong. Pong was one of the first video games based on a micro-

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processor. The game permitted players to control paddles and a bouncing dot in what was a reasonable facsimile of table tennis. Pong was a simple game even for those pre-Space Invader days. Nevertheless, it was still fun and Bushnell's experience as an amusement park games manager told him that most people preferred simple games. Bushnell combined a black and white television screen with a microprocessor and a coin slot and Pong went commercial.

The game was an instant success. Soon Bushnell was making a home version that could be played on anyone's television screen. Bushnell's company, Atari (the name was taken from the Oriental game, "Go"), became a force to be reckoned with. Following Pong's success, many imitations soon hit the market, but Atari outdistanced the competition by creating special cartridges that changed a single game into many different games. Atari started operations in 1972. In 1976, the year Bushnell sold his company to Warner Communications, Atari was making $40 million per year. Bushnell's personal share holdings brought him $15 million. Not bad for four years work but Warner Communications had no regrets. By 1980, Atari was making $100 million per year.

Pong was soon replaced with more sophisticated video games such as Space Invaders and Pac Man. In the home, purely game-playing devices began to be supplanted by true computers that not only play games but can also be programmed to perform a variety of intelligent tasks.

Microcomputers first came on the market in 1975 in the form of a fairly primitive and complex machine called the MITS Altair 8800. By 1977, however, larger companies like Commodore and Tandy entered the field. These companies produced machines that were fairly easy to use and Tandy, especially, emphasised their after-sale service. Although companies like Tandy were selling thousands of computers, the market was hardly saturated. New models were also selling, but none better than the computer developed by Steven Jobs and Stephen Wozniak.

Both "Steves" grew up in Silicon Valley more or less in parallel with the microprocessor itself. In fact, Jobs was born the year Shockley founded his company in Palo Alto. In the mid 1970s, Wozniak was working for Hewlett-Packard (a billion dollar Silicon Valley electronics firm), and Jobs was employed by Atari. After hours, they spent their time in a garage shop listening to rock music and tinkering with circuit boards. They also built themselves personal computers. When their friends requested similar machines for themselves, Wozniak and Jobs decided to go into business. Jobs flogged his Volkswagen, Wozniak sold his calculator and with some credit from an electronics distributor and a marketing manager recruited from Intel, they formed Apple Computer in 1977. Jobs chose the name in honor of his former job picking apples.

The early Apples were not particularly capable machines, nor were they cheap. They did, however, produce color pictures and they could be used in businesses as well as homes. Whatever the reason, Apple computers were an instant success. Sales went from nothing at all at the beginning of 1977 to $100 million in 1980, when Apple Computer "went public". Shares in the company were offered for sale on the New York Stock Exchange. The demand for Apple's shares was very strong, and their price zoomed. At 25, three years after the business began, Steven Jobs was worth $165 million, Stephen Wozniak, who was 28, was worth $88 million. By 1982, Apple's sales reached $200 million, and Jobs and Wozniak stopped counting.

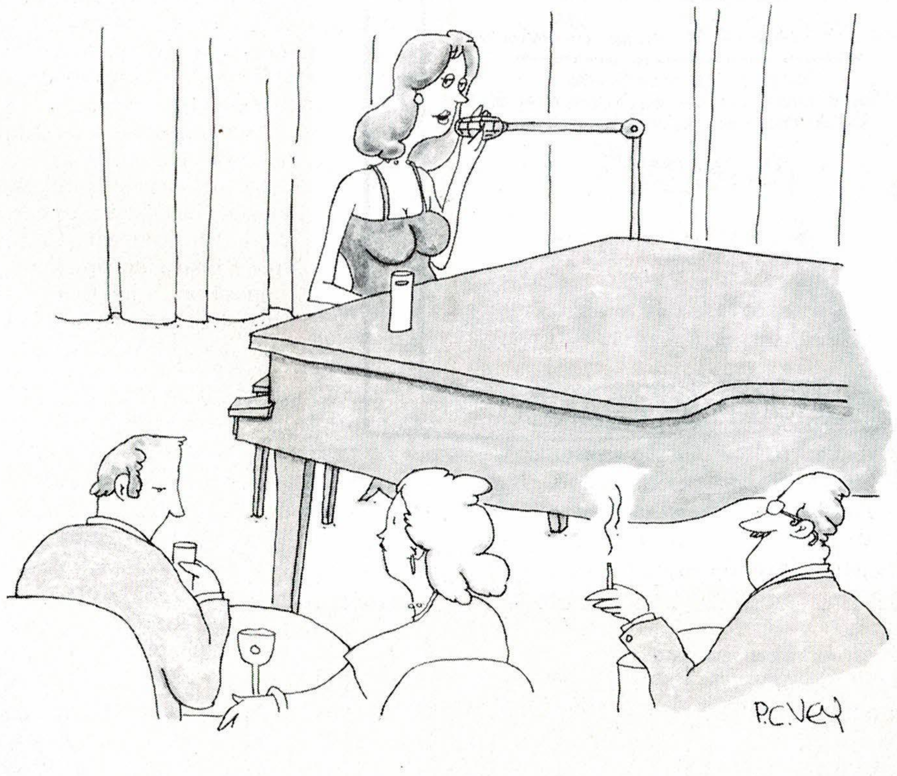
Bushnell, Wozniak and Jobs are probably the most visible of the Silicon Valley millionaires. Bushnell used part of his Atari money to start a chain of automated pizza restaurants. Wozniak sponsors rock concerts and Jobs, in true California ascetic style, drives an expensive sports car and sleeps on the floor in a home practically bare of furniture. Their story would have been very different, however, without venture capitalists to back them up.

It takes $10 to $15 million to start up a high technology company in Silicon Valley. Few would-be entrepreneurs have this kind of cash. In the early days of Apple, for example, Jobs and Wozniak had nowhere near the amount necessary to fund their enterprise. Fortunately, they had no difficulty obtaining millions in venture capital from the Bank of America and a venture capital firm. Since then, even state governments have entered the venture capital business.

In 1981, the Governor of California offered $22 million in incentives for high technology businesses. Over $2 million went to the University of California for research, the rest to small companies. North Carolina and Ohio have also invested millions to establish high technology industries. In the UK, a scheme run by the Department of Industry provides finance equal to 25 percent of the research and development costs of microprocessor schemes. Additional funds from banks and investors are also arranged. Mini Silicon Valleys are being developed in Texas, North Carolina, England, Ireland, West Germany, Japan, Singapore and even China. So far, Australia has been left out. Nevertheless, the Australian consulate in San Francisco estimates that there are over 1500 Australian citizens living in the western part of America. A fair number are successful Silicon Valley entrepreneurs. Take Vaughn Pratt, for example.

"I met my wife at International House at Sydney University. She was American and wanted to return to the States for graduate study. I thought that was a good idea, so I

(continued on page 143)



"And now I'd like to sing a song about this guy I blew last night."

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Billed as photography's biggest advance in 30 years, the sensational Nimslo 3-D camera produces three-dimensional color prints from regular 35mm film. No special viewer is required. Priced at approximately $249; details from Elmay Marketing, Sydney.

An 18ct gold Chopard watch featuring a hand-woven band for $7850. From Perri Jewellers, MLC Centre, Sydney. Also,

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an 18ct yellow gold bracelet adjustable to various wrist sizes for $3475, and engraved Mercedes Benz key-ring in 18ct yellow gold for $1100.

For pocket or purse, The Weekender is an especially compact way to keep in touch. The kit contains delicate portions of Oil of Love, Pleasure Balm, Honey Dust, Clove and Mint Tree soaps. Priced at $18.95 and available from Private Collection, PO Box 118, Woollahra, 2025.

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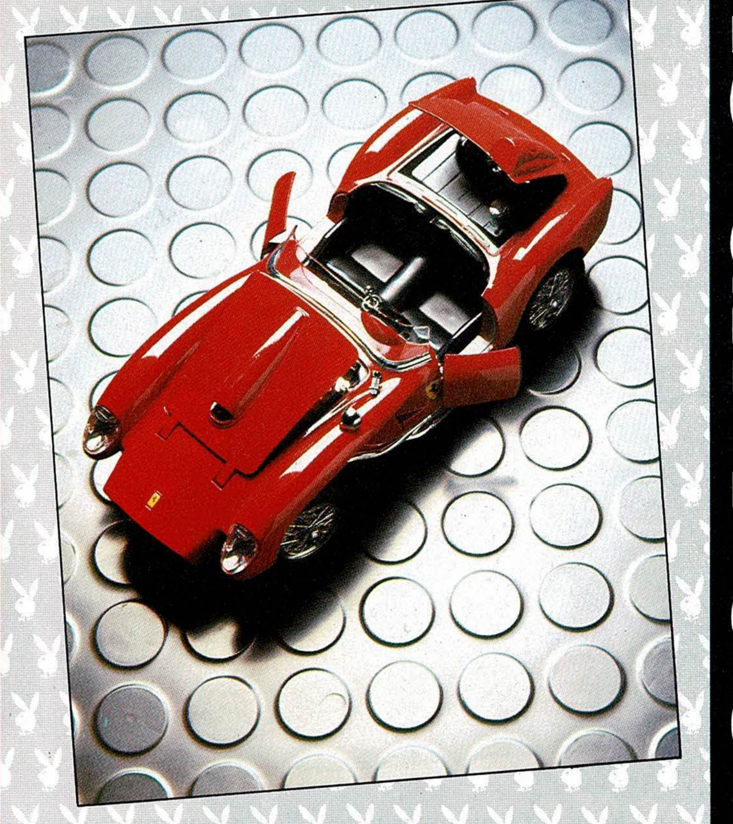
mint tree soap
clove soap
oil of love



It would be wonderful to find a big one in your Christmas stocking but how about settling for a miniature model? This 1957 Ferrari 250 Testa Rossa by Burago (scale 1:18) is just one example of the large range of model cars available from Model Cars Australia, Pitt Street, Sydney.

PLAYBOY'S XMAS GIFT GUIDE

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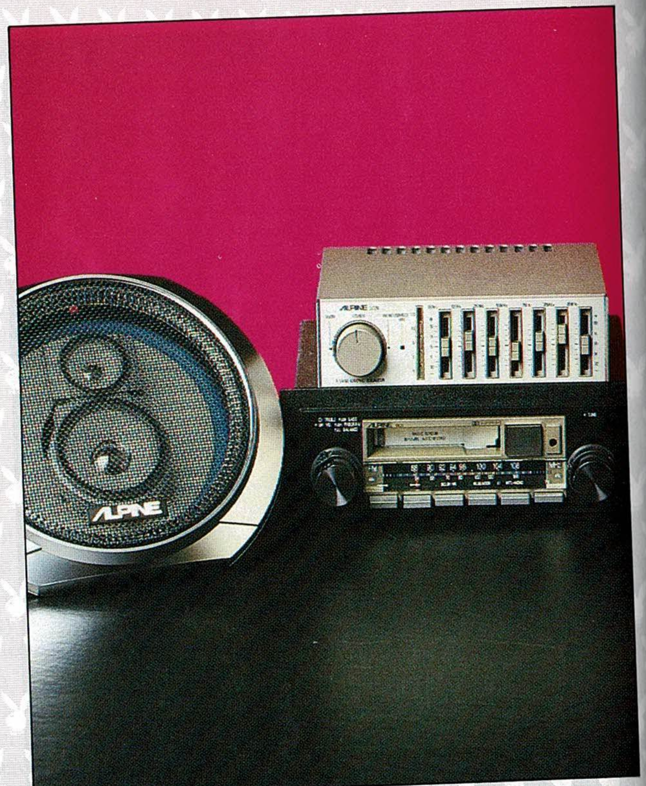
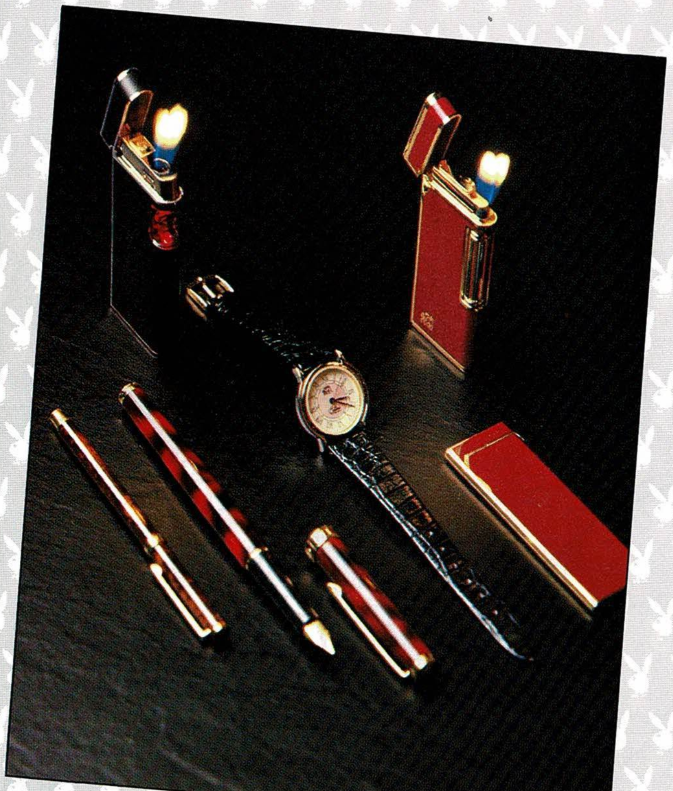


Alpine is playing a leading role in satisfying the demand for better sound and more convenience in car audio. Alpine believes that automobiles and audio go together and offers components that are futuristic in sound, shape and operation. Sound out any leading hi-fi outlet and look for the Alpine stamp of quality.



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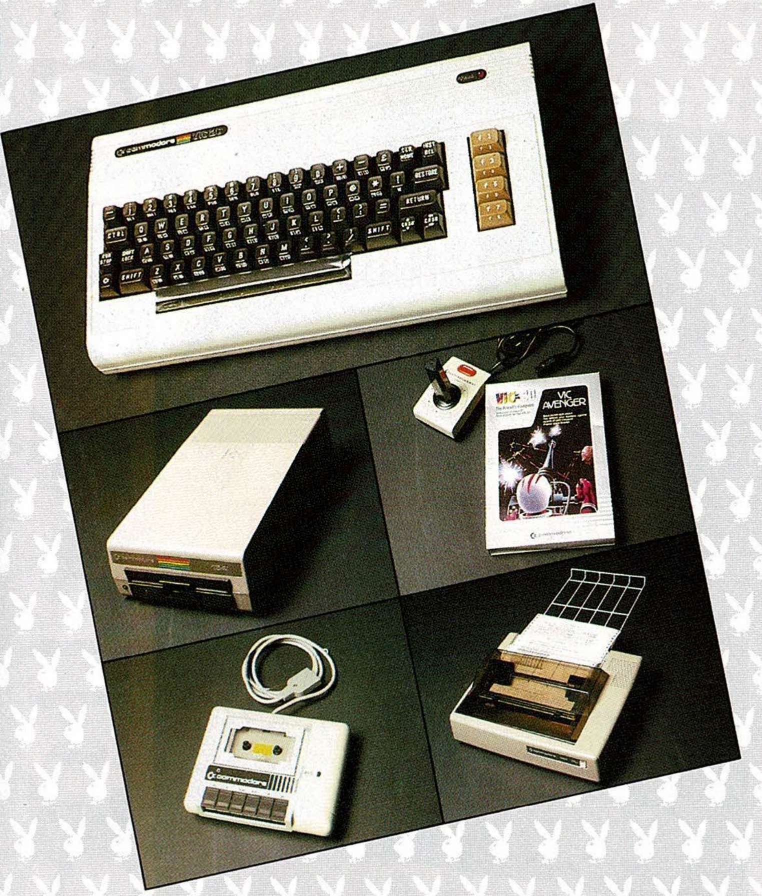
It's the party season again and what better time than now to invest in a bar fridge. Pacific's Compact 140-litre bar refrigerator has push-button defrost, loads of shelf space, generous fast freeze ice cube freezer and laminated top for extra work surface. $249.

PLAYBOY'S XMAS GIFT GUIDE



Commodore's VIC-20 home computer is just the shot for those who want something more than a mere video game without paying big league computer prices. A byte-sized $299 at major outlets. Accessories optional.

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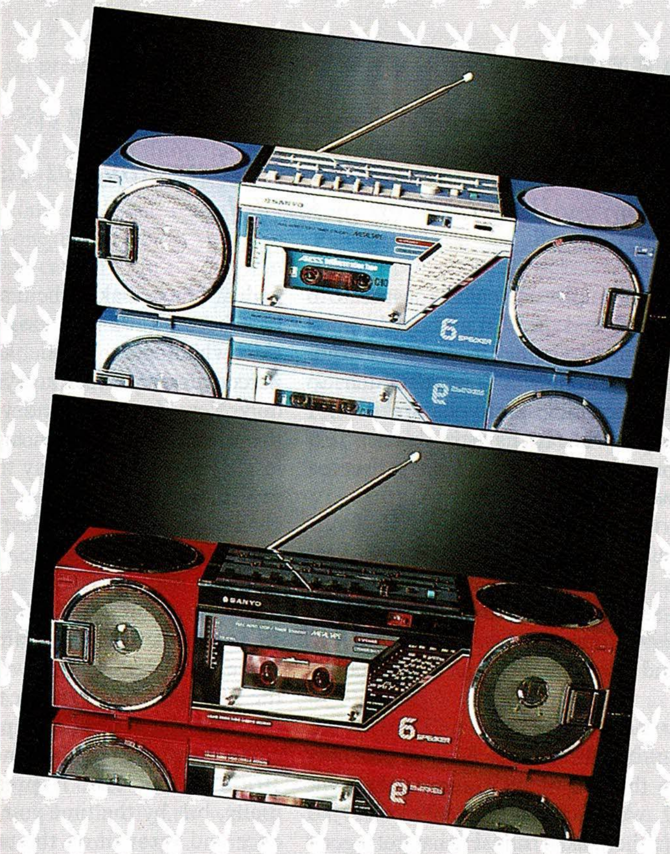
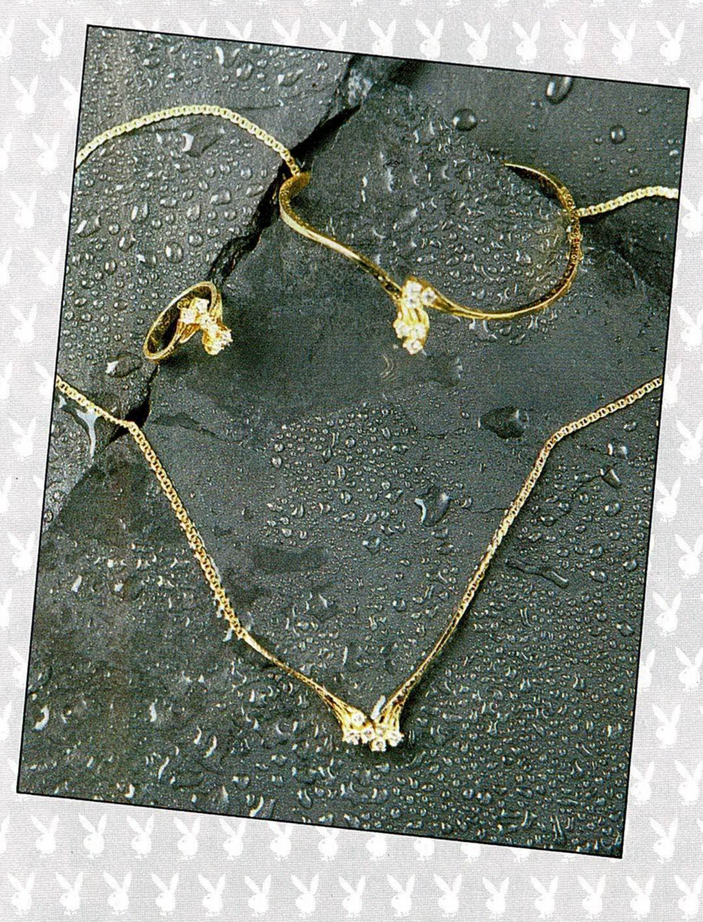
In today's fast-paced world there are very few Scotch whiskies that are produced to the demands of Scottish tradition. One of the rare exceptions is Glenfiddich Pure Malt, a 100 percent pure malt whisky regarded by many as the finest single malt the Highlands has to offer. Glenfiddich — the essence of the pure malt tradition.

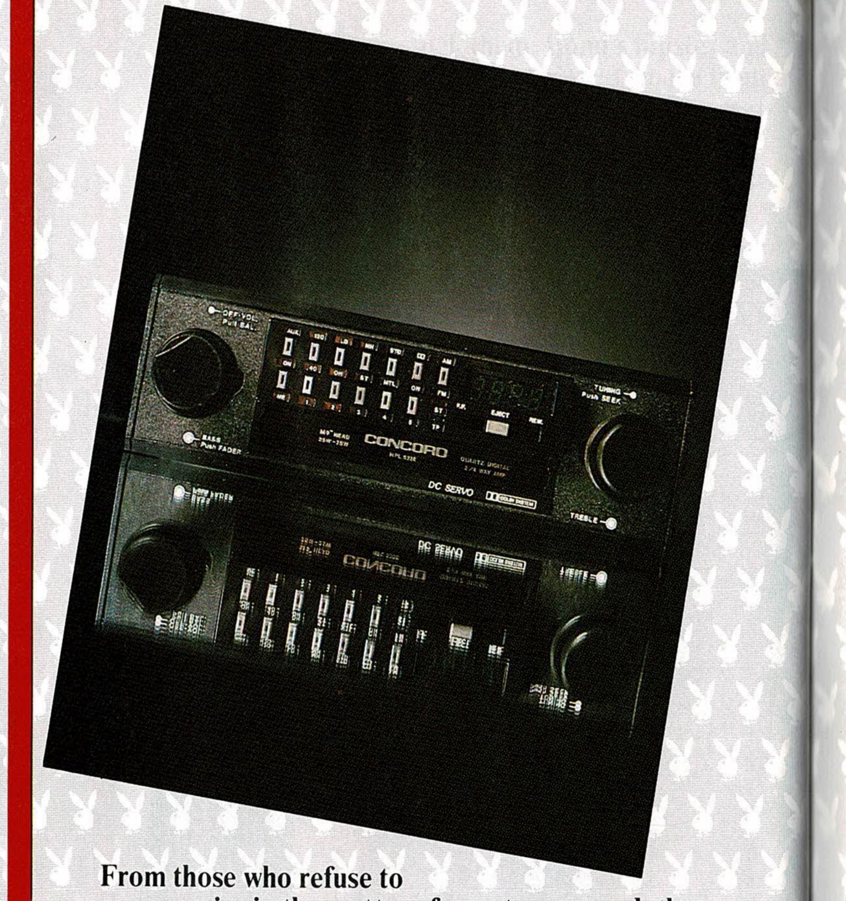
Sailboarding is Australia's new boom sport and Alfa Romeo presents this top-of-the-line model to woo you into the water. The sailboard is fully imported and retails for $1450. Check it out at dealers in the Alfa Romeo network or contact Alfa Romeo direct at PO Box 197, Matraville, 2036.



Sanyo presents the mini, slim line M7740K stereo cassette recorder. This good-looking model features MW/SW1/SW2/FM system and two-way six-speaker capacity. Available in silver, black, white, red, blue and pink. Sanyo for sensational sound.

A dazzling matched set of hand-crafted diamond jewellery from Cerrone Jewellers, Leichhardt, Sydney. Yellow gold dress ring set with six diamonds ($975); matching bangle ($1800) and necklace ($1250).





From those who refuse to compromise in the matter of car stereo sound, the obvious choice is Concord. The HPL532 is Concord's top-of-the-range model, a technically innovative and designed unit offering the ultimate in automobile hi-fi. Available from superior stockists nationwide.

The Hyde Park Club is Sydney's most luxurious health club, offering Australia's largest and most complete range of Nautilus fitness equipment. The club looks after your health while you enjoy its superb facilities. "Where a body goes first class." For further details call (02) 267 3255.

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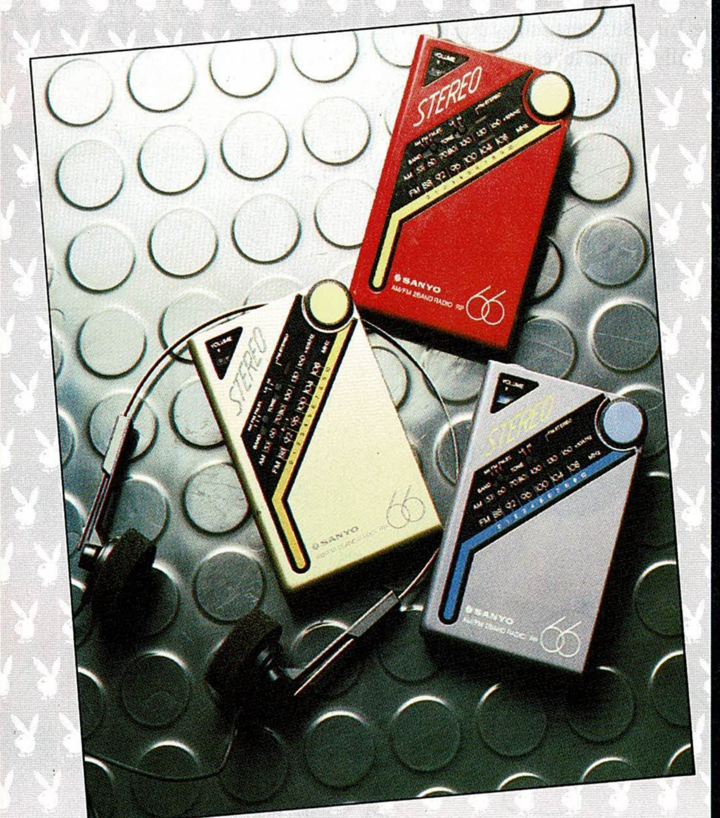


Sanyo's new portable stereo radio is a real winner. It's the RP66, a super-slim AM/FM model with lightweight, foam-cushioned stereo headphones and LED FM stereo indicator. Choose from silver, red or gold and enjoy the ultimate in personal and portable stereo sound.

DAVID HOOKES

(continued from page 42)

There are very few people that put their name on the line like a bloke who walks out to bat or bowl does.

crashes into umpires when he's desperate to get the ball and field it. They dropped Gavaskar for two games in the World Cup because his fielding wasn't up to scratch. So they are becoming pretty competitive. I think they will always have trouble in a Test series outside their own country because they haven't got fast bowlers.

PLAYBOY: What about New Zealand? Howarth must be coming to the end of his career.

HOOKES: Yes, I think that Howarth will probably want to play for another couple of years and then hand it over to somebody else.

PLAYBOY: Hadlee?

HOOKES: No, I think Hadlee will probably come to the end of his career at the same time. I would think someone like Jeff Crowe, if he makes runs. He has got a good record as far as the scoreboard is concerned and he came to South Australia, had five years here and was a major contributor on the ground when I was captain in the last year. His knowledge of the game is excellent, so he will make runs.

PLAYBOY: The New Zealanders don't seem to go to water like the Australians. Why is the Australian team so temperamental?

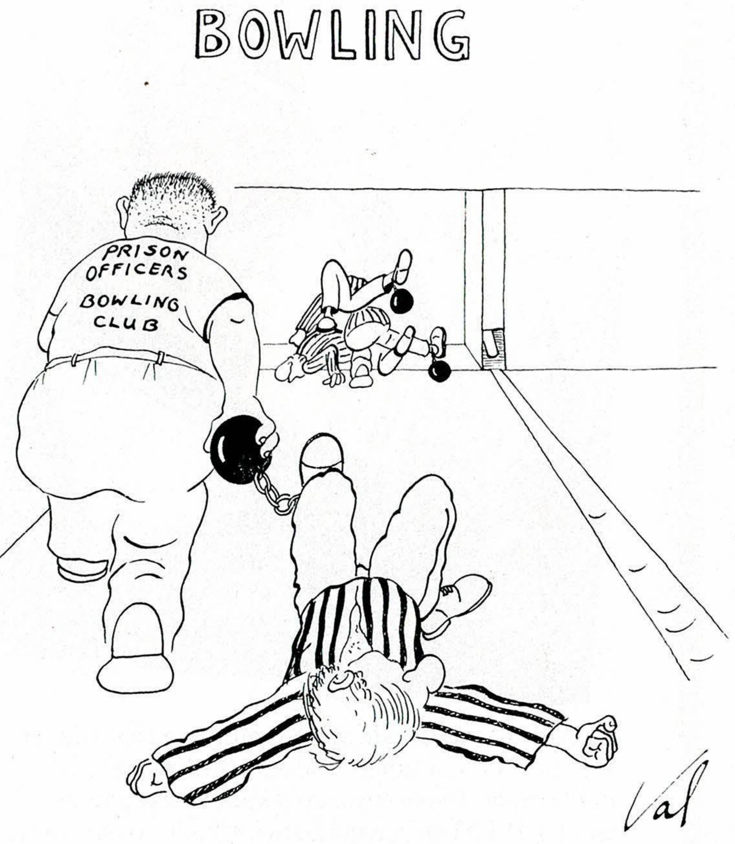
HOOKES: I think we are overcoming it a little bit. But certainly the NZ team plays basically at one level now. They're a bit like India, which makes them very difficult to beat because it's very easy to go against a side which goes at one level and be 10 percent down yourself and you say, "Oh, it's only New Zealand," and you struggle for the whole day to get on top and then you lose. Whereas if you play the West Indies, you're always at your peak. So you have a chance of beating the West Indies, even if they make a lot of runs, because you are mentally and physically geared to playing that way.

PLAYBOY: Before we examine the Australian team, let's look at what happened in the World Cup. What's the team reaction to the flack you get from the press for hot and cold efforts such as that one?

HOOKES: You take it pretty heavily initially, but by the time you read the article once and throw it on the table, you forget about it. I think most of the Australian players are pretty good in their reactions to press comments.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the Australian cricket team gets fair and just treatment from the Australian press?

HOOKES: Generally, over a series, I think we do. We certainly did last summer. We played well in the first three one-dayers, we played very poorly the next three and the press wrote it that way.



PLAYBOY: Okay, let's look at the composition of the Australian team, as it is and as it is likely to be over the next couple of seasons. Quite a few players are coming to the end of their careers. What do you see as the initial outcome of these retirements?

HOOKES: The bonus of Australian cricket is that because we play so much one day cricket, younger players can have a taste of international cricket before they have to play Test matches. Take Steve Smith for example. He got 100 in one day; he played pretty well in the three one day games he played, then his transition to Test matches won't be so great. But that's a bit of a bonus for younger players at the moment. We've got a pretty good crop of youngsters.

PLAYBOY: Two of the backbones of the Test team, Marsh and Lillee, must be nearing the end of their careers. Everybody has speculated on how many seasons Dennis has got left. Who are the logical replacements for these players?

HOOKES: Well, I wouldn't think that Marsh would retire for a while yet.

PLAYBOY: You think he has a few seasons left?

HOOKES: Well, this is Rod's benefit year. I don't think he would like to play the benefit year and then give it away. He is certainly fit enough. His batting came of age again in England. He played very, very well. His keeping, well, I can't remember the last time he dropped a catch or missed a stumping. He is just keeping so very well. As far as Dennis is concerned, when you lose fast bowlers you really feel the pinch. England had nothing, but now they have Cowans, they have two very fast bowlers. It's just trying to get that consistency of line and length, getting wickets. It's unusual in Test matches when one bloke gets five wickets that the other blokes don't get a snick. Lawson and Hoggy are going to have to be firing. Hoggy is so very fit and strong now that he has certainly got another couple of years left in first class cricket.

PLAYBOY: Who will be the focal point of the attack — Lawson?

HOOKES: Oh, I think Lawson and Hogg are pretty similar sorts of bowlers, as far as ability is concerned.

PLAYBOY: Has Lawson got that demon ability?

HOOKES: Yeah. He goes off the deep end occasionally. He's a very good competitor and he's very strong. He has certainly got a demon attitude inside him. He can be a pretty fine bowler in seven or eight years, I think.

PLAYBOY: Who's the fiercest bowler you have ever faced?

HOOKES: Holding or Thommo, because they are the fastest. But Thommo hasn't got the line or length or control that Holding's got, so you don't know where he is going to bowl. He doesn't know where he's going to bowl, so if *he* doesn't know, there's no chance the batsman is going to know! When you first walk in to bat, there's no way you want to face Thomson, you'd prefer to face Lillee. You know Dennis is going to bowl on middle or off stump and you are going to have to play six out of 10.

PLAYBOY: Speaking as a captain, do you see great differences in strategy between the one day game and the Test?

HOOKES: There is greater emphasis on fielding in one-dayers. We won the series here last year because I think we are just starting to learn about one day cricket as far as the batsmen are concerned. You do not have to hit the ball in the air. We would face 35 overs and then think we'd have to slog the next 15. You don't have to do that because a batsman is going to score much more frequently than a tail-ender at any stage of the innings — the first over or the 49th. We are learning that you have to stay in there as batsmen.

PLAYBOY: As far as the crowd is concerned, that's probably an element of the game they wish hadn't happened. The last 10 overs are the charge.

HOOKES: Well, as far as the crowd is concerned, you should just play a 20 over game, 10 overs each! It's a normal cricket match these days. I think you start slogging at the end because hitting a six is just as exciting as dropping the ball at your feet and running.

The trend is changing. In one day cricket, you will see slogging in the first 15 overs now instead of the last 10. I think you will find the sides exploring their circles. You will see your Bothams, Borders and Hadlees opening.

PLAYBOY: Do you prefer to play Test or one day cricket?

HOOKES: I enjoy one day cricket, I get a lot of enjoyment out of it, but I think the only test as a player is a five Test series. As far as the batsman is concerned, you really can't fail very often in one day cricket. If you go in the fifth over, you can fail, but if you go in the 42nd over, and you have a go and you get out, well you haven't really failed because you haven't had an opportunity to do anything else. Whereas in Test matches, it's success or failure every time you go to bat.

PLAYBOY: Do you enjoy the perks of being a cricket star?

HOOKES: I don't know what you define as "star" but there are pluses and minuses. I suppose the pluses are probably related to your own town. You have got the ability to go to places without going through the normal sorts of avenues. It has got some minuses as well. Autographs are a bit of a nuisance; not so much the signing of them, but the way some people ask.

PLAYBOY: The phenomenon of cricket groupies has grown since World Series Cricket. Is there a horde of girls waiting outside the dressing room after, say, a night match in Sydney?

HOOKES: I don't think so. Television has made players more recognisable. And the people you are talking about are normally 13 and 14-year-old girls who might have a crush on Jeff Thomson or whoever and they come up with 35 photos of Jeff for him to sign. But no, I wouldn't class them as groupies.

PLAYBOY: That doesn't happen in cricket?

HOOKES: No, not in my eyes.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

HOOKES: I am a poof, that's why [laughs].

PLAYBOY: Is it a fully satisfying career being a professional cricketer?

HOOKES: The mental strain of succeeding is very demanding. There are very few people in the community that put their name on the line like a bloke who walks out to bat or a bloke who walks out to bowl does. If you can get through that particular problem, it's rewarding.

PLAYBOY: Apart from being involved with a gymnasium, you are also in TV.

HOOKES: The gym is the one thing that we started with the World Series. We have now got three Lifestyle gyms. The media involvement is with Channel Nine, as a sports presenter on weekdays. I am also involved with radio and writing as well as the State Government Insurance Commission, where I work in the publicity and marketing department.

PLAYBOY: Do you see a future for yourself as an insurance salesman after cricket?

HOOKES: No, I don't think so. But that doesn't mean that I don't see a future in the Commission itself. The Commission is not just selling insurance of course, so I am looking forward to my appointment there.

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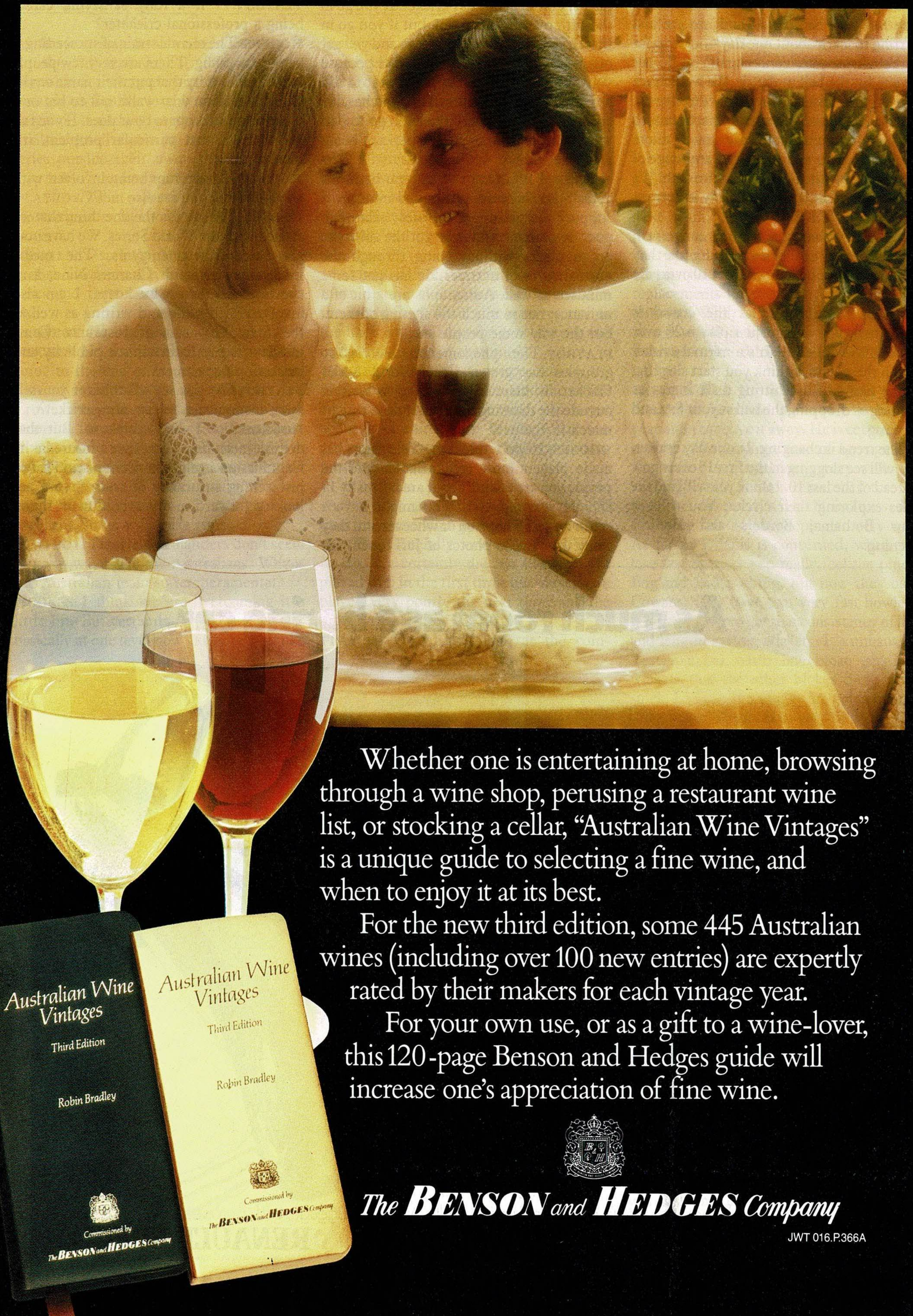

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ROCK'N'ROLL

(continued from page 67)

We've been together 12 years and we still shuffle the line between democracy and anarchy at every gig.

night talk-show host. Letterman was a pimply-faced joker who quickly got himself thrown out of the band for acting up. Gabby liked music but found the discipline of the marching band too juvenile, too humorless. He liked Letterman and decided that he had made the right move. Gabby was the next to quit.

He's a civil engineer now, and he just finished building a solar home for himself and his wife near Grand Rapids, Michigan. A thrifty, soft-spoken and resourceful man, he dug the entire basement for the house by hand. The Del-Crustaceans mean a great deal to him. He drinks beer onstage, as much as he wants, and as he drives in for the gigs, he feels all over again the rush and the orneriness that you could never let out in a marching band.

Rock promotes — almost demands — a certain arrogance of its practitioners. Pete Townshend says he dreads going on tour now because of the ludicrous punk rage it brings out in him. At 38, he wants to grow up. It is a dilemma. We once got into a fistfight with some people only minutes after one of them had given us our cheque for playing at their party that night. It had been a great gig — outdoors by a swimming pool at a day camp in the country — and I can't begin to remember what the fight was about. Rock'n'roll orneriness, no doubt.

But the point here is that our band adapts. We don't have a manager calling the shots. We've been together 12 years and we still shuffle the line between democracy and anarchy at every gig, fighting over every song, every ending, every volume control. Often, it must be clear to the audience that we don't know what we're doing. Mike once took his piano and his organ and set up in the wrong city because he forgot where we were playing. We've nearly killed one another by plugging things in where they don't belong. Bo once sang a blues duet on his knees with his arm around a drunken midget at a high school reunion in Benton Harbor, Michigan, causing Berler, a closet moralist, to leave the stage in towering, unfeigned disgust.

But we've still got enthusiasm. And it has to be because we've built around what we've got. I've even come to accept Berler's lunatic gyrations, knowing that in our most embarrassing moments — when Jack passes out and falls under his drums, as he did during one Christmas gig, or when Mike "hyperspaces" and can't remember how to play the piano and just sits and looks at his hands, or when I trip over my cord and pull all the crap out of my amp, sending out mutilated-animal screeches — Berler will still be the foil, the point man, the guy people watch in disbelief. Among other things, playing in a band has taught me the value in life of people who don't get embarrassed.

Something else: we don't fire members. Once you're a Del-Crustacean, you're a Del-Crustacean forever, unless you leave. Bo and Pablo both left. So did a couple of drummers we had before Jack joined, 10 years ago.

A lack of talent means nothing. Lord, Pablo was bad enough that he should have been banned from electrified objects for life. But he left because he wanted to, not because he was asked to. I am a wretched guitar player, with two football-damaged fingers on my left hand that will always prevent me from playing decently, even if I were skilled enough to learn how. Mike is marginal. So are P.J. and Berler. Gabby's okay. Jack though, is good, a pro. He used to drum on the TV show *Hee Haw* and once backed up Bob Hope in a joke-telling session. Drew is good, too. He was in eight bands before he joined the Del-Crustaceans. But it doesn't matter. We formed our group to have good times and be buddies. You can't do that when you purge people.

Five years ago, we even decided that if a band member left Chicago, he would remain a Del-Crustacean. Drew lives in Boston now. Mike and P.J. live in New York City, Gabby in Michigan. For a time a couple of years ago, Berler lived in Cincinnati and I lived in Florida. We flew in for gigs then; P.J. and Drew and Mike fly in now. Gabby drives. Transportation expenses come off the top of the band's pay cheques. Of course, we don't take home any money these days — sometimes we even lose. But that's something else we decided long ago — to keep it going, we'll play for nothing, or less.

We try to get $1200 a gig now, a whole lot of money for a bar band. But that's our break-even point, assuming we don't destroy any equipment or have any major disasters such as the basement flood that ruined a lot of our stuff a couple of years ago. Berler estimates that since the beginning, the band has grossed more than $125,000. It's funny to think that all that cash has circulated in our name without ever really gracing our pockets.

We play once or twice a month now, at big private parties and selected bars around Chicago. And that's pretty much the way we want it. We have roadies — college kids who think we're great — because we don't want to carry equipment anymore. You move a 125-pound speaker up three flights of steps in a narrow hotel stairway one time

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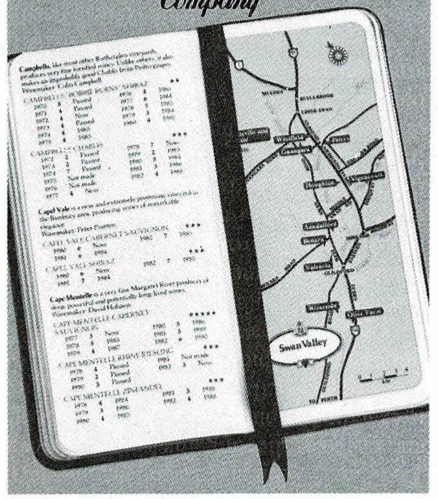

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Tubby's was an old dance hall and bar overlooking Lake Superior outside the mining-and-lumber town of Ontonagon in Michigan's Upper Peninsula. Tubby himself was a shovel-nosed reformed-alcoholic son of a bitch with a Pacemaker in his chest and a drooling German shepherd behind the bar. I say "was" because both Tubby and the dog are dead now, and the building is gone, having burned down under suspicious conditions not long after Tubby's demise. While he was alive and on the wagon, Tubby hated everything, especially everything young. But somehow, while I was up North fishing in the fall of 1974, I managed to talk him into hiring the Del-Crustaceans to play five nights between Christmas and New Year 1975 — our first road trip ever.

Jack and his crew arrived minutes before we had to go on, with a rental car and a mechanic's estimate guaranteeing that he would personally lose about $1000 on the tour. But the skiers and the snow-mobilers and the sons and the daughters of copper miners and lumberjacks were already arriving, and we really let it out that night.

They ate us up — "come hear the Big Band from Chicago," read an ad in the *Ontonagon Herald* the next day. And it was nice — playing cribbage all day in the Dry Dock Bar with old Finns, taking saunas and flogging one another with hemlock branches after rolling in snowdrifts, drinking ourselves insane every afternoon. Berler got a groupie on the third night, a frail thing from Minnesota with skin so preternaturally translucent she seemed almost back-lit. We dubbed her the Foetus, and when Berler brought her back to the hotel where we were staying, we gave him holy hell for it, as must be the case whenever somebody in a band tries to flaunt something.

Being the front man, Berler naturally gets more groupies than the rest of us — which is not to say there have been a lot of groupies in Del-Crustacean history. Five, maybe six girls in all who've actually come up and implied that they needed sex with a musician. A lot, of course, is tease.

On another holiday tour — this one in Key West, Florida — a lush, tanned co-ed marched up to Berler and effectively gagged him with a 10-second tongue-to-tonsils thrust in mid-song. She then disappeared and never came back. That same night, Berler thought he had it made with another beauty at the bar. Five minutes later, yet another tube-topped honey approached and, in a voice tingling with viciousness, said to him, "I want my *stool* back and I want my *woman* back." When we were done playing that night, the band went to another bar and Berler asked still another beauty queen to dance. That one turned out to be a guy. Mind-blown, Berler danced with him anyway. Dykes and fags — rock'n'roll hazards in Key West.

But in Ontonagon, we felt like the genuine articles. On our last night, a blizzard hit. As we drove over the Ontonagon River bridge back into town from Tubby's, I put my car into a slide that carried us silently down the centre of the main street, revolving through the swirl like a slow moving puck. It was 3 am, and there was nobody anywhere except a county cop in a patrol car. He pulled us over and asked what the hell was going on.

"Officer," I said with what seemed like total clarity, "I'm sorry, but I'm in a band and I've never seen so much snow."

The cop let us go; he might have sensed what was happening to us there in the night. Surely, he could see all the guitars and gourds and patch cords and dirty T-shirts in the back, and he might have felt the transcendence of our mood. It was something like this: as our car had circled and the snow had billowed, I remember realising for the first time — I'm here with my best friends in the world.

●

We're playing tonight. I'm getting fidgety, cranked up. I'm thinking about the shape of the dance floor in the party room and whether or not we'll get free drinks. I may as well leave my desk now, because I'm useless here. Drew gets in on United at 6.45. Mike and P.J. got in an hour ago. They're over at Berler's apartment. I know because Berler called a few minutes ago, insane.

Gabby right now is driving east on I 94 with his truck that says DEL-CRUSTACEANS ROCK STARS on the side, the one he uses to haul lumber and fishing gear back home.

We'll all meet backstage, like we've done 500 times before, and we'll shake hands and hug and ask one another about our wives and girlfriends and businesses. Everybody will have a little less hair or be a little greyer or paunchier or shorter or something, and there will be the usual jokes about old age.

Each of us has another life, but we have this one, too. Our men's club, our inner circle. There are a million good musicians out there, maybe 10,000,000, and I envy them all. But we've got a band, and that's what counts. In about three hours, we'll be prancing in our red shorts, whipping a party into line, ecstatic. It's hard to explain. Jimi Hendrix is gone, and so are Joplin and Holly and even old John Lennon. Maybe, in some small way, the Del-Crustaceans are part of what rock'n'roll has drummed up to fill that void. Or maybe we're just ageing kids who don't understand the phrase "graceful exit". Who knows? I just hope P.J. wears his new T-shirt tonight, the one that says FUCK ART LET'S DANCE.

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MOVING TARGET

playboy focuses on the ultimate mobile life insurance policy

IN THE MOVIE *First Blood,* Sylvester Stallone cut the roof out of a building with an M60 machine gun to lead-fill the hick-town lynching sheriff who was gunning for him. Now if the sheriff had packed one of these Mercs, he could have stared straight into the flash of Stallone's barking piece and thumbed his nose as he drove him into the ground. For this ordinary-looking 500SEL Mercedes is not what it seems. It's bullet-proof — and not just against pea-shooters and BB guns, either. It has the armor to defeat the most powerful rifles and hand-guns

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available in the world, and most of them at point-blank range.

It can also fight back. It humps two 7.62 calibre machine guns in the grille, button-fired from the dash like a WWII Messerschmidt. There are gunports in the doors through which an automatic rifle can be jabbed to spray assailants to the sides of the vehicle; it can launch grenades (or Agent Orange or teargas or anything else if required), and it can spread a smoke-screen or oilslick in an instant.

It can sniff out and destroy explosives intended to disable it, it can communicate in code with a base tens of thousands of kilometres distant and it can survive direct hits to virtually any of its vulnerable nerve-centres and still decamp the attack zone with speed and agility. And it can impart a sense of security to its occupants that is unsurpassed by any other "ballistics defeat" automobile in the world. One of the primary objects of this type of vehicle is to make it so impenetrable that assailants will look elsewhere for a victim, so for the powerbrokers of the world, it represents a mobile life insurance policy.

With all lights doused to aid getaway, the driver wears light intensifying glasses to create daylight conditions at night.

The premium is stiff — from $200,000 to as much as a million (depending on the level of onboard monitoring and surveillance equipment specified) — but to the heads it protects, the investment represents mere petty cash.

This machine is a mobile terrorist and weapons defeat system as sophisticated as the *Columbia*. Using aerospace materials in its construction, it is designed to repel the most accurate and comprehensive attack that might be launched. This vehicle was specified by Professional Protection Systems (PPS), a Hong Kong-based company servicing an area from South-East Asia to Africa.

It started life as a standard black Mercedes 500SEL and was airlifted to the US where the armor and equipment were installed by the leading specialist there.

Some three months and 600kg of extra equipment later, the machine was flown into Hong Kong for "processing" to an undisclosed destination in the Middle East.

I flew to Hong Kong to crawl all over it, analyse its armor and assault systems and drive it. It was a unique opportunity — normally armed guards supplied by the "customer" keep a 24-hour-a-day watch on the vehicle from start of construction to delivery. It prevents unwanted "bugs" getting in the metalwork.

Not that the story on this vehicle was wide open. Three days later it was winched onto an unmarked junk which disappeared in the swirling 3am mists of Hong Kong harbor. I understood it would rendezvous with a west-bound merchantman. I still don't know where.

The PPS Merc is equipped with five basic anti-terrorist systems: anti-sabotage package; attack defeat system; fight-back equipment; getaway kit; and communications base. To be functional and effective, these systems need to be integrated into the original vehicle with minimum effect on exterior appearance and interior comfort, and without interfering with the vehicle's optimum road-holding and performance capability. In fact, this mobile fortress is vastly more comfortable and better equipped than the standard car. There's full leather interior, cocktail cabinet, refrigerator, phone and glass wall room divider. The vehicle can also be stretched (by 30in or so) to accommodate boardroom-style inward-facing seats and make even more room for luxuries and equipment like TVs, videos and dictating machines.

All this is window-dressing. The crux of the business is the grisly process of sabotaging the saboteur, and it begins with the car. All the protective armor in the world is as useless as a papier mache body if the bomb is already on the inside, so the car has remote-control starting. A small hand-held gadget will get the engine to tick over at a range of anything up to 400 feet, which should be well out of the range of even the most lethal gelignite enema. Then there are hoods and there are sneaky hoods, and PPS recognises that not all the vehicle nobblers around will patch the concealed car-bomb up to the starter. So they've thoughtfully provided a bomb sniffer that detects the aroma given off by any explosive. The chauffeur or bodyguard simply cases the exterior of the car to make sure there is no unwelcome package aboard.

In even the best neighborhoods there are little grubs known as car thieves cruising about. PPS thoughtfully allowed for this with a vehicle tracking system. This is also useful in the unlikely event of a completely successful hijack of the vehicle and its personnel by a boarding party. The vehicle bleats a distress signal on the international emergency frequency of 121.5 MHz and this can be activated by impact from a missile or manually by a concealed switch inside the cabin. Range is up to 400km (more if required) so the thief/hijacker is always within surveillance access. There's also a boot interior lock for any unwilling hostage stored there by the attackers.

Ever since JFK was wasted in an open car in Dallas, the powerbrokers of the world have gone indoors when they go outdoors. Unfortunately, production steel and glass is only good for deflecting air-rifles and a terrorist with a big score in mind will head straight for the top shelf of the armory if he has his sights set on a worthwhile quarry.

The PPS vehicle is designed to withstand two weapon systems — large calibre handguns and high-powered automatic rifles, including machine guns. When a personnel carrier of this nature is crawling the streets in, say, a vulnerable "parade position", it is likely to be assailed by two different methods. Method one is by a close-range terrorist firing point-blank with a high-powered handgun like a .357 Magnum or .45 automatic. This charming character will have selected this weapon because it is easily concealed and compact for use at close range. Method two is with a high-powered rifle. Frequently hidden on a rooftop or balcony overlooking the parade, the operator is using accurate telescopic sighting. This weapon will most likely be

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automatic or semi-automatic to allow the operator to blanket the target zone with a scatter attack.

Apart from the comprehensive range of sport-automatics available, the terrorist could be expected to have access to weapons like the M16 rifle (5.56mm — 0.223in. calibre) which is capable of unleashing a round (bullet) at a muzzle velocity of 970.8m/sec with a conventionally-packed cartridge. In between these two lies the possibility of an assault at medium to close range by a fully-automatic weapon like an AK47, M16, 7.62 NATO or the M60 that Stallone used in *First Blood*.

The PPS Mercedes will defeat all of these weapons within specified ranges roughly equivalent to the distance at which their ammunition reaches its maximum effective velocity. The claimed defeat capability is for all NATO and Eastern Bloc rifles outside a perimeter of 60m and hand-guns (plus the UZI machine gun) outside a perimeter of four metres. To tap into the jargon, this allows for standard ball rounds (not those specially packed, or banned by the Geneva Convention) with a velocity spread of plus/minus eight percent of specification.

You can credit space research with the development of the most fascinating ballistic defeat materials in this vehicle. The most impressive are the Goodyear Aerospace "transparencies" for the windows. Employing soda-lime glass with Goodyear 72-12 or 73-30 polycarbonate interlayers and backface sheeting, the Merc's glassware is exactly contoured to the original design. It is so perfectly cast and installed it is impossible to pick from outside the car. Inside, if it's drawn to your attention, you can see a slight distortion near the windscreen perimeters, or you can feel the thickness of the front door glasses between your thumb and finger. Nothing else. Yet the material is so resilient that the missile from the world's highest-powered rifle disintegrates on impact like an asteroid burning up on entry to the earth's atmosphere.

While the passive systems are designed to specified threat levels, this vehicle has hit-back capabilities. Right alongside the driver is a console canopy that can be instantly dashed away with the back of the hand. Precision training is needed to operate the switchgear below in the split seconds that count after an attack. If just two of these switches were thrown in the wrong circumstances, a forest of people could be eliminated. One is for the grenade launchers, and another for the tear-gas canisters. Less sinister devices which can be unleashed from the control module include the blinding lights at the front (450,000 candlepower each) and the black-out or running light control. This immediately douses tail and brake lighting to aid getaway.

Light intensifying glasses are on standby on their dashmount: when strapped on, they allow the vehicle to be driven at midnight in daylight conditions. The cost? A mere $10,500.

Clearing an escape path may also be vital, so the manufacturers have included two AK47 machine guns mounted in the grille. This is one of the very weapons the vehicle protection system is designed to defeat: a lethal little number capable of separating a man from his gizzards at a range of 400m. For this reason, a fail-safe system was necessary to prevent mowing down some poor turkey outside when the chauffeur mistakes the firing button for, say, the cigarette lighter. This is provided for with a manual-load of the first round into the breech and an electric over-ride of the firing mechanism — two positive actions interposed between accidental and intentional operation, but representing only split-seconds to the trained operator.

Clearing an escape path may be vital, so the manufacturers have included two AK47 machine guns mounted in the grille.

Terrorists are not recognised either for their accuracy or economy of ammunition usage, so in any attack, there is a fair chance that the whole vehicle will get a general service from high-velocity lead. This raises the problem of mobility-vulnerable vehicle functions being eliminated, so a fair bit of work has gone into this aspect of the deal. For example, fire extinguishers mounted in the bonnet and boot can be triggered from inside the cabin to extinguish holocausts that may occur in either place. The fuel tank is shielded with its own ballistic resistant glass fibre/Kavlar material but even if that is penetrated, special internal honeycomb fuel cells prevent the build-up of volatile fumes that might cause a "fireball" explosion.

The battery is bullet-proofed, special wiring is installed in armorplate conduit, and remote additional or back-up power systems can be installed. A "confetti" screen of fine-mesh stainless steel over the radiator prevents ticker-tape blocking in parades, and additional cooling is added for guaranteed cool-running in the slowest motorcade. But the *coup de grace* is bullet-proof tyre inserts. Manufactured from polyester elastomer, the "run-flat" solid tyre bolts to the inner rim and is capable of carrying the vehicle at speeds up to 80mph (130km/h) in short bursts.

The use of aerospace materials — particularly the glasswork — has minimised the weight penalty of the ballistics defeat systems. The one-inch thick Goodyear polycarbonate/glass transparencies weigh 11.8lbs/sq ft compared with 15.5lb/sq ft of plastic-acrylic glass which has to be 1¾in. thick to provide the same defeat capabilities (plus visibility loss). This translates into a one-quarter increase in vehicle overall weight, a figure the big Merc is easily able to cope with due to its 231(DIN) bhp engine with 405Nm of torque. Driving the car on steep uphill pinches in full kickdown felt no different from a standard car.

PPS provides for engine performance improvements on any vehicle modified, and this is normally required for lower-power Mercs, Cadillacs, Volvos and sometimes Rollers. Stretched-wheelbase versions also add significantly more weight and frequently require performance improvements. The company is currently studying turbocharged engine kits. Handling is typical Merc with a bit more straight-ahead tendency on really tight corners. Some suspension stiffening has neutralised the weight factor in most other areas, and really high-performance spring/damper conversions are available if required. The extra weight has some useful side benefits — an attack vehicle would find it harder to shift this heavyweight off-line, and the Merc's extra beefcake would help to redirect the flight path of other vehicles.

Apart from the obvious death-dealing hardware located on the special consoles, the cabin is little different to travel in than a standard Mercedes. The safety-belts are lap-only to provide occupants with lateral stability but allow for crouching in an attack. There are extra handgrips for all passengers, although I think I'd rather have these on the floor, and of course, the sinister-looking gunports that enable a sub-machinegun to be fired through the outer doorskin. The ports are protected with heavy armor flaps to prevent missile entry from the outside.

Cabin hardware also includes fire extinguisher, burglar alarm and electronic surveillance and communication equipment. Personal bank vault reserves of the customer define how far this equipment level goes. Two examples of "Future Shock" aerospace-style items: a satellite communication system which employs a decoder/encoder to automatically broadcast telephone-spoken messages in code without delay to any location in the world equipped with the appropriate transceiver; secondly, an explosives scanner that searches the vicinity of the mobile up to a range of 100-plus metres for remote-detonation bomb devices, and is capable of sniffing the microwave link, identifying the "channel" and destroying the device.

The occupants are remote from this technology. The interior of the Merc is disarmingly luxurious, and sumptuously comfortable. The threat of potential attack from outside seems as distant as tomorrow, and if you *have* to live like this, it may just be the only way to travel.

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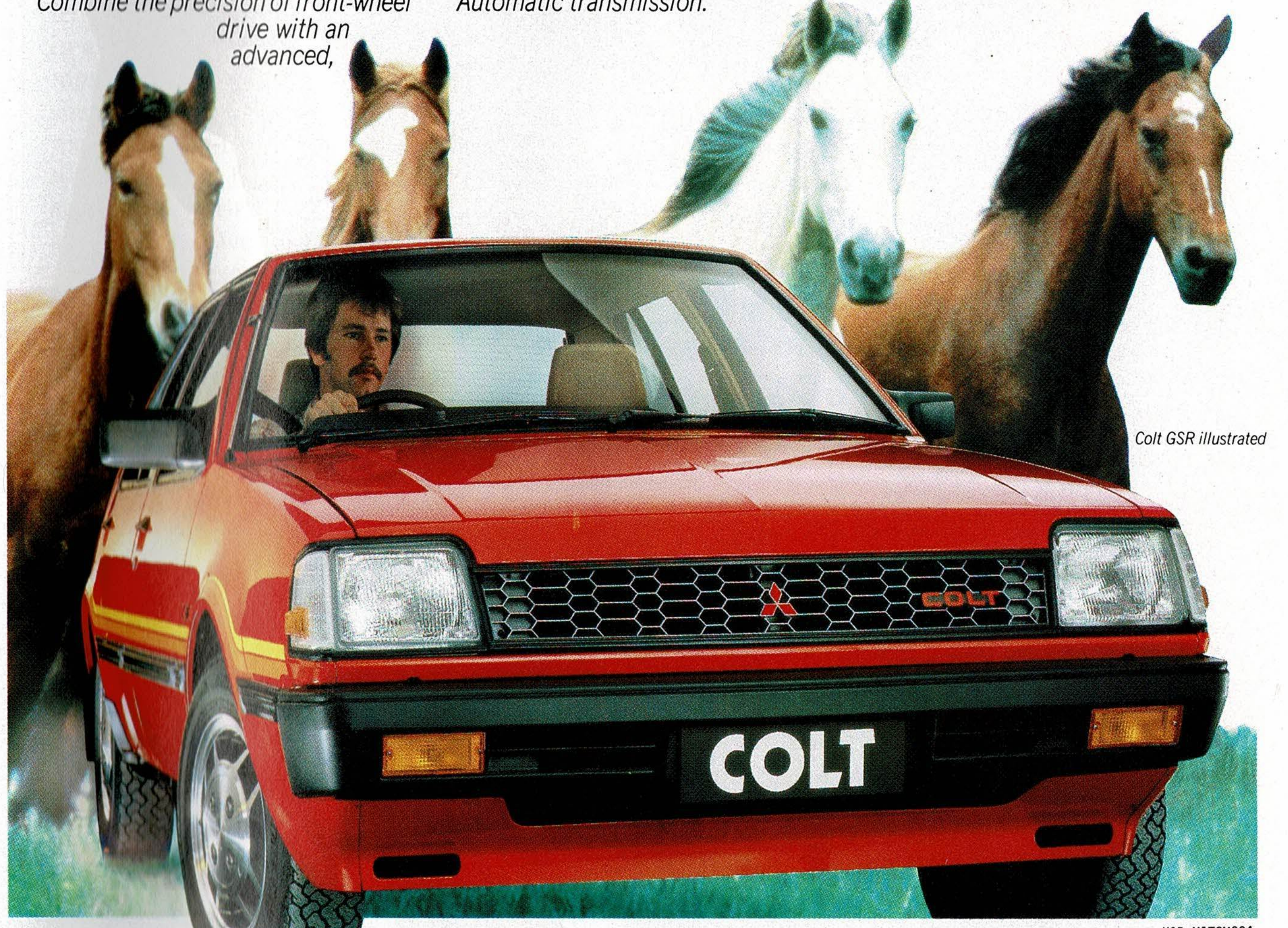

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*Figures for 1.4-litre engine with 'Supershift' in economy mode tested in accordance with AS2077-1979.
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"Gentlemen, You May Smoke."

the lore and lure of selecting a fine cigar

APPROXIMATELY 15 billion cigars are manufactured every year. Of that number, less than two percent constitutes the world's output of premium, hand-rolled cigars. Behind the terms premium and hand-rolled lie a thousand variables that can account for anything from an acceptable smoke to a masterpiece. At the very least, the core, or filler, of a fine cigar must consist of whole leaves laid lengthwise, not chopped and shredded as they are in a cigarette. The binder that surrounds the filler must be natural leaf, not the processed tobacco sheet, made from tobacco pulp, that is found in most machine-made cigars. The outer covering, or wrapper, must be rolled on to the cigar by hand, and it, too, must be of natural leaf, selected for its appearance, flavor and elasticity. Simple enough criteria. Yet, except for the work of a dying breed — one and two-man cigar rollers hidden away on the side streets of some of the world's major cities — that definition excludes most cigars made today.

"By the cigars they smoke and the composers they love," wrote Nobel laureate John Galsworthy, "ye shall know the texture of men's souls." Soulful textures, of course, may be stretching the point a bit, but there is something to be said for selecting your own fine cigar on the basis of informed choice. Properly grounded, the experience of buying a premium cigar can be a pleasant one. With that goal in mind, settle back, light up a cherished cheroot and learn how to pick and choose among the brands of select smokes that are available nationally at better tobacconists.

JUDGING QUALITY

Analogies between fine wine and fine cigars are plentiful. The role of nicotine in a cigar is similar to that of alcohol in wine; the cigar's aroma is like a wine's bouquet. As with wine, there are vintage and non-vintage years for cigars. For the informed smoker, however, vintage-year information is rarely of practical value, because most manufacturers use a blend of two to five years' crops in every cigar. Furthermore, the date of manufacture is hardly ever stamped on the box. A pity.

Nevertheless, there are a number of ways to judge an individual cigar's quality, both before and after purchase and before and after lighting up.

Appearance: A cigar's wrapper should be clean, with a uniform color and an even grain. A smooth, firmly wound wrapper with no loose ends is a thing of beauty and the indicator of an excellent smoke. It should have no tears or cuts that could affect the cigar's draw, and there should be no cracks — a tell-tale sign of past or present dryness. The ribs, or veins, in the wrapper leaf should be small and flexible; even though those components make up one third of the weight of raw leaf, a conscientious *tabaquero* will avoid the "bony" portions of the leaf when cutting the wrapper strip, thereby preventing an irregular burn. There also should be no lumps in the wrapper. A few small spots can be overlooked; they are caused by rain, soil or fertiliser spilled on

article by david abrahamson

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

the leaf. But if the discoloration resembles a wallpaper stain, it may be mould, and should not be ignored.

The cigar's head should be smoothly finished. Constructed with proper care, it will be perfectly symmetrical, with no trace of the rough swirl left by cigar-making machinery. The cigar band should have no excessive glue attaching it to the wrapper, which might tear upon removal of the band. When you're buying by the box, look for a close match of wrapper colors among the cigars. It is also a good idea to inspect the bottom row as well as the top.

Condition: When it is squeezed between thumb and forefinger, a well-cared-for cigar should feel firm but not hard, neither too stiff nor too yielding. It must feel elastic to the touch, springing back to resume its original shape when released. Another way to check on the proper moisture and condition of a cigar is to "listen to the band". Gently roll the cigar between thumb and forefinger, close to your ear. If it's completely silent, it may be too wet; if a crackling sound is produced, it may be too dry. The ideal is a soft, rustling noise, whisper-quiet.

Next, feel along the length of the cigar, looking for knots in the filler that might burn irregularly and injure the cigar's draw. If a small knot is found, it can sometimes be loosened and broken up by rolling the cigar gently between the fingers. As a final part of the inspection ceremony, savor the scent of the unlighted cigar. That is probably the most enjoyable part of selecting a premium cigar, even if it is not a totally reliable guide to quality.

Draw: The draw of a cigar should be moderately easy, but it will vary not only with the density of the filler but also with the shape of the cutting tool used to open the head. If the draw is too difficult, the cigar may not stay lighted; if too easy, it may smoke too hot. That latter consideration is important because the composition of the smoke — and, therefore, its taste — is dependent on the cigar's rate of burn.

Burn: An excellent cigar will form a uniform *anillo de combustion* between the ash and the as-yet-unburned tobacco. This band of combustion may have a slight rise or wrinkle to it, but it must not blister or separate the wrapper. A cigar that commits that crime is said to burn with a lip. It should also burn evenly, without an appendage of ash developing in advance of the main ember. If that occurs, it is the result of either irregularities in the filler or a poor balance between the wrapper and the filler leaf: for example, a very thin wrapper will not burn well in combination with thick, heavy filler tobacco. Overall, a fine cigar will burn slowly and steadily without excessive heat. It should stay lighted if puffed once per minute. And, of course, a well-made cigar will burn completely.

Ash: The correct color for a cigar ash ranges from off-white to dark grey. A white ash is certainly a joy to behold, but it does not indicate a better cigar. On the other hand, avoid any cigars that produce a decidedly brown or black ash, for something is wrong.

When held horizontally, a good cigar should comfortably support a fine one-inch ash, a sign of high-quality binder leaf. An unsightly split in a cigar ash is a sign of a poor filler. When the ash falls or is gently knocked off, it should leave a sharp, glowing point. That indicates uniform density of the cigar's filler, and it's the basis for the widely held aphorism: "The sharper the point, the better the cigar."

GOOD TASTE

The essence of a cigar's sensory reward involves three distinct qualities: strength, aroma and taste. Each provides a different yardstick for the merits of a particular cigar's tobacco.

Strength: Most cigars get stronger as they are smoked. If the increase in strength becomes unpleasant before a cigar is half smoked, the cigar is simply too strong for you.

Aroma: The smoking fragrance of a cigar is a quality crucial to a connoisseur. For most people, subtle shadings of smell elude definition, but it is possible to differentiate between the faint and the assertive, the pungent and the sweet, the straightforward and the alluringly complex. A cigar's aroma is the product of the dry distillation of the leaf's resinous oils immediately aft of the actual ash. Hold a well-lighted cigar three or four inches from your nose, and savor the character of its particular aroma. With a little experience, the aromatic differences among different cigars becomes noticeably apparent.

Taste: This is a highly personal subject, what Mark Twain once called "a matter of suspicion". But a good cigar should taste better or at least remain the same, the longer you smoke it. Analysing taste is a complicated matter. Judging the result of that analysis is even more difficult. More than 685 chemical compounds are known to occur in leaf tobacco and tobacco smoke. What one tastes when smoking — the nicotine, the tars, the alkalinity — is greatly affected by the cigar's burning rate and combustion conditions, the moisture content of the tobacco, the puff length, and so on. In truth, science does not know what makes tasty tobacco tasty.

But perhaps an anecdote about Thomas A. Edison best sums up the question of taste. Edison loved expensive Havana cigars. Tired of uninvited guests helping themselves to his office humidor, he decided to lay in a supply of el cheapo cigars to discourage free-loaders. Time passed, but the bogus cigars never arrived, and Edison's stock of Havanas continued to diminish. When he finally inquired, the matter was traced to his office manager, who dutifully reported that, yes, some unmarked cigars had arrived and that he had, as a matter of course, packed them in the boss's valise prior to his departure for a month in California. "Good Lord," Edison huffed, "I smoked every one of those damned cigars myself!"

A VARIETY OF VITOLAS

Every fine cigar properly has three names: its brand, its shape (which includes its size) and its wrapper color. For example, a particular product of the Dominican Republic is known as the Montecruz Number 210 Double Claro. The last two appellations together are called the cigar's front mark — from the days when they were branded on the front of the cigar box. In Spanish cultures, the size and the shape of an individual cigar are called its *vitola,* a name derived from the Cuban word for a cigar mould.

Constant change has marked the fashion of cigar shapes over the years. First one *vitola* seems to be in favor, then another. For the most part, fine cigars have always tended to be slightly larger than their inexpensive counterparts.

YOU ARE WHAT YOU SMOKE

The choice of a favorite cigar shape is in large part a matter of aesthetics. But once you've picked a width (the technical term for it is ring gauge) you like, simply select the longest version of it that you would feel comfortable carrying, freshly lighted, into your next boardroom meeting. It will be the correct choice.

COLOR AND STRENGTH

No attribute of the cigar is more misunderstood than that of strength. One of the more persistent myths about cigars is that a light-green *Candela* wrapper will not be as strong as, say, a natural wrapper. But it is simply not true. A tobacco leaf's smoking strength — which can and must be differentiated from its taste and its aroma — is a specific sensory property felt in the smoker's throat, as well as on the lips and the tongue and in the rest of the mouth. It is directly related to the tobacco's nicotine content, not to its color. And there is no relationship between tobacco color and nicotine.

Another myth about strength that often interferes with the intelligent choice of a cigar is that a small, thin style will be milder than a large, thick one. Again, remember that strength is based on nicotine content, and the type of leaf is as important as the *amount* of leaf. In fact, because thin cigars are often more tightly packed than their larger brethren, they may seem harsher, because they require a harder draw.

And now, as Edward VIII allegedly announced at the first banquet after the death of his tobaccophobic mother, Queen Victoria: "Gentlemen, you may smoke."

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went along." This is the off-hand way that Pratt describes his decision to leave Australia for America in 1969.

After completing postgraduate work at Stanford, Pratt spent eight years as a computer scientist at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology before returning to Stanford, where he is presently Professor of Computer Science. Like all university staff, Pratt's teaching and research take up most of his time. However, unlike most Australian universities, Stanford permits its staff to engage in outside business and to commercialise the findings of their university research. So, when Pratt and his colleagues designed what they felt was an advanced computer for scientific and engineering applications, it was only natural for them to want to manufacture and market it.

"I remember when I was a student in Australia, there was this universal feeling that anyone setting out in high technology was bound to fail," says Pratt. "There was too little management expertise available. The situation is different here. There are managers with both technical and business expertise. Also, since few people can float a company with their own money, you need people willing to invest millions of dollars to get a high technology company off the ground. Big investors are common here."

Pratt and three other Stanford graduates formed Sun Microsystems to manufacture and sell their computer, the Sun Workstation. Their initial seed money, several hundred thousand dollars, came from two venture capital firms. Once their idea was tested and found workable, the required millions were easily obtained. Sales were brisk almost from the start. Eighteen Sun Workstations went to a film company where they were used to create the special effects seen in Steven Spielberg's film, *ET*. Sun now has about 60 employees and their products are distributed around the world, including Australia. One year after its founding, Sun Microsystems is described by Pratt as a "ten million dollar company" and its principals confidently expect to become millionaires. Pratt is 35 years old.

HIGH-TECH SPIES

Chronic shortages of qualified personnel have resulted in high mobility among Silicon Valley workers. There are so many companies concentrated in Silicon Valley and job switching is so common that according to one manager, "All a guy has to do here if he wants to change jobs, is to drive down the same street in the morning and turn in at a different driveway." Since profit, in the electronics business, depends on being first with a new product, most companies have their employees sign a non-disclosure agreement before they can start work. This legally binding document states that company secrets cannot be divulged to a future employer. Although lawsuits have been brought against former employees for breaching this agreement, in practice, non-disclosure agreements are very difficult to enforce. In many cases, secrets go out the door in the head of an engineer who has worked on a company project.

In addition to companies stealing from one another, foreign spies are also busily stealing the latest electronic products for their countries. The US government does not permit high technology equipment to be exported to communist countries, so many resort to spying. The Soviet consulate in nearby San Francisco is headed by an engineer and former head of the Russian "Committee on Science and Technology". He directs a group of KGB agents (as many as 60, according to experts) whose job is to obtain as much information as they can about Silicon Valley developments.

To counter this effort, the US government maintains a CIA agent in the area as well as a cadre of FBI, and Commerce Department investigators. Even the Santa Clara police force has an espionage division. Despite their efforts, Silicon Valley's secrets quickly find their way into communist hands. The problem, says James Fox of the FBI "is the greed of Americans, some of whom will sell their souls for money."

Actually, it isn't really necessary for the

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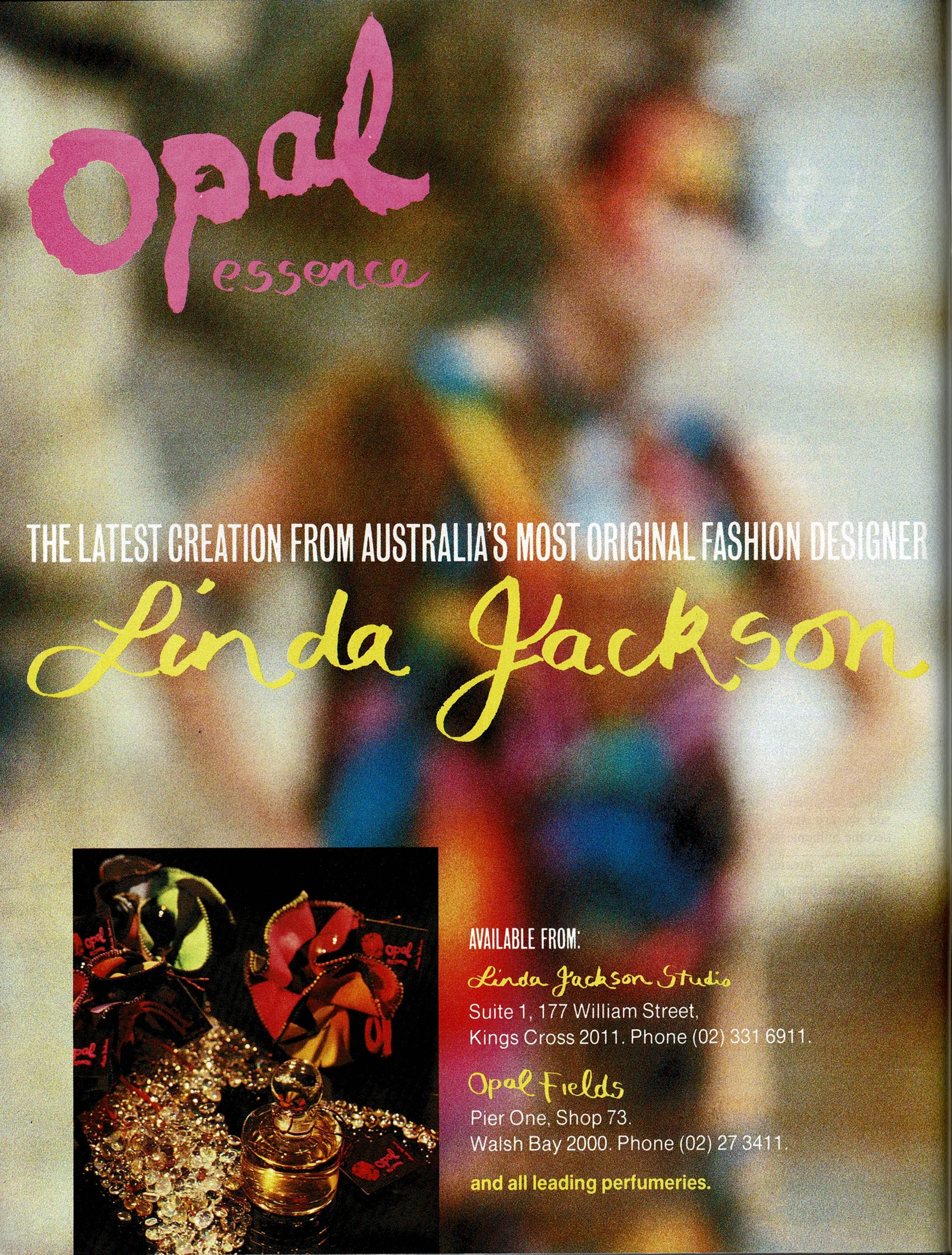
014.P301

THE FRAGRANCE FOR EVERY BEAUTIFUL WOMAN



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Russians to spy on manufacturers. They can save millions of dollars in development costs simply by buying and copying chips. This is called "reverse engineering" in the semiconductor business. Even if the Russians can't buy chips directly from American manufacturers, they can buy them from German or French middlemen. And if they can't get them that way, there is always theft.

In 1979, 10,000 chips worth $1 million were stolen from their manufacturer, Intel. In 1981, in a case that would have pleased any mystery writer, 498,000 chips worth $2.7 million were stolen from a wire mesh room at Monolithic Memories in Sunnyvale. The storeroom was fitted with alarms, motion detectors and closed-circuit TV and guarded by a round-the-clock security force. No wonder police estimate losses of $100 million during the past five years.

Although there is strategic value in being able to copy American advances in microelectronics, from a commercial point of view, it is more helpful to know what a company is planning to do next than what it has already done. This is particularly true for companies operating in the "plug compatible" market. These companies make their money by developing computing equipment that is compatible with other manufacturers' products so that they can be used in place of the original equipment. The idea is to sell equipment that is nearly equivalent to the originals but at a lower cost. In the computer business, most "plug compatibles" are designed to behave like IBM machines.

Despite increased competition, IBM remains the world's largest computer manufacturer. Developing IBM-compatible computers is the main business of a number of companies but the largest are Japanese. The Japanese could find out what is going on inside an IBM computer simply by buying one and doing a little reverse engineering. But this procedure takes time. Meanwhile, IBM has the market all to itself. The ideal situation is to have advance information about IBM products prior to their introduction. The only way to get such information is to steal it.

When a former IBM employee left the company with secret information on a new computer series and went to work for a Silicon Valley firm with Japanese connections, it was only a matter of time before the information found its way to Japan. The Japanese recipients, Hitachi Ltd., are one of the world's largest manufacturers of IBM-compatible equipment. IBM found out about the leak from a Silicon Valley consulting firm that had been asked by Hitachi to obtain further secret information on the project. Naturally, the IBM brass were distressed. IBM spends hundreds of millions on product development and millions more on keeping their secrets secure. The last thing they expected was to find their design plans in the hands of their major competitor.

IBM put their security man Richard A. Callahan, a former FBI agent, on the case. Callahan and the principals of the Silicon Valley consulting firm which had been approached by Hitachi for more information, flew to Japan, where they met with Kenji Hayashi, a senior Hitachi engineer and planner. After verifying that Hitachi did indeed have confidential IBM information they received a request from Hayashi for further IBM secrets. They told Hitachi that although they would be unable to get such information, they knew a company that could.

The company they had in mind was Glenmar Associates of Santa Clara. Although Glenmar appeared to be a legitimate consulting business and its employees all had verifiable employment records at IBM, the company and all of its employees were actually part of an FBI project called PENGEM (for "penetrate the grey electronics market"). Glenmar was established to investigate the smuggling of electronics expertise to Russia but when they learned of Hitachi's activities, they switched the focus to Japanese spies.

Hayashi was invited to meet with "Alex Harrison" (actually FBI agent Alan Garretson) in a Las Vegas hotel. The Japanese

...but here's
a classic exception.

014.P.302
BONDS
GRAND SLAM
THE PENGUIN SHIRT

PLAYBOY’S ABRIDGED DICTIONARY OF COMPUTERESE

The flowering of the electronics industry in Silicon Valley has produced not only a new species of millionaire, but an entire garden party lexicon. Conversational computerese has become an idiom intricate enough to qualify as the world’s 297th language. The United Nations already provides translators fluent in it to various delegations, and Berlitz is offering a basic computerese course on cassette tape.

Unfortunately, most of us use computer terms we aren’t quite sure about, and are never corrected because the people we’re talking to aren’t quite sure about them, either. After repeating misinformation a few times, one tends to accept it as truth.

The following definitions are designed to fix all that. After reading this, you’ll be able to trade jargon with the best computer salespeople in town; and most of the time, you’ll even know what the other guy is talking about. Herewith, then, is a byte-sized, user programmable memory designed to fill your tracks with double-sided double density:

Binary system — This is the way computers count, and it has only two symbols, 0 and 1. With these, the binary system can represent any number. It takes up more room and is more cumbersome than the decimal system (in binary, “27” is “11011”, for example) but because processors are so fast, their cumbersomeness is not noticed. The computer translates from decimal into binary, does its work in binary and translates the answer back into decimal so fast it seems instantaneous. In working with a personal computer, by the way, you’ll never know this binaryness is going on, so the word’s main practical value will be for cocktail party chatter.

Bit — This 0 or 1 choice is the smallest increment of computers, and is known as a bit. To process words, each character of language is simply assigned a number. To process music, the audio spectrum is divided into 50,000 slices, and the intensity of each slice is assigned a number from 0 to 65,000. Play these back in sequence and you have music, sort of. In this way, the computer reduces the masters of literature and music to bits.

Byte — Eight bits. Most small computers have eight-bit processors, which is one byte. Hardly a full meal.

Characters — Aside from those who toy with computers, this term refers to the letters and numbers displayed on the monitor.

CPU — The first abbreviation you’ll have to learn in order to master computerese. It stands for “central processing unit”. In the old days (the Forties), processors used vacuum tubes and filled entire rooms. Then transistors replaced tubes and a miniprocessor could fit into a single room. Then silicon chips replaced transistors and soon you could hold a microprocessor in the palm of your hand. More importantly, you could build a computer around a microprocessor that could fit on a desk, and **microcomputers** — otherwise known as CPUs — were born.

CRT — The fancy computerese for a video screen. It stands for cathode-ray tube, which is the kind of tube a TV picture really is.

Gigabyte — A billion bytes, which is roughly the amount of information in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, including color photographs.

Hardware — The computer itself, as opposed to **software**, which is the **program** that goes into the computer. A program is to a computer what a record is to a phonograph. Phonographs play records. Computers run programs.

Joy Stick — A method of entering information into the computer, this is the hand-held device that moves the spaceship or submarine or Pac-Person about. In board rooms, a **mouse** is the small square on a desk-top: an executive joy stick.

Keyboard — Another method of entering information, this looks like an ordinary typewriter keyboard with a few extra keys. (These keys are labelled CONTROL, ESCAPE, BREAK and other words taken from old Warner Bros. prison movies.) Some keyboards have a square with the numbers 0 through 9 in an adding-machine arrangement. This is known as a **numeric keypad.**

Kilobyte — Abbreviated as **K,** this equals 1024 bytes. The measurement of the Fifties was horsepower; in the Sixties, micrograms; in the Seventies, inches. In the Eighties, it’s Ks.

Magnetic medium — This is usually a disk or tape used to store information in a computer. The tapes are standard cassettes which, while inexpensive, are limited. The rewinding and fast-forwarding necessary to read and write information on them is time-consuming, there’s a possibility of error and they hold less information than disks. **Floppy** or **hard** are the types of disks, which come in size from three-and-a-half to eight inches. The information recorded on them is known as **tracks.** Each track is divided into **sectors.** When twice as many tracks are squeezed on to one side of a disk, the disk has **double density.** When read-write heads are on both sides of a disk, it is **double sided.** The combination of those two features is (logically, for once) called **double-sided double density. Bubble memory** is another type of magnetic medium used in a few personal computers, and the **laser disk** is the medium of the future (it should be available in a year or three).

Monitors — These come in two basic types: **monochrome,** which offer one color against a black background, and **RGB,** which are full color screens — called RGB because the three primary electronic colors are red, green and blue.

Printers — There are two types used to print out processed information. **Dot matrix** printers use little dots, like the signs on banks that display time and temperature. For elegance, though, one must turn to **letter quality** printers, which print one fully formed character at a time, like a typewriter.

Processor — The heart of any computer. It sorts and re-sorts information at a very high speed. This repeated sorting is known as **processing.** Hence, the sorting of words is **word processing,** the sorting of data is **data processing,** and so on.

RAM — This is one of two kinds of memory chips used in personal computers. It stands for “random-access memory”. RAM is like a cassette tape: you can record information on it, play it back, alter, erase, etc.

ROM — This is the second type of memory chip. It contains information that cannot be changed. It is a “read-only memory”.

So that’s the basic input. You now have hands-on experience of computer terminology. Put on your best supercilious expression, carry a crib sheet, and trot on over to the nearest upwardly-mobile cocktail party. You’re sure to be a hit.

— PETER McWILLIAMS

engineer gave Garretson a list of things the company would like to know about IBM computers. Several weeks later, Jun Naruse, another Hitachi engineer, met Garretson at a hotel in Connecticut before sunrise. They drove to a nearby company that had installed a new IBM computer. Outside the plant, Garretson met a company employee who was actually an accomplice. In exchange for an envelope which the Japanese was told contained “plenty” of money, Garretson and Naruse were given ID badges and admitted through security. They hid while a guard opened the computer room and then they sneaked inside. They photographed the machine and even photographed Naruse hugging the computer. Naruse paid Garretson $3000 for this excursion. A complicated money-laundering process employing Tom Yoshida’s firm, NCL Data, Inc., was established and more money was paid for additional materials over the ensuing weeks.

Once they had a little information, Hitachi wanted more and a number of transactions, all carefully taped by the FBI, took place over the next few weeks. Hayashi even asked Glenmar to help recruit retiring IBM executives as Hitachi consultants. Hitachi was willing to pay $40,000 each for one month’s work. Other Hitachi employees, like Isao Ohnishi and high-up executives such as the general manager of its main computer plant, also visited with Garretson and his Glenmar staff. By the time of the FBI sting and the arrest of Ohnishi and Hayashi, Hitachi had paid over $600,000 to Glenmar.

ENTREPRENEURIAL JUSTICE

The Japanese, who had first protested their innocence (“none of our employees really thought the information was coming from an illegal source”), then claimed that the whole operation was an IBM plot. When this argument also went nowhere, they decided to make a deal. The company and its two engineers would plead guilty so long as no one went to jail. Normally, pleading guilty would result in too much loss of face for a Japanese, but this case was different. According to the Japanese government and the Japanese public, Hitachi was entrapped, an illegal procedure in Japan except in narcotics cases. In other words, as far as the Japanese were concerned, Hitachi was innocent. The whole affair was nothing more than a nasty scheme to make the Japanese look bad. One Japanese Cabinet member summed up his country’s feelings by saying that the Americans had “slapped Japan in the face”.

Instead of ritual hara-kiri, Hitachi redoubled its advertising efforts.

Meanwhile, back in Silicon Valley, the natives were worried. Many local companies bought components from the Japanese; they feared that current trade negotiations could be threatened by the prosecution. Also under threat was the business of American companies with Japanese subsidiaries, like Texas Instruments and IBM itself. Justice is important but, after all, business is business. It’s not as if Hitachi actually got the information it was after.

The trial took place in San Francisco and was over the day it started. Hitachi and its two employees pleaded guilty and were fined a total of $24,000, less than one percent of the cost of a big computer. No one went to jail.

I arrived in Silicon Valley around the time of the Hitachi trial and made for a large computer company where I knew I could gain admission. I drove my Hertz Rent-a-Car to the company gates, passed through the TV cameras into the motel-like lobby where I signed the visitors’ book indicating my citizenship and noting my car’s registration number. I sat and waited on one of the orange plastic sofas for my guide to bring me a visitor’s badge and then escort me to the employees’ cafeteria where we could get some coffee. I tried to discuss Silicon Valley’s response to the sting but got nowhere.

My guide, who has had only one week’s vacation in the last two years, had been up since 5am trying to finish a report due that day. What’s more, his 911 Targa had gone missing from his carport and his insurance company was being difficult. But he did manage to tell me one interesting bit of news.

It seems the US government’s Social Security Administration had just purchased two Hitachi computers for $7 million instead of a comparable IBM system. Their explanation: the Hitachis are plug compatible with IBM and much cheaper.

excuse fingers

SEX SURVEY

(continued from page 102)

The age at which a woman begins sexual activity seems to have no bearing on her orgasmic capability.

had more than 50. All you can say about people who have had a lot of lovers is that they have had a lot of lovers.

●**Women who lose their virginity early are the most orgasmic.** *Men* who lose their virginity early may be the most likely to pop off in high school, but that's about as far as you can go with this one. The age at which a woman begins sexual activity seems to have no bearing on her orgasmic capability.

●**Women who use reliable birth control are more orgasmic than women who don't.** The theory is that women who know they can count on their birth control are more relaxed about sex than those who aren't so sure. It makes sense. It isn't true. There is no relationship in our data between orgasmic capability and birth control. Orgasmic women, in fact, are the most likely of all to say that they use *no* birth control (and we included tubal ligation and vasectomy in our birth-control question). Interestingly enough, though, nonorgasmic women are the most likely to say they rely on *coitus interruptus* — a singularly unsatisfying way to pull out of a sexual encounter — as their form of birth control.

●**Women are responsible for their own orgasms.** *Macho* motivation is fine, but it is presumptuous to take a shared responsibility and try to make it your own.

We asked all of our respondents, who is responsible for the female orgasm? (The male one seems to take care of itself.) There were only infinitesimal differences among the groups of women — or between the women and the men, for that matter. Almost everyone thinks women and men alike have to pull their own sexual weight.

Recent years have taught us that real men don't eat quiche, that real women don't pump gas, that there are certain prescribed ways to make love to a woman or a man and that little old radio psychologists can make hay till the cows come home spinning advice on the relative merits of spitting and swallowing sperm. We would hate to be left out of the fun of packing sex information with catchy hooks, so maybe it's time for some weird-but-true information. File it under the heading ORGASMIC WOMEN DON'T COUNT THE CRACKS IN THE CEILING.

ORGASMIC WOMEN THINK VARIETY'S THE SPICE

Orgasmic women are more experimental than most women. They think the sexual experience can be heightened dramatically as it plays itself out, as a matter of acts. Of the most sizzling segment of our orgasmic sample — the women who never, ever have sex without orgasm — 28 percent say a "willingness to experiment" is the single best thing you can find in a lover.

ORGASMIC WOMEN DISAGREE WITH FINGERPRINTING EXPERTS

Fingerprinters know that the finger tips are, objectively, the most sensitive parts of the body. They have the greatest concentration of nerve endings. True but boring. The women in our survey say their breasts are, *sub*jectively, the most sensitive parts of their anatomies. The orgasmic women put breasts over the top, but we counted almost as many breast votes from the sometimes-orgasmic and nonorgasmic women.

Those women — and there are a lot of them — can be sexually triggered by men who stimulate their breasts *gently*.

ORGASMIC WOMEN DON'T BUY WHAT OLD WIVES SAY

The old adage has it that familiarity breeds contempt. The orgasmic women we surveyed are not too primed for breeding in the first place, but they would probably say that familiarity breeds contentment.

The married women in our sample are slightly more orgasmic than the single women. There is every indication that that's because the married women have had more time to get in sync with their partners. Since women's orgasmic patterns are as individual as their fingerprints, men who have spent a considerable amount of time with the same partner have a certain advantage. They have had time to get acquainted with their women's desires and sensitivities.

Women who *always* climax (they are the most convulsive 27 percent of our orgasmic group) are the most likely of all the women we surveyed to be in relationships of more than four years' duration. Women who *never* climax are the least likely to be in such long-standing arrangements.

ORGASMIC WOMEN KNOW JACQUELINE SUSANN WAS RIGHT

Once may be enough for many folks, but for orgasmic women, it's often just aperitif. Most of the men *and* the women in our survey have intercourse once during an evening devoted to sex. Of all the women we surveyed, just six percent have sex more than three times during those nights. But of the women who *always* climax, 17 percent usually go for more than three times when they go for it at all.

The past decade's emphasis on women and women's orgasms has brought the sexes closer to equality. At the same time, it has put greater and greater performance pressures on men. One of the most striking examples of those pressures that we've yet seen, came through the mail the other day.

A sociologist asked a group of men if they would be willing to give up orgasms for the rest of their lives — that's right, *forever* — in exchange for being made consummate technical lovers. You know — the mythical kind who always leave women gasping, glowing and grateful. Did the men rise up and do the pogo on the sociologist's supine form?

Hardly. Most of the men said they'd take him up on the offer.

Those men are admirably unselfish, but they've got their hearts where their gonads ought to be. Rather than dream of Faustian bargains, the women we surveyed seem to be saying, men should simply expend more time and energy — especially time — getting in sync with their women. Women are looking for experimental, considerate, patient partners, not sacrificial lambs.

The '60s promised mutual gratification and the '70s delivered mutual manipulation. Here's hoping what's left of the '80s can usher in some synchronisation. If that happens, there won't be so many people who think all a woman has to do is lie there, counting the cracks in the ceiling.

By Kevin Cook in collaboration with Arthur Kretchmer, Barbara Nellis, James R. Petersen, Janet Lever and Rosanna Hertz.

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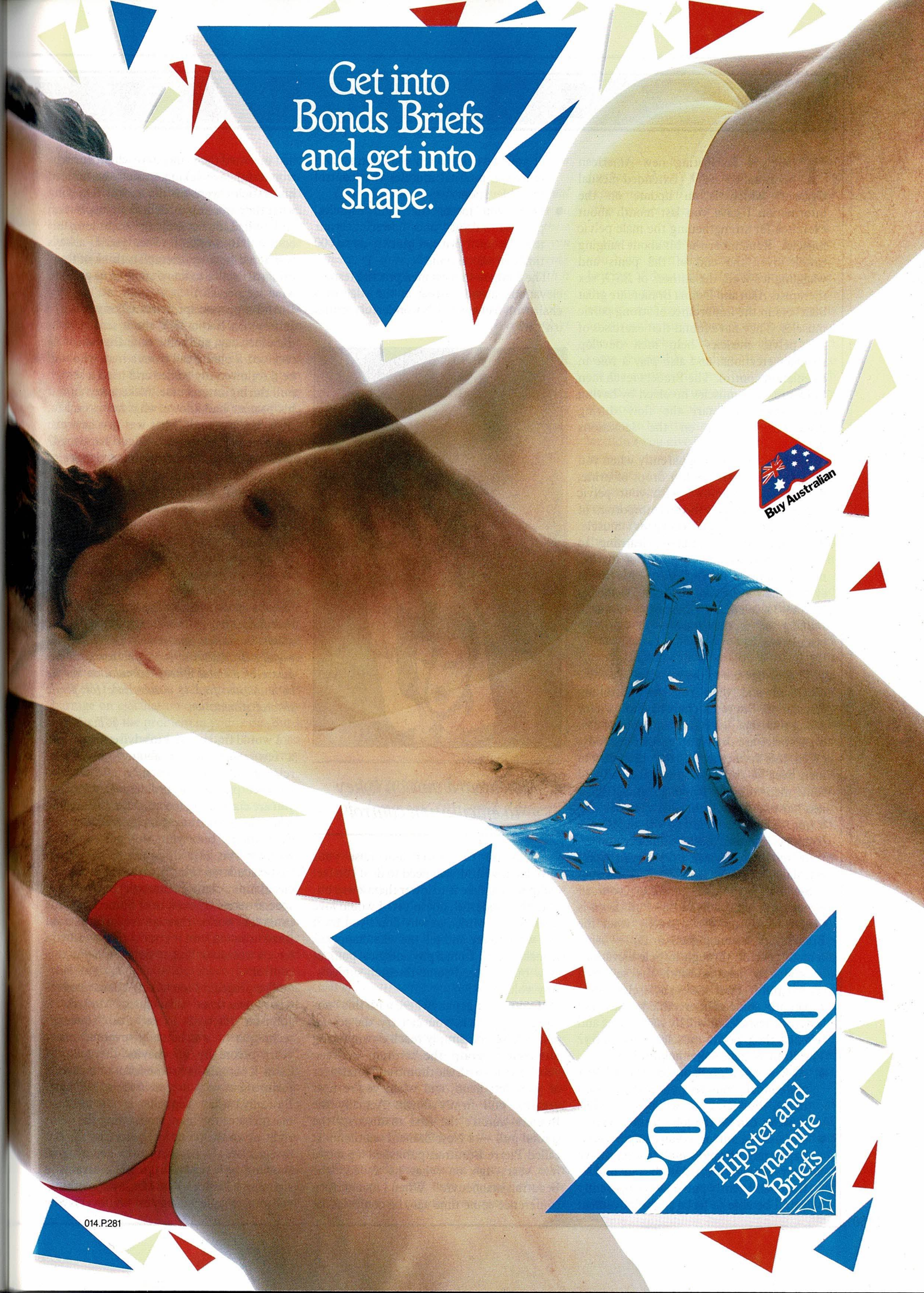
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SEX · BETTINA ARNDT

There's a fascinating new American book called *ESO* (Extended Sexual Orgasm) which is an update on the information I gave you last month about exercises for strengthening the male pelvic muscles. Remember the bit about hanging towels over the end of the penis and waggling it? Well, the authors of *ESO*, sex therapists Alan and Donna Brauer, are great believers in the importance of strong pelvic muscles. They have found that exercises of the pelvic muscles help men develop stronger erections, and also play a role in ejaculation control. The Brauers teach men to identify the muscles involved by having them stop and start the flow during urination, focusing on the sensations involved.

Another tip is that apparently when you try to squeeze out the last drops of urine, you are bearing down with your pelvic muscles, particularly the most important of all, the PC (or pubococcygeus) muscle. According to the Brauers, learning to tighten, to relax and to push out the PC muscle allows a man to control his sexual system the way he controls a car. *Tightening* is the accelerator, increasing arousal. *Pushing out* is the brake — it can stop ejaculation.

●

This brings me to the wonders of *testicle elevations* and their role in controlling ejaculation. Sex researchers have known for a long time that just before a man ejaculates, his testicles are drawn up against his body. (Well, this applies mainly to young men; in men over 50 there's less rise and fall and some men with low-hanging testicles show less movement altogether.) It's like cocking a gun. The gun won't go off unless the hammer is pulled back. Similarly, unless your testicles elevate, usually you don't ejaculate.

So if you want to stop yourself ejaculating, what do you do? Pull down is the answer. And that's exactly what the Brauers are teaching men to do — using remote control, through testicle elevations or giving a helping hand, the so-called scrotal pulls. First the testicle elevations: apparently some men are able to raise and lower the testicles at will by contracting and relaxing their pelvic muscles. Like to try? The Brauers have some helpful hints.

- At first you'll probably have to use your abdominal muscles to make things move, but after a while the pelvic muscles can do the job on their own.
- Try using a mirror so you can see what's happening. Bring your scrotum above your testicles with thumb and middle finger and gently pull down. Apparently you'll be able to feel a slight movement of your testicles when you contract and relax the internal muscles that control their elevation.
- Once you locate the right muscles, practise raising and lowering your testicles until you can quickly do so 100 times in succession.

The Brauers suggest men practise testicle elevations naked, sitting at the edge of a chair with feet apart. It's wonderful picture, isn't it?

downward motion is key to ejaculation control

Once you can lower and raise your testicles at will, all you need to do if you feel about to ejaculate is to lower them a wee bit. Sounds wonderful, doesn't it? I would love to know if it works, so why don't you try it and write to me and tell me what happens? It makes sense from a physiological point of view but we need some research subjects. Any volunteers?

If you don't get anywhere with this "no-hands" approach, you can try the *scrotal pull*, where you simply reach down during intercourse, grasp the scrotum between your testicles with the thumb and forefinger of your left hand, and when you're near orgasm, pull firmly down. Actually the Brauers weren't the first to discover the scrotal pull — a New Zealand sex therapist called Pierre Beautrais published a paper a few years ago on what he called "the Beautrais manoeuvre". When I met him at a conference some time ago, he confessed he had invented the manoeuvre when, during a wonderful lovemaking session, he noticed his testicles were on the move. Knowing what they were up to, he had an inspiration and pulled down, hoping to prolong his ecstasy. It worked! (See, you'd always wondered how sex therapists think of these things. It's nice to know some of us practise what we preach.)

And a post-script. I was talking to Mike Jeffreys on Radio 3XY about scrotal pulls the other day, and some time afterwards he received a phone call from a man who said he'd followed my advice and tried a scrotal pull during intercourse. Mike asked him if his partner had known what he was up to. "Oh, no," he said, "that was just between me and my scrotum." What happened? Well, it appears I am in some danger of being sued. Something went drastically wrong and the man claims he's now suffering from a case of scrotal whiplash!

READERS WRITE:

I am currently having a relationship with a lady who is about 20 years my senior. She is 53 years old and she has sufficient libido to leave me astounded. The problem I have is that I take a long time to regain an erection after ejaculation and during this time, she usually is anxious to have another go. I am aware of manual clitoral stimulation but we both do not find it a substitute for penile clitoral stimulation.

— J.T., NSW.

I would find it easier to advise you if I had a few more details about your sexual relationship. For instance, I wonder whether part of the problem may be that you are ejaculating too quickly. You say you take a long time to regain an erection after ejaculation, but you do not mention whether you have difficulty delaying that first ejaculation. Most men are able to learn ejaculation control through practising a special series of exercises. Sometimes this program works through self-stimulation (masturbation) but it is most effective if you have a woman willing to help teach you this control.

The program I am talking about involves what American sexologists Masters & Johnson referred to as the "squeeze" technique (it was actually invented many years before by a behavior therapist). I know it sounds like some form of medieval torture but it's not as bad as all that. Basically what happens is the woman masturbates the man, stimulating the penis right up to the point just before he's about to ejaculate — he then gives her a signal showing he's ready to go (they arrange a signal in advance — he can say something, yell out, wiggle his ear or whatever). She then applies firm pressure for about five seconds with fingers and thumb on either side of the point of the penis where the head meets the shaft. This breaks the ejaculation reflex and causes the erection to subside a little. Then after a minute or so, the female partner starts stimulating again, right up to that point before ejaculation, and she repeats the squeeze again.

In each "practice" session you should repeat this cycle five to 15 times before ejaculating (oh yes, you *can* ejaculate in the end — that's the reward for all this hard work!). Actually it is important the program isn't regarded as work. This sort of self-help therapy should be treated as a fun approach to learning — after all, there's nothing wrong with a loving pair of female hands teasing you almost to orgasm again and again.

That's the simplest form but there are some other important aspects to this program, such as the man closing his eyes (keeping hands off his partner) and *really concentrating* on his own sensations. Any man wanting to try this approach would be advised to read more about it before he starts. There is a wonderful book called *Me and Sex* by Bernie Zilbergeld (Souvenir Press, 1978) which gives more information about learning ejaculation control as well as other male sexual problems.

Well, I feel a little guilty giving you this barrage on ejaculation control when it may not even be the problem in your case. But I do receive hundreds of letters from men who suffer premature ejaculation, so it may help them.

Most men find as they grow older it is more difficult to get a second erection and they need more time to recover after they climax.

Also despite your lady's preference for penile stimulation, it may be that you just need more practice in other techniques to bring them up to scratch and provide some pleasurable alternatives to use at such times. Just one point here — you mention penile "clitoral" stimulation. I should point out that intercourse provides more than clitoral stimulation. Women enjoy other sensations such as vaginal stimulation, movement against the cervix and the G Spot stimulation which I have mentioned in previous columns. If you want to read more about the G Spot, there is a bright pink Corgi-Bantam paperback on sale in newsagents — called *The G Spot*.

My wife and I have had quite a lot of fun with the discovery of the G Spot. However, there is a factor in sexual relations that I have personally found to be very important, but which does not appear to have attracted much attention, or to have been researched in any way. May I explain?

Firstly, the composition of vaginal secretions, the variation from woman to woman, and the apparent effect of these differences on the penis during coitus. Are you aware of this? Are such effects apparent? Some years ago I had a relationship with a young lady, who was a charming, affectionate companion if she had intercourse at least once a day, but whose temperament became vile if she missed a day or two. There were times, due to work and other distractions, when I was not immediately aroused by her presence and desires. However, I was surprised to find that once I was able to achieve penetration, arousal was complete and I never failed to achieve orgasm shortly after, usually at the same time as her or just afterwards. Her vaginal odor was of an attractive muskiness that I have not encountered before or since.

squeeze technique can prolong sex fun and games

Another lady with whom I have had a regular relationship, the mother of five children, had not previously experienced a climax, and at times could take up to an hour to reach it. In her case, even though she has unusually strong vaginal muscles and great control of them, I had no difficulty in waiting for her, and climaxing after she had achieved hers, however long she needed.

From these two specific cases, and other experiences, I can only conclude that the composition of vaginal secretions is of some importance, and should be investigated further. Have you any knowledge or experience of this subject? Have any of your other readers reported it?

— H.L.Y., Vic.

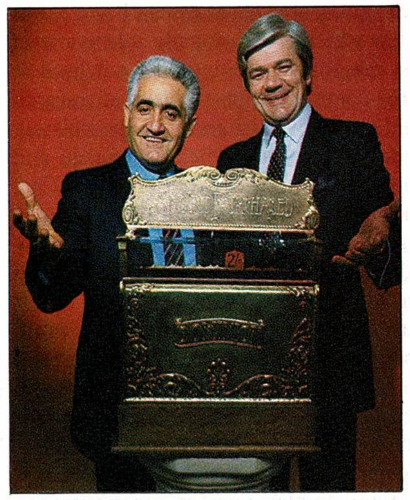
It's an interesting theory but I suspect you have been distracted by a sexual red herring. Admittedly it's a fascinating one: the question of smell, and the sexual attraction of genital and bodily secretions is an intriguing area of sex research and one of the few which is occasionally able to attract some reasonable funding. It's not hard to see the commercial possibilities of research aimed at discovering and perhaps isolating the body chemicals which cause men and women to be attracted to one another. What wouldn't you give for a bottle of that? At the moment about all we know is that the body produces substances — chemicals called "pheromones" — which form part of our sexual attraction. We *do* follow our scent in responding to a potential sexual partner and the distinctive odor released in genital and other body secretions contributes to our individual sexual allure.

So it *is* possible that vaginal odor and secretions do play a part in contributing to your arousal and response, but given all the other factors which were operating, I very much doubt if that was the *cause* of your different reactions. Take your first young lady. I must say she sounds a very dangerous person to be around — why didn't she masturbate if her sexual needs were so strong instead of inflicting her sexual ups and downs on all and sundry? I very much suspect the psychological effects relating to such a complicated woman would have had much more effect on your sexual response than anything her musky vagina could possibly have contributed. Also the stress of your situation at the time obviously affected your response, making initial penetration difficult. The same stress could also have increased your arousal when you were able to penetrate, and caused early ejaculation. Stress can work both ways — decreasing arousal through its inhibiting effect on the central nervous system, or causing early ejaculation through premature excitation of the same system.

You tell me little about the circumstances of your second relationship but once again there may have been emotional aspects affecting your response. It's a mistake to put too much emphasis on the physical — vaginal muscles can play a part in arousal but so can your mental state, your degree of relaxation, comfort, emotional attraction towards this woman, your circumstances, lifestyle. Sexual response is an intriguing puzzle and vaginal secretions may well play a role but I suspect it will always be minor.

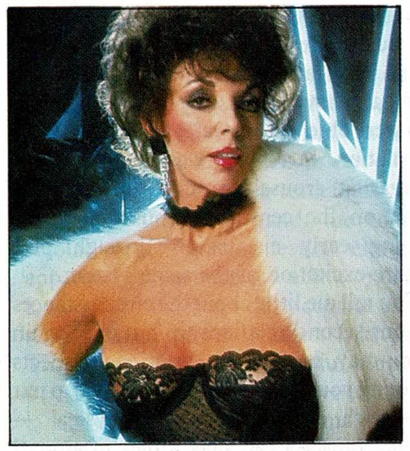
NEXT MONTH

THE SALVAGE MAN: ROGUE DIVER, ABALONE KING AND ADVENTURER JOHN MCGOVERN WAS A WRECK UNTIL HE DECIDED TO SALVAGE HIMSELF.



SUPER SELLERS — OUR CORRESPONDENTS TAKE STOCK OF TOP SALESMEN, AND THE MAGNETISM THAT MAKES FOR MAGNATES.

THE ABC OF SEX — PHIL JARRATT AND NEIL CURTIS SERVE UP A RIOTOUS ALPHABET SOUP OF SEX, IN WORDS AND CARTOONS.



JOAN COLLINS — MORE IN DEMAND THAN EVER, THE MOST DURABLE SEX SYMBOL OF THEM ALL CONFRONTS THE PLAYBOY CAMERAS.

I recall the first time I ejaculated. It was when I was about 13. I was sitting in a motel bed with the sheet over my head and a copy of Club *magazine lying open between my legs. It was the first time I had seen color photographs of naked ladies' pubes. I just sat there naked staring at a particular photo, with a rock-hard erection. Suddenly, I came, spurting some 18 inches down the bed. This amazed me, as I had not been masturbating at all — just looking at the photo. Since that day, I have never "shot my wad" again. Every time I have ejaculated since, my come has just oozed out of the end of my prick. I can assure you, I have never seen myself spurt even an inch since that first time. Why did I come so spectacularly the first time, and why have I never repeated the trick? Did I damage some spurt-assisting muscle, or something?*

Also, I have never had a wet dream. I have never awoken at night with sticky pyjamas and sheets, as my friends have related their nocturnal experiences. This has always intrigued me, as I thought wet dreams were meant to be experienced by 100 percent of males. Can my lack of wet dreams be related to the fact that, in my sexually-orientated dreams, I never ever manage to penetrate my dream girls? I go through the chase and the foreplay, but when I get to sticking it in, something always messes up. I can't recall ever screwing a dream girl. I always recall my dreams very vividly so I would remember if I ever managed to get it in. Is there some relationship here between not screwing in dreams and not having wet dreams?

Oh dear, you really have hit on some difficult questions. Firstly, the force of ejaculation. I once tried to do some research on this topic for an article on ejaculation and found that no one seems to know very much at all about why men sometimes come with a bang and sometimes with a whimper. There seems to be great variation between men in the distance they ejaculate — some men seem to regularly spurt some distance, others always dribble. Since the contractions which cause the ejaculate to spurt out are caused by muscles, it seems logical that these muscles would vary in strength and efficiency from one person to another. The only medical problem associated with less forceful ejaculation would be some sort of stricture or adhesion of the walls of the urethra (the tube from the bladder to the outside). If this is the case, it's likely you would also have some difficulties urinating or could notice the flow of urine was constricted in some way. The most common cause of a stricture of the urethra is gonorrhoea, but since your early ejaculatory experiences were presumably during masturbation, this does not seem possible. Still, it may be worthwhile seeing a medical specialist to eliminate all such possibilities.

The amount or force of ejaculation doesn't appear to be related to the pleasure the man experiences at orgasm as these comments from *The Hite Report On Male Sexuality* show.

"If I have ejaculated within a few hours there is little or no semen available — this does not preclude or reduce the intensity of the orgasm."

"I very seldom have an orgasm without ejaculation except after the fourth or more time of almost uninterrupted coital experiences in one evening. The sensation of ejaculation appears to continue during successive orgasms even when the ejaculate has been used up. And by the way, the quality of the orgasm is independent of the amount of seminal fluid ejaculated. If it is the latest of a series of ejaculations, there may be very little fluid actually released, and yet the orgasm may be very, very good."

Why you should have experienced such a spectacular ejaculation the first time is hard to determine. Consultants I have spoken to can only suggest it had something to do with nervous mechanisms firing for the first time plus pressure from the build-up of early supplies of ejaculatory fluids, but basically we just don't know. It appears most men do ejaculate with greater force when they are young. There are countless stories about competitions in boy scout camps involving long distance events. The scout who ejaculates the farthest wins the prize!

Most men report there is some decrease in force of ejaculation as they grow older. It makes sense — you'd expect muscles to show some signs of wear and tear with age, but perhaps this, too, is related to the strength of pelvic muscles — a topic I have been discussing in previous months.

It also seems most men experience variations in the force of ejaculation depending on factors such as the period of abstinence since the previous ejaculation, the degree of sexual stimulation, etc. etc. If you are ejaculating frequently (through masturbation or lovemaking), you are probably never allowing the build-up of fluid that seems to contribute to more forceful ejaculation. Take a rest and see!

I'm afraid I am going to be equally unhelpful on your second question about wet dreams. I would suspect you are on the right track in assuming that since your erotic dreams always stop short of intercourse, this is the reason your body never goes through the whole response cycle when you are asleep.

But what's the problem? It's certainly not true that *all* men have wet dreams. Most do, perhaps four out of five men experience them at some time and they are most common during adolescence. From the sound of things, you are not complaining about what's happening when you are awake, so who cares if you don't climax in your sleep? Saves the sheets and no one has to sleep in the wet spot.

— BETTINA ARNDT

Please address your letters requesting advice or giving accounts of sexual experiences to Bettina Arndt at the following address: c/- Australian PLAYBOY, P.O. Box 746, Darlinghurst, NSW, 2010.

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